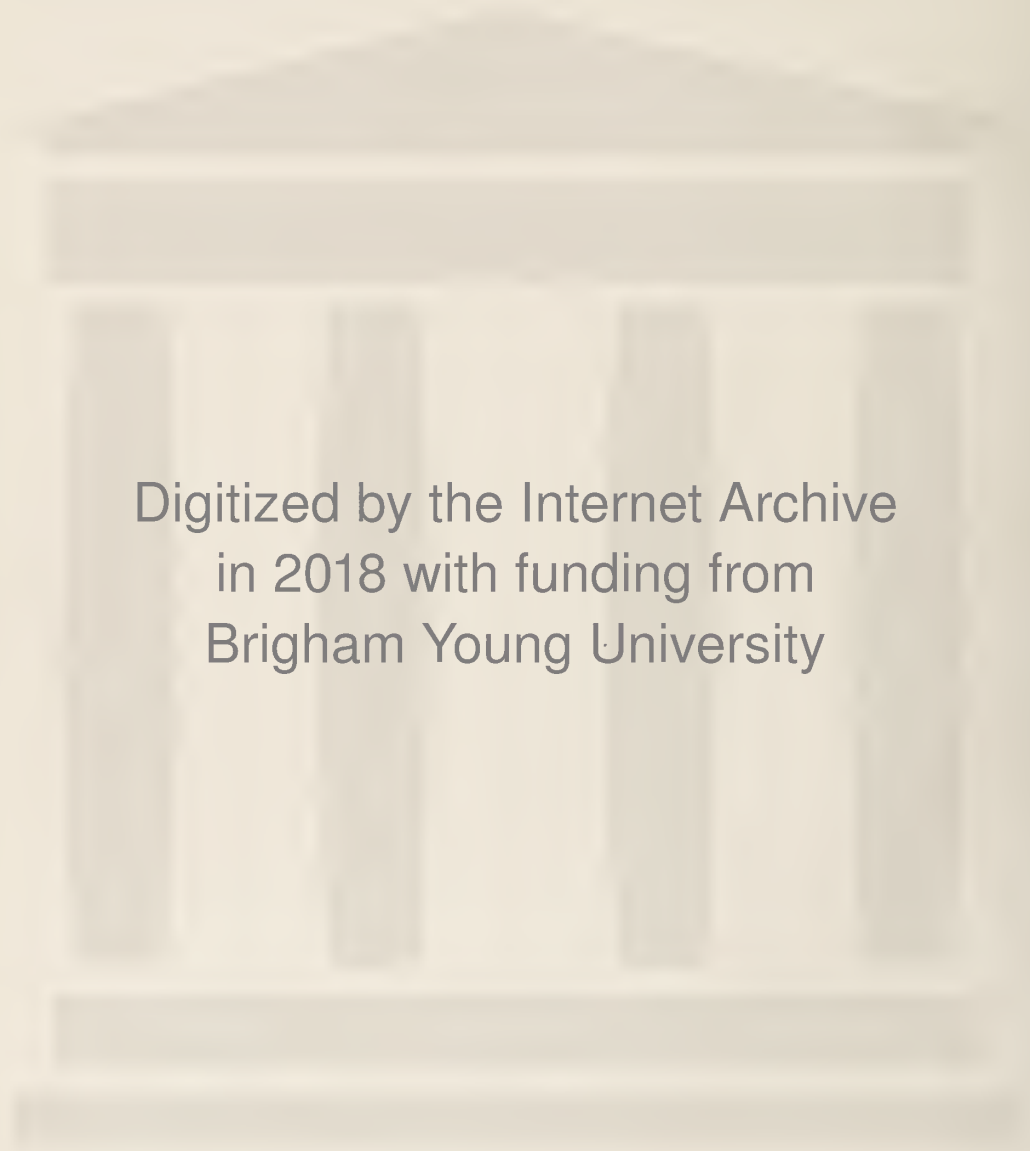
R. S. ELLISON



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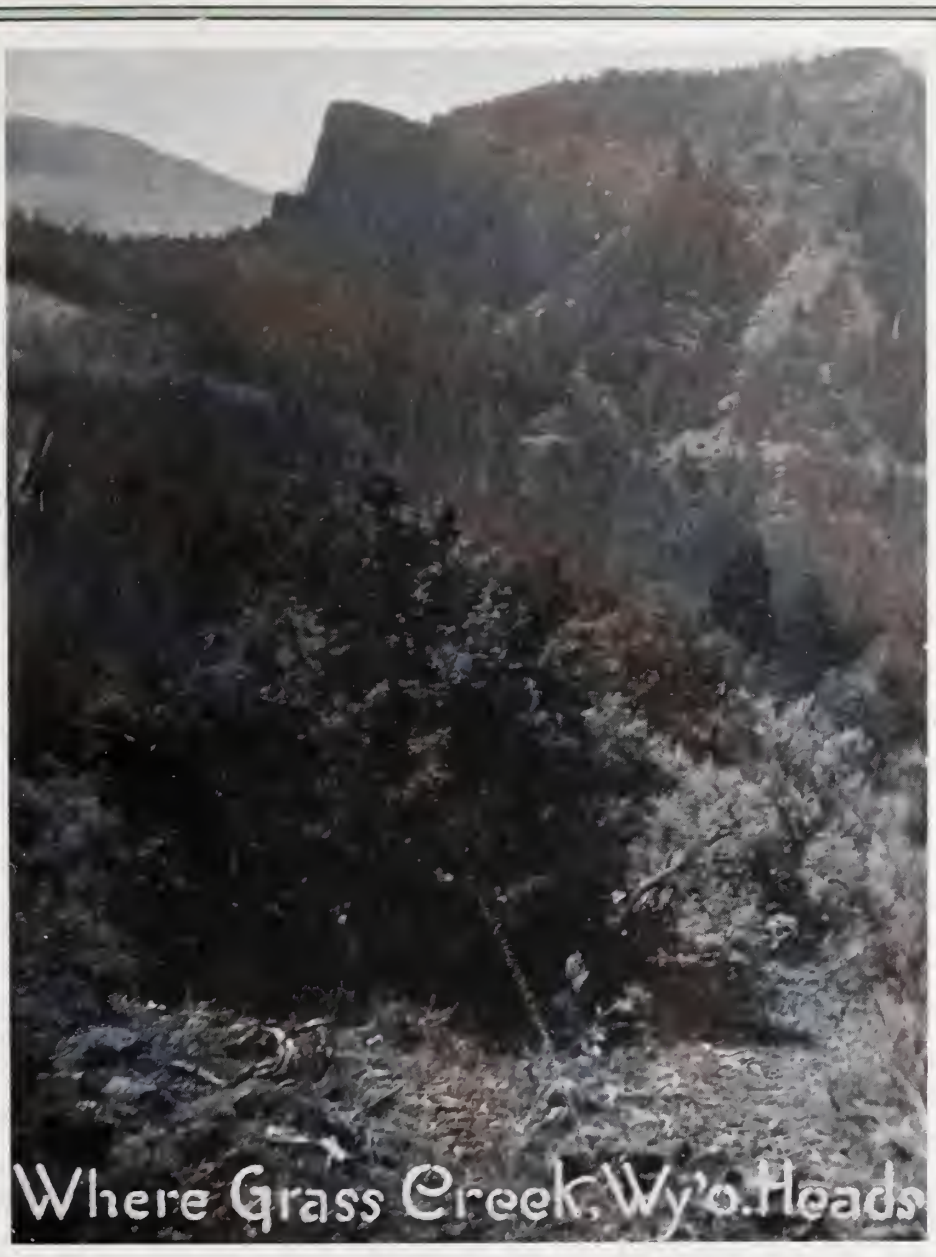
The MIDWEST REVIEW

Vol. 3 JANUARY, 1922 No. 1



Where Grass Creek, Wy'o. Heads

Published for
The Midwest Family
by THE MIDWEST REFINING CO.

Crow Indians and their beautiful Village in Montana

Chief Plenty Coos
and his Warrior council

The beautiful Summer home
of the Crows in the Soap Creek field

See Story on Page 6

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Midwest Life Insurance

We would like to preach a four or five line insurance sermon. The Midwest Refining Company, as you all know, or should all know, insures the life of every Midwest employe, free of charge to that employe. When you have been in the employ of the company for six months, your life is insured for $500; at the end of a year's service, you get $500 additional insurance; at the end of two years more, another five hundred and at the end of three years, a final five hundred, making in all two thousand dollars of free insurance to you. But to get that insurance, you must apply for it—make out a regular application form. Some of you haven't done that as yet. Don't delay. See the chief clerk.

Christmas at Salt Creek

On Christmas Eve, in spite of snow and bad roads Santa Claus kept his appointment with the greatest gathering of children ever gotten together in the community. Due to arrive at eight o'clock there was a tense moment or two when tiny ears were strained for the slightest jingle and baby eyes, wide with excitement and tense with expectation, were alert to catch the first indication of the approach of the merry fat old gentleman. Down a specially built chimney he came and with presents, and more presents—candy and more candy and fruit and nuts. With lights off in the hall and the only light the radiant tone of the beautifully decorated thirty foot tree and strings of colored globes, the orgy began. The children talked and laughed with excitement, presents were passed out by the armful—candy and nuts in clothes baskets and tubs. Every single child of the well over four hundred there received a fine present and all the trimmings.

The orchestra played—Rev. Mr. Winter told the story of the First Christmas Day and a fine moving picture was put on for the children.

Christmas for 1921 has rolled by but long will it live in the minds and hearts of the young generation at Salt Creek. We all of us can remember something of the hopes, the fears, the romance surrounding Christmas, on the part of the tiny tots and boys and girls. And the realization of those hopes we believe to be part of the birthright of every boy and girl. The Midwest Company and the Salt Creek community jointly carried out the Christmas celebration and we believe that the happy wonder, the wide eyed trembling exuberance, or the sigh of utter contentment of just one of the hundreds of little tots was payment enough for the money, time and effort expended.

New Holiday

Mr. Callahan discovered a new window sign. "Nut Sundae," and was heard muttering reflectively:

"Ash Wednesday, Shreve Tuesday, Good Friday—say this is a new wan on me."

Why Not

"In France they make a brew with prunes and call it prunelle."

"In America they make their stuff with raisins. Why not call it raisin'elle?"

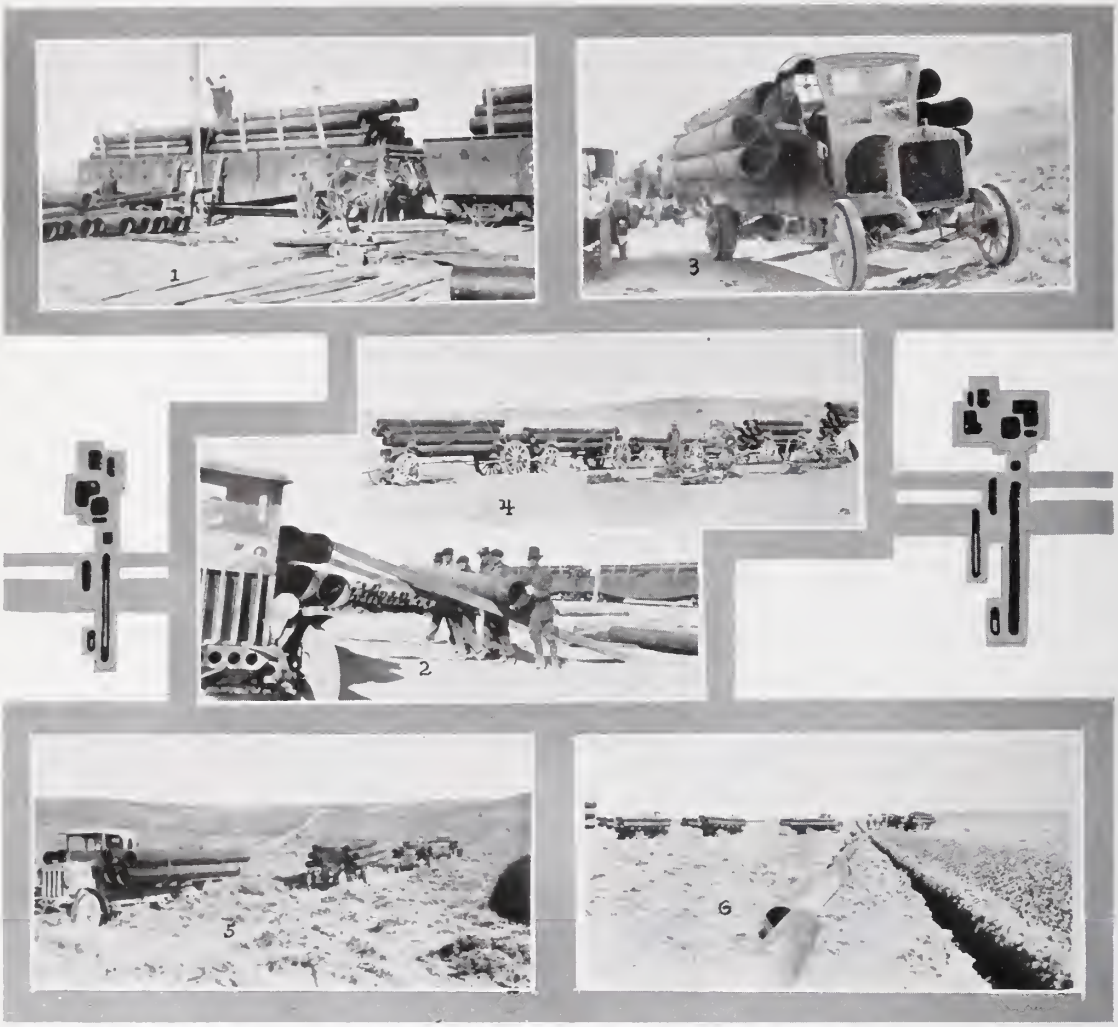
Time to Quit

A French officer was trying to learn the English language. The following is his rather elaborate version of our mother tongue:

"When I discovered that if I was quick I was fast, that if I was tied I was fast, and if I spent too freely I was fast, I was discouraged. But when I came across the sentence 'The first shall be last and the last shall be first,' I gave it up."

Wertz-Ferris-Casper Gas Line

By C. L. Hudson



1—Unloading Pipe from Cars at Casper. 2—Loading Pipe from Racks to Trucks at Casper. 3—Wyoming's Only Lady Truck Driver, Who Makes the Sixty-Mile Haul with the Rest of 'em. 4—The Old Way, Hauling Pipe with String Team. 5—Across Country to the Pipe Line Ditch. 6—Ditch Ready for Pipe.

Early in September, the Midwest Refining Company and the Producers & Refiners Corporation, in joint agreement, set in motion plans for the construction of a gas line approximately 90 miles in length from the Producers & Refiners' rich gas fields in the Wertz-Ferris district, southwest of Casper, to Casper in order that gas might be brought to that point to better serve the Standard (Indiana) and Midwest refining plants. The project, as proposed and finally agreed upon by the interested companies, called for 18 miles of 10-inch, 19 miles of 12-inch, and 48 miles of 14-inch plain end pipe to be used in construction of the line.

No survey had been made up to that time, but regardless of this fact contract for the construction of the line was awarded the Hope Engineering & Supply Company to Mount Vernon, Ohio, who immediately established headquarters in the

Continental Supply Company's building, and began preparations for the part which they were to take in this gigantic enterprise, as it was expressly stipulated the line must be completed by January 1st, 1922, and no time was to be lost in getting under way. Mr. R. S. Lord vice-president of the Hope Engineering Company, was in Casper at that time to put his organization in full operating condition.

On September 6th, before the actual survey of the right-of-way had been made, formal contract for the pipe was awarded the Mark Manufacturing Company of Chicago, Illinois, which company had agreed to run their mills to capacity in order that no time be lost in getting the pipe to destination; namely, 18 miles of 10-inch and 8 miles of 12-inch to Rawlins, and the balance to Casper.

The matter of couplings must also be considered. Contract for the enormous quantity of conplings necessary in construction of the line was awarded to the S. R. Dresser Manufacturing Company of Bradford, Pennsylvania, on September 16. This company commenced the manufacture of the couplings immediately so that they might properly play their part in rushing the line to completion.

With the vast amount of material and labor incident to ditching and actually laying the pipe in the ditch, contracted for and disposed of, other matters of importance equally as great had to be worked out and arranged. Chief among these was the survey of the right-of-way, and transporting the pipe from Rawlins and Casper to point of laying, the latter being a task of considerable magnitude. Survey of the right-of-way was begun on September 15th by the Midwest and Producers & Refiners' engineering departments, and a corps of fourteen men was assigned to this work.

Hauling of 48 miles of 14-inch and 11 miles of 12-inch pipe from Casper to points on the line was awarded to Mr. R. N. Van Sant of Casper; Messrs. Baker, Fleishle and Graves of Rawlins for hauling 18 miles of 10-inch and 8 miles of 12-inch from Rawlins, by the Hope Engineering & Supply Company. The hauling contractors had many difficult and perplexing problems to work out to properly handle the enormous amount of pipe entrusted to their care.

During the preliminary work at Casper by the interested companies, the pipe mills and coupling manufacturers had started work on their orders and shipments were being prepared to rush forward. The principals were demanading action, which by the 18th of September had taken definite form.

The Hope Engineering & Supply Company ordered three ditching machines on the job, the first of these arriving at Casper on the 18th of September, immediately taken to Sand Creek Canyon, 70 miles out of Casper, and was in full operation September 24th. The second ditching machine was unloaded at Rawlins on September 21st, taken to Wertz Camp, 40 miles out of Rawlins, and was in operation September 27th. The third ditching machine was unloaded at Casper on September 22nd, and was put to work September 26th at Sweetwater Crossing. A crew of ninety men was put to work on the Rawlins end of the line, sixty men in the Sand Creek Canyon (where it was necessary to do a great deal of hand ditching); a crew of eighty men was put to work on the Casper end of the line, and a crew of twenty men manned the three ditching machines working at various points along the line—a total of 250 men engaged.

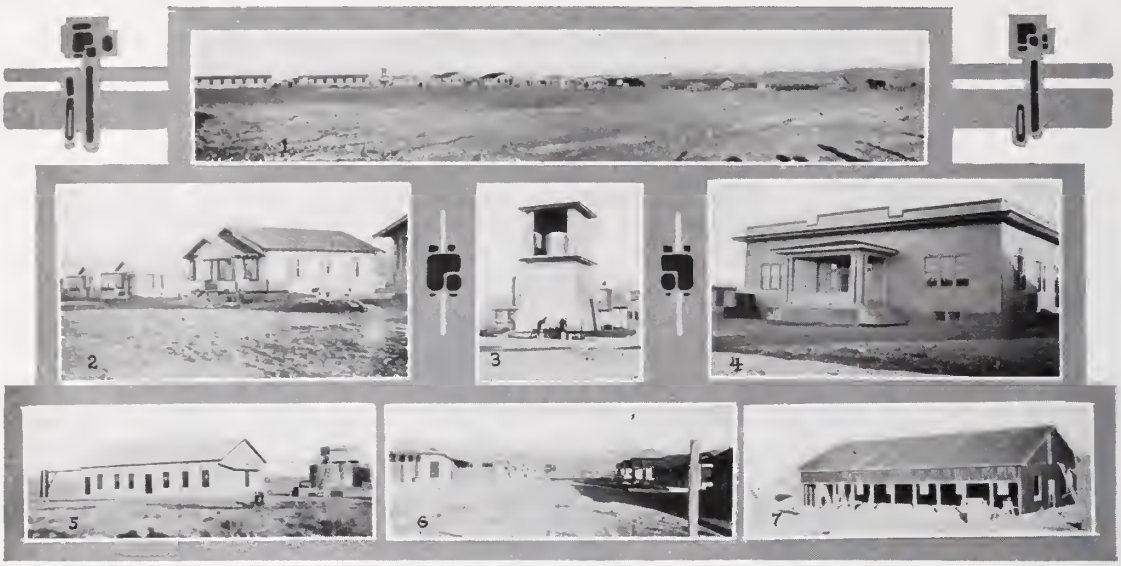
On September 26th, the first of the 10-inch pipe arrived at Rawlins, and was rushed out by the hauling contractors to the most inaccessible points on the line to be reached from Rawlins to forestall possibilities of being blocked by snow storms and bad weather in the canyons.

Mr. R. S. Lord, vice-president, and Mr. R. J. Lindsay, secretary of the Hope Engineering & Supply Company, labored patiently and untiringly on the many problems of directing the digging of the long ditch, and the laying of pipe. Three river crossings had to be constructed, as well as many other difficult tasks. In Sweetwater flats, ditching was extremely difficult. Water was encountered a short distance beneath the earth's surface, and the ditch would fill up with water as soon as dug, which necessitated the use of pumps

To be Continued on Page 15

Progress in the Gas Department

By W. R. Finney.



1—Looking Northeast, Showing New Bunk Houses and Cottages in the Distance. The Cleared Land in the Foreground Will Be the Site of the New Plant. 2—Superintendent's New Cottage. 3—Tower with Camp Water Supply Tank. 4—New Boarding House. 5—One of Several New Booster Stations. 6—Double Row of New Cottages and Bunk Houses. 7—New Garage Erected for the Use of Employees' Cars.

Early in the Spring of 1921, we were advised to make our plans for doubling the capacity of our Gas Plant at Salt Creek, which would enable us to handle gas from the major potion of the field. Due to the general depression this work was held up until late this Fall. We are now, however, actively engaged in a program to build another compression plant, to be known as No. 3, which when finished will give us a total capacity of 20,000,000 cubic feet per day.

In studying this list of work ahead, we decided it would call for carrying a crew of over two hundred men, so the first thing considered was more accommodations. We now have a new boarding house practically completed, which will seat two hundred men and is modern in every respect. When finished, we will have electric lights, steam heat, plumbing, hot and cold water, and a complete refrigerating and ice making plant. To facilitate the work of the cooks, we are installing steam tables and cookers with electrically driven auxiliary equipment. One of the best features of this building is a full concrete basement, which gives us room to store large quantities of provisions, so that we should never run short no matter how severe the weather. When finished, we believe this will be as up-to-date as a boarding house can possibly be made.

Adjacent to this structure, we have a well equipped bakery which is to be enlarged, and besides furnishing the cook house with bread and pastry, we also sell some to employes' families.

In keeping with the new boarding house, we decided it was time to abandon tents and make-shift bunk houses, so we have completed two houses for shift men, and two large bunk houses of six rooms each, which will accommodate one hundred and twenty men on construction work.

As we believe it pays to care for the men in the best way possible, in addition to the permanent bunkhouses and the new boarding house, we are going ahead with the enlargement of the club house. This is run by the Company, but all earnings

are turned back into improvements. We have a pool room, reading rooms, shower rooms, and a small dance hall; which gives the people in camp a place to spend part of their idle time. We are also erecting a twenty-car garage for all employees who have their own cars. To balance the camp, we have added ten small houses for married men, together with a new house for the Superintendent and a cottage for girls employed in the cook house.

Our problem of securing drinking water at Salt Creek has always been serious, so we have spent considerable time and money in improving our condensing plant and have lately erected a central tank house which will supply soft water to the cook house and eventually all residences. In conjunction with out water system, we have installed a fire pump which not only gives protection to our camp but to the main plant as well. We are also starting a complete sewer system which will finally take in all the houses in camp.

The first step on enlargement of the Main Plant was the one of bringing in the gas from the field. We have completed two booster stations, are now building one more, and later will build several, which calls for many miles of pipe and a large number of gas traps.

We have already completed the grading and roads for the new plant, and are now fencing our entire area, there being forty-five acres in all. We believe that a fence will be a safe-guard in many respects.

At the present time, we are actively working on a new power plant of 700 KW capacity, to supply electricity to our own plant as well as the main field and pipe line.

It is to be as modern as we can make it, using water tube boilers, with superheated stead and running condensing and delivering 2,300 volts to the power line. This will be complete in possibly two months and will be a marked step in our progress.

Besides the above buildings, we will erect a large work shop to accommodate our welders, fitters, carpenters and allied workmen engaged in the installation of new machinery. This will make it possible for us to work through the more severe weather.

With this complete, we will be ready to start the No. 3 Compression Plant, which will have three large direct connected units, with a full basement, and a traveling crane. Near this will be the coils and spray towers for cooling the gas and gasoline tanks, making this a complete unit in itself. This No. 3 plant will be operated with the same supervising force as the present plants, all being centrally located to our camp.

After the compression plant is finished, we will start a new 4-inch line to Casper with an enlargement in our gasoline pumping plant.

With all of the above work completed, we will have the largest casing-head compression plant in the world, and with the cooperation of our Gas Plant employees that we have been accorded in the past, we should return a very large production.

The "Distant Husband" and the Bear

The following missive was received by the forest ranger of the Pasadena district and read recently at the annual dinner of the Sierra Club in Los Angeles:

"Kind and Respected Cir:

"I see in the paper that a man named J——— S——— was atacted and et up by a bare whose cubs he was trying to git when the she bare came up and stopt him by eatin him up in the mountains near your town. What i want to know is did it kill him or was he only partly et up and was he from this place and all about the bare. I don't know but what he is a distant husband of mine. My first husband was of that name and I supposed he was killed in the war but the name of the man the bare et being the same i thought it might be him after all and i thought to know if he wasn't killed either in the war or by the bare for i have been married twice since and their ought to be a divorce papers got out by him or me if the bare did not eat him all up. If it is him you will know it by him having six toes on the left foot. He also sings base and has a spread eagle tattoed on his front chest and a ankor on his right arm which you will know him if the bare did not eat up these parts of him. If alive don't tell him I am married to J——— W——— for he never liked J———. Mebbe you had better let on as if I am ded but find out all you can about him without him knowing anything what it is for. That is if the bare did not eat him all up. If it did i don't see you can do anything and you needn't take any trouble. My respeks to your family and please ancer back.

"P. S.—Was the bare killed. Also was he married again and did he leave any property worth me laying claim to?"—Plywood Panels.

A Midwest Field Owned by Indians

By Martin Rathvun, General Field Superintendent, Western States Oil and Land Co.

Western States No. 2 Soap Creek flowing 1500 Bbls. per day.
Western States Well No. 2 Soap Creek. Producing 2400 Bbls. daily Note the men's reflections in the oil pool.
Western States Well No. 3 Soap Creek Field.

During the summer of 1920, Carroll H. Wegemann, now chief geologist for the Western States Oil and Land Company and the Exploration Department of the Midwest Refining Company, spent several weeks looking over a structure, which he had discovered some years previous, on Soap Creek in the Crow reservation in the state of Montana, some forty-five miles southwest of the town of Hardin and which was considered by the Western States Oil and Land Company to be very promising.

After making his report, it was decided to drill a well on this structure and on December 3, 1920, spudding began. On February 11, 1921, Well No. 1 was completed with an initial flow of 450 barrels of black oil at a depth of 1650 feet. Immediately after the completion of Well No. 1, Well No. 2 was started. In the course of sixty days it came in with an initial production of about 2,000 barrels. Since then wells No. 3 and No. 4 have been completed and No. 5 is now being drilled. The Western States production in the field today is estimated in the neighborhood of 4,000 barrels. Five other companies have wells drilling on the edges of this structure on all sides of the Western States' holdings. It is estimated that there is in the neighborhood of 3,000 acres in this structure that will be productive.

The C. B. & Q. have started a railroad south from the town of Hardin to a point within five miles of the Soap Creek field. The terminal of this road has been named by the Crow Indian tribe "Bret" in honor of H. C. Bretschneider, the president of the Western States Oil and Land Company. It is expected that this town of Bret will be a large and thriving metropolis within the next few years. Big Horn valley, thru which this road will be built, is one of the richest in Montana and in a short time will be fully settled up. This valley is now producing large quantities of wheat, hay, sugar beets, as well as a great number of cattle. The town of St. Xavier, in which at present there are a number of stores and the Indian mission, which was established in the early eighties, is expected to be one of the most important towns along the line, second only to the town of Bret.

A large proportion of the productive area in

Continued on Page 7

Deer Creek Holdings and Operations

By A. C. Fletcher

Above—Swaggert well, Deer Creek.

Left—Swaggert well No. 1, the Discovery well, which came in good for 440 barrels of 41 gravity oil.

Right—Stewart well No. 1, initial production 20 million feet of gas

In the early part of the year 1919, Dean M. Stacy and George Burress, geologists of Oklahoma City, submitted a favorable geological report on what is now known as the Deer Creek field to the Western States Oil and Land Company. This was later checked by Angus McLeod and approved by T. S. Harrison. In the fall of the same year two thousand forty acres were leased by the above company. Actual drilling operations were started on what is known as Stewart well No. 1 in January, 1920, and the following July a twenty-million cubic foot gas well was brought in. A second well—Flood No. 1, was started in September of the same year. This well proved to be a dry hole at 3158 ft. On the fourteenth day of February, 1921, drilling was begun on Swaggart well No. 1, and on May 3 this well was brought in good for four hundred forty barrels of 41 gravity oil. This was the discovery oil well of the Deer Creek field. Since that time two 3000 ft. dry holes have been drilled and two gas wells have been completed having a combined production of thirty-eight million cubic feet.

The Western States camp in the Deer Creek field consists of two oil-field houses, an office and a small warehouse. So small a camp for the number of holes drilled may seem strange to those familiar with Wyoming operations. However, this field is very favorably located in that the railroad runs directly through the field, with the depot one mile to the west at the town of Deer Creek. Blackwell, Oklahoma, a town of 12,000 population, is only twelve miles away, where there are three good supply stores and a machine shop. These factors are a decided advantage and a great help in speeding up operations as they put the material right at our very door.

At the present time there are three wells drilling, two of which are nearing the oil sand, and all of which we all hope will be large producers.

Continued from Page 6

this field is on tribal lands owned by the Crow Indian tribe with Chief Plenty Coos for the head chief.

Chief Plenty Coos and oil council, which includes Johnnie Crooked Arm, Russell White Bear, Willie Coyote, Chief Bird Hat, Henry Yellow Tail and other prominent Indians, hold their council meetings from time to time and discuss and decide all questions pertaining to the tribal leases, royalties, etc. By many it is expected that the Crow Indian tribe, which numbers about seventeen hundred, will some day be as rich as their brothers the Osage Indians in Oklahoma, to date the Soap Creek field being the largest black oil field in the Rocky Mountain region.

It is expected the railroad will be completed by July 1st, at which time the production will be taken from this field. In the meantime, several other wells will be drilled and everything put in readiness to produce. There are several other promising looking structures on the Crow reservation which will be drilled within the coming year.

Do you remember?—dancing used to be "The light fantastic toe." Toes don't have much to do with it nowadays. Ho-hum!

OFFICE and FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Denver Saabd Doings

Happy New Year, folks! We are going to start the New Year right and give you first-hand information on the happenings within the confines of this division of ours. "Happy New Year" is the get-a-way gun in a new race of 365 days. Like the racer each and everyone of us should profit by the foregoing trials and make better strides in each forthcoming race. The members of this division wish all the Midwest Family a Prosperous and Happy New Year.

Lamping around with the aid of our "Star Reporter" we found considerable food for the anxious reader, especially those immigrants who reached Casper some six months ago, and who scan the columns of our illustratious magazine for a word or two from the "auld sod." We know Casper must be "some" town since Nugent, "Pete," and "Kelly" hit there, to say nothing of the rest of the bunch. And right here before we go any further we must say a word about our "Star Reporter" and chief assistant News Gatherer. We have signed up one of the best detective-reporters in the business to help us get the "dope." We will not divulge his identity, but he is on the job, so "watch your step" when in the vicinity of our domain.

Christmas has come and gone, and some poor boob rises and springs this old one—"Do your Christmas shopping early, as there is only 355 days left." Nevertheless, the boys of the Sales Accounting Division received two nifty boxes of cigars and two boxes of candy from our "boss." Needless to say it was appreciated by all, and consumed in snappy order. No casualties were reported such as head and stomach aches from the effects of too great an association with "Lady Nicotine."

Olaf Mauldin spent Christmas with his parents at their home in La Veta. Olaf arrived the following Tuesday in time for work and reports that La Veta is devoid of barber shops.

No less a distinguished personage than Joyce de la Gardie saw the Old Year vanish down the Platte Canyon, and the New Year coming riding in on a raging torrent, as he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Miller at their mountain home at Pine, Colorado.

Jake Bohman has gotten the bug again. Every spring Jake contemplates building a house. We are for you, Jake, only let's see you start. This is a sure sign of Spring.

Smith-Brooks' calendar made a great hit with Gene Illius. We will lay a bet that that fish caught his eye.

Several of the boys in the Denver Office have been studying law this fall at the West Side Court. In addition to Judge Grant and Judge McAlpine, Judge Johnson has been admitted to the bar after serving the required two weeks. However, Roy came back with additional honors, having cultivated an honest-to-goodness mustache which is fitting to his degree. "Good morning, Judge."

Someone might think it was the first of May instead of the first of January, the way some of our members have been moving around. Spencer Stebenne is the latest one to migrate. He has moved to a point just this side of the northern city limits of Colorado Springs, and will hereafter ride D. & R. G. No. 16 to work in the mornings. It is reported that "Spin" is anticipating the idea of doing a little farming this coming summer.

Olaf Mauldin, the social lion of our division, spent a very pleasant evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Johns on January 5th.

Tom May lost his bull pup a few months ago when the little fellow was run down by a passing motorist. (In speaking of little fellow, we mean the dog not Tom.) (Also murderist might be more fitting than motorist, from the information we have.) However, a kind friend of the May's has presented them with a lovely Angora kitten which is gradually taking the dog's place. Tom says he never saw such feet as this cat has, stupendous would be a fitting adjective.

It is reported that Ray Hamilton has put several of the clothing houses in this city on a paying basis. Ray is also a drummer of no mean ability. The other evening the orchestra in which Ray plays was engaged to play at one of our leading cafes. Ray had considerable trouble in getting the right jazz effect into his work owing to the fact that the chef borrowed all of his skillets.

E. K. B. reports that he has just come back from his vaccination in the suburbs and that he had a good time. (Note: The girls were vaccinated on the same date but not in the same place.)

When we asked our girls where they were vaccinated they blushed and said "On the eighth floor, sir!"

There are times when the medical profession is not without its attractions. A missionary in the palm-clad South Sea Islands has nothing on our medics during vaccination epidemics.

The question still remains: Does a girl wear an evening gown oftener than she mounts the high steps of a street car during the summer months.

Denver Traffic News

The moon shines East
And the moon shines West,
But the man next door
Makes the moon shine best.

Members of the Denver office were very much shocked upon learning of an accident which befell Miss Lucille Dunne of the Traffic Department on Tuesday evening, November 29th. Miss Dunne was on her way home from a grocery store in the evening when she was struck by a speeding automobile, which skidded sideways and struck her a second time, very seriously injuring her, then drove away without making any inquiry as to her condition or rendering her any assistance. She was taken to the County Hospital where it was found necessary to take sixty stitches in her scalp, which had almost been torn from her head. It was several days before she was in a condition to be moved to the Mercy Hospital. Miss Dunne has now improved enough to be about and hopes soon to resume her duties in the Traffic Department. During her absence Miss Edna Carlson has been back taking her place.

Denver Office Chatter

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bradley welcomed a baby daughter into their home December 27th. Mrs. Bradley was formerly Miss Henrietta Waller, and an employe of the Midwest Company for some time.

News in the stenographic department seems to be scarce these days. It may be interesting, however, to the many friends of Miss Roberta Eames to know that she and Mr. Elmer Evison decided to "hitch their wagon to a star" on December 31, and forthwith proceeded to the home of Dr. Boyle who helped materially in the "hitching." Miss Eames has been connected with the Midwest Company, both in Casper and Denver, for a number of years, and Mr. Evison is in the employ of the Ford company. They are spending their honeymoon in California. We wish them a long and happy life.

Several of the Midwest employes came down from Casper to spend the holidays. We understood that they were compelled to cut their visit short on account of homesickness. Hope they can arrange to make a longer stay next time.

In Dear Old Ireland

"We never needed any of them new-fangled scales in Ireland," said O'Hara. "There's an aisy way to weigh a pig without scales. You get a plank and you put it across a stool. Then you get a big stone. Put the pig on one end of the plank and the stone on the other end and shift the plank until they balance. Then you guess the weight of the stone and you have the weight of the pig."

Sobriety in Dress

Collegiate styles in men's clothes are to be "along sober lines." This will leave out the hip pocket.—Burr.

The Midnight Ride of Milton Kahn

Listen, my children, and I'll put you on
To the midnight ride of Milton Kahn.
'Twas in the winter of 'Twenty-one
When Kahn enjoyed his midnight run.
He went to the stable in back of the house
Where his Reo was sleeping as still as a mouse.
He opened the door with a jerk and a cuss
And kicked the spare tire of his patient old bus.
It awoke with a snort and Milton got in
And stepped on the starter the motor to spin.
It coughed and spluttered and choked a while
And finally moved—the venerable pile!
Milton, whose unselfishness cannot be beat
Decided his friends should share in his treat.
So he went to their house and stopped with a honk!
And his friend and his wife looked out at the junk,
And shivered to think that they had to ride
With the owner thereof so filled with pride.
They gingerly stepped on the running-board
And the poor Reo groaned like a grief-stricken Ford.
With due hesitation it started to go
And Milton, elated, commenced to crow,
And tenderly told of the virtues it had—
And that he could beat an eight-cylinder "Cad."
He stepped on the gas to prove what he said
And with many a rattle away it sped.
His guests bit the leather to keep in the seat
They hadn't suspected the wreck was so fleet.
They raced 'round a corner without slowing down
And made a bee-line for the center of town.
The speedometer read 40 and was picking up fast
And every dear minute they thought was their last.
"Go slower, go slower," thus did they beseech
For Heaven seemed near and almost in reach.
They roared thru the town at a fifty-mile gait—
A cop tried to stop them but arrived just too late.
They shot past a street car with a slithering lurch
And ran down a deacon just fresh from his church.
They crossed o'er the viaduct which leads to the plains
The Reo shrieking loud with multitudinous pains.
They whizzed thru the sage-brush, they hurned up the road
And scared all the prairie-dogs from their abode.
Their speed ne'er abated but seemed to increase;
Their faces were covered with hot, flying grease.
"Pull it up, pull it up," yelled Milton quite sick,
"Pull up that thingumajig, pull it up quick!"
What the thingumajig was nobody coud know
But if it 'twas like the machine it was not very slow.
They stopped! No one knew how it came about
But at last discovered that the gas gave out.
Then Milton explained the cause of the speed—
The crazy behavior of his ancient steed:
'Twas a part of Milton's damnable luck
That with friends in his midst the accelerator stuck!

Storage Yards at Casper in Winter
Prominent figures at the Storage Yard
1 ED TREGLOWN
2 LOU ROBINSON
3 TOM VIRGNE
4 RALPH DUNBAR
General View of Storage Yards
View of the Pipe racks
Another general view Showing pipe racks
Unloading ten inch casing

Mrs. B. R. Hixson spent the holidays with her parents in Colorado. "Hix" has his headquarters in S. C. at present.

Elmer Rupp who has charge of the unloading of the road trucks at Salt Creek, is the proud father of a boy born the latter part of December. The drivers extend their heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs.

'S queer how some fellows act when they sit behind a wheel of a company car. If a loaded truck does not give them three thirds of the road they simply go wild. 'S strange that men like Wilson, Lewis, Peake, Dunbar and a few others give trucks the right-of-way while the boys with the wrist watches demand it.

Wish the highway department would widen the road so we might meet Shorty Gooden without losing our breath.

The drivers who presented Ed Treglown with a ring hope that we may see it on a certain young lady's finger.

We don't mind buying rings but when it comes to buying a car for some bird again—well, we are simply off of those contests.

Bobby O'Bryan and T. S. Clayton were among those present; although they deny it.

Charlie Kear has learned that a White truck will go through, (the mud, snow or ground). Ask Charlie, he knows.

Well at last we got our buzzer fixed. Thanks, Lew.

Get Your Thesaurus

Ed. Treglown of the Casper Storage yard, tells of a young man going to university who had been writing home to his father using such words that the latter had to refer to a dictionary to know what his son was writing about. These letters were so inconvenient for the father to read that he replied as follows:

"Dear Son:—

"In promulgating your esoteric cogitations and articulating your superficial sentimentalities or philosophical, sycophantical observations, beware of all platitudinous ponderosity and let your extemporaneous decantations and expatriations have intelligibility and veracious veractiy without rodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Let your conversation possess a clarified, concise, comprehensible consistency and concatinated cogency.

"Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, vaineloquent verbosity and veracious veracity."

Grass Creek Notes

This may seem a little unseasonable, but it may give you an idea of what is to come when the glad summer time gets here again. The above shows a party of Grass Creek Midwesterners on a picnic in their beautiful valley last Fourth of July.

Mr. Waltz, our chief clerk, has been sojourning in Salt Creek, where the winds blow and the snow flies. He was called there to fill a position on the inventory squad. We expect he will return to us as a prodigal son, and know he will be glad to get back to Grass Creek, where the sun always shines.

We, of Grass Creek, wish to take this opportunity to express our sincere hopes for a bright and prosperous year to all the great Midwest family. We wish you every thing that is good and hope the new year might be a full one for all. Happy New Year!

Mr. Whitmore, our warehouseman, spent Christmas in Casper with relatives there. He says that he had a very fine time.

Our cook, Mrs. Thomas, got up the swellest dinner we ever ate on Christmas day. There was turkey and every thing that goes with it on this day. We are all proud of our cook and we challenge any other camp to beat her.

Grass Creek was the scene of another festive occasion on Christmas day, when Fred McGee held another big turkey shoot. The Midwest boys again came away victorious by capturing several fat prizes. L. L. Bechtel, Harvey Lee, Howard Hawk, Russel Crouse, Homer Craig, and J. D. Henry were the Midwest boys who won the prizes at this shoot.

We have just finished filling our ice house with next summer's supply of coolness. The men worked fast and furiously, taking advantage of the few days of winter we had about two weeks ago, to get the ice cut and stored.

On Sunday, the first day of 1922, Dr. Kingsley, district superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was a visitor in Grass Creek and preached to us two splendid sermons.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, and the rush of business which always presents itself at the close of the year, we haven't had much time to prepare the news of Grass Creek. However, we hope to be represented next issue by more scribes than one.

Outlook From Muddy

Accusations from the editorial staff are rife that this field has not figured in due proportion in reporting an account of its doings for some little time past.

While not attempting at this time to excuse ourselves for any laxity in this direction, we consider it only fair to make an admission that something, however small, has been sent in regularly for publication. In making the rounds among the field men, we hear too often the familiar phrase "Nothing new" or something to this effect "Nothing of sufficient importance for publication in The Midwest Review."

The past year, however, as is generally known, has not been one of uninterrupted prosperity but on the other hand has been fraught with a vacillation of circumstances, a natural outgrowth in getting back to normal conditions after a period which has been phenomenal through many complex problems springing up and dislocating much of the vast industrial machinery of our country.

The conditions that have been experienced in Muddy are co-incident with those of the other fields operated by the Midwest, the low marketing price of oil which showed up during the early months of the year that has just passed, sent a shock through many of the field men who have been trying to obtain oil at a profit, but happily during the latter part of the year conditions changed for the better which raised the price of oil to such a figure that we can operate at a margin, and therefore we are imbued with the spirit of optimism for the New Year, combined with a general broadening of business conditions throughout our country.

We in Muddy are less fortunate than our big sister at Salt Creek when it comes to recording barrels of oil. The past few months have brought little or no excitement with regard to increased production; many obstacles continually have to be overcome in our deep wells which are for the most part pumping, in order to keep up to full capacity, but we have a large undrilled area and with several new wells which may be expected to be drilled in

almost any time during the next few weeks, we are hopeful of being able to record an appreciable increase in our production.

Our deep test well has been shut down temporarily as we were forced to wait on small size casing, but advice has just been received that this has been shipped so chances are very promising for a quick completion of our efforts in testing out the deeper sand, a task which has required much patience and skill due to the extreme depth and cavey formations.

We all realize the importance of drilling for oil and what this has done in developing one of the various natural resources of Wyoming, the building up of communities, the creation of wealth and other notable features which lends itself to prosperity and for this reason we hope that conditions may warrant operations being carried on a large scale during 1922.

We extend to all our fellow workers who are representing the Midwest interests in the various parts of the State, all that we can wish ourselves, namely "A Very Happy and Prosperous New Year."

Big Muddy Notes

Christmas Day in Muddy was spent without excitement. A few of us passed the time visiting friends in camp exchanging greetings. As usual, those who are responsible for attending the wants of the inner man, were in evidence in placing before us an excellent dinner fitting for the occasion.

R. S. Vidler and R. P. MacGuire partook of dinner at the home of J. Delehanty, on Xmas day. While adjourning to the cook house for supper both Bob and Mac were heard to express themselves in unmistakable language, that they were not feeling at all hungry which suggests excess and particular liking for the home prepared meal put on by Mrs. Delehanty.

John Weigand who has been taking inventory of warehouse stock for the Midwest at Salt Creek paid a visit to Muddy to spend Xmas with his folks. John experienced bad roads from Salt Creek here, returning the day after Xmas to Salt Creek where he expects to be busy for several weeks or more.

M. E. Diamond and Geo. Koogle have returned from their respective trips to California and Denver. Both experienced good times and now are settled down to business routine after taking in a round of pleasure visiting the folks and old acquaintances.

E. C. Lange, our blacksmith, has just returned from Lead, So. Dak., where he has been spending Xmas visiting with friends and acquaintances which he had made while working for the Homestake Gold Mining Co., previous to his visit to Muddy.

Mrs. L. Miller has been added to the staff at Muddy cook house. Mrs. M. we believe came from Grass Creek and has a deal of experience in figuring out the needs of a hungry bunch of oil workers. For this reason we feel there will be nothing lacking.

Salt Creek Wavelets

A splendid informal holiday season party was given by Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Patterson at their home, north of Salt Creek. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Portis and their daughter, Catherine, Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart, Major and Mrs. Erwin Froyd, Harry Bossart, Lee Worth, John Wyland, R. E. Anderson and Gregory Powell enjoyed the happy hospitality. The Pattersons, with their five good looking, wholesome, vivacious daughters are a very novel family and have that gracious faculty of making one feel thoroughly at home. It is an experience long remembered to have been in their family circle.

The Five Tribes Oil Company, the officers and directors of which are made up of prominent Midwest men, have started operations in the Salt Creek Field. They have valuable interests in the North East Quarter of 19-40-78 and with material going on the ground at the present time, will be operating within a few weeks.

Harry Bossart, Assistant Superintendent at Salt Creek and Lee Worth of the Engineering Department, returned safely from the holiday season spent at Colorado Springs and Denver respectively. They seemed thoroughly satisfied with their vacation, which probably means that justice was done and everything going on was taken in by these two doughty, debonair Salt Creekers.

Haynes Williams returned to Salt Creek from a holiday vacation spent at Kuttawa, Kentucky. Mrs. Williams remains at her home and will not return for a month or two. We suppose that Haynes, "Jes naturally drank it all up," and so was ready to hit the trail back.

John Wyland, well known as perhaps the handsomest man in all the country for several hundred yards around Salt Creek, has severed his connection with the Midwest Company. He is associated at the present time with the Western Finance Corporation and we hope that his sunny smile and equable good nature will not be lost to us for some time to come.

Mr. C. W. Jones takes the place of Mr. Frank Lydon as Farm Foreman of the Salt Creek Consolidated Camp of the Midwest. Mr. Lydon and family have gone to Denver.

Mr. Jones has been with the Midwest Company for some time and we wish him well in his responsible new position.

Mr. Don Hughes takes the place of J. Kerr, Tool Pusher at Salt Creek Consolidated. Mr. Hughes is an old timer with the Midwest and was formerly at Big Muddy.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Nowels spent the Christmas season at the home of Mr. Nowels

in Colorado Springs. They reported a splendid time in that beauty spot of our sister state.

Mrs. James Stewart and Mrs. Erwin Froyd entertained one night during the holiday season, a congenial group of Salt Creek friends. It is reported that Mr. W. J. Portis and Mrs. H. H. Patterson took the high prize for something or other.

The Second Semester of the Night School at Salt Creek, will reopen on Monday evening, January sixteenth, at the school house. The subjects for the coming Semester as far as at present determined, will be Higher Mathematics, Steel Square and Estimating, Petroleum Geology, Sketching and Blue Print Reading, with the addition of some other courses for which there seems a heavy demand. The work in these subjects will be made both interesting and profitable.

Mr. G. L. Ferguson, superintendent of the Glen Rock Company, and Mr. Barton A. Myers, superintendent of the Carter Interests in Salt Creek, entertained the Masonic Club at the new Carter Camp. A sleigh ride feature was worked in as all the folks from Salt Creek Home Camp made the trip in two or three big conveyances. A wonderful time and much joviality was reported by everyone.

Talking About You

Overheard in the Salt Creek boarding house:

New waitress to old one as the string of drivers file in,—

"Who's the guys that look like Volstead's enemies?"

"Oh, that's August and the next to him is Donahue."

"Well who is the child crying about the hash?"

"That's Shorty Gooden. The two across from him that are talking like a pair of parrots are Kear and Bert Stewart, and the guy who is trying to tell them the same story the tenth time is Scribner. The two ginks who are trying to out eat the other is Stew, and Heavy Miller, and the bird without any hair is Whitey. Now the guy straight across is Hox. He is going to be married when he makes four straight trips."

"My Gawd, who are those saps with the rubber boots on?"

"Why that's Nichols and Hixson, they used to wear boots in Arkansas and they can't get out of the habit, and the man with the large feet who just sat down is Jess Scott. That's Jess Lewis across from him, he is nice but don't go out with him girlie. Now that feller eating so much corned beef and cabbage is McFarland and the lanky one next to him is Wynn, from Pike County, Missouri. The one caressing that pork chop bone is McCormack. Flat is opposite, I think he is a dry farmer by trade as it takes him six months to get the wrinkles out after a seige in Gillette. And the guy who looks so meek is Andy; he used to live in this boarding house. The feller talking to him is Michler, they call him Shot-gun for short.

"Here comes the 'toolies,' we'll have to start another set-up."

The Mighty Fall

Clifford Whitmore of the Grass Creek field calls the above snapshot, the "Fall of the Monarch." It is a unique and splendid snapshot, and shows how they tear down a rig when abandoning a field. This picture was taken when all material was moved from Ilo Ridge, near the Grass Creek field.

"Can I be of any assistance?" asked the sympathetic motorist of a man who was looking unutterable thoughts at a disabled car.

"How is your vocabulary?"

"I'm a minister, sir."

"Drive on."

A letter artist received a red hot note which consumed him with rage but here is his reply: "Sir—My stenographer, being a lady, cannot transcribe what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think of it. But you, being neither, will understand what I mean."

"Keep up your toes" if you would avoid being "run down at the heels."

Field Garage News

McCormick our former shop foreman has quit foremaning to drive G43 the terrible, for Dunnie. Good Luck Mac.

Bill the cage boy went home late the other night from a "soup and fish" dance and coincident with his arrival there the glass broke out of the door. Bill says the wind did it. These stormy nights are sure hard on the doors.

We have a new foreman now. E. W. Davis by name. Perhaps you know him. Ford has nothing on us for turning out the work now.

Winn had a touch of pneumonia but is again back at work after three or four weeks of bed. All rested up and raring to go.

Larned says his wife will be back from the east any month now. If she don't come back soon Henry is going after her.

The big snow is on. Come on down and see the fun. All the truckdrivers want to put up in shop until the road is broke through to Salt Creek.

Andy says he drives the Chicago trouble truck. He has all the trouble of pulling the rest out of the drifts.

How An Editor Got Rich

When he started he was as poor as the proverbial church mouse twenty years ago. Now he has retired, with a comfortable fortune of $50,000.

This money was acquired through industry, economy, conscientious effort to give full value, indomitable perseverance, and the death of an uncle, who left the editor $49,999.50.

—Empeco Paper News.

Canned Stuff

"Ma, do cows and bees go to heaven?"

"Mercy, child, what a question! Why?"

"'Cause if they don't, the milk and honey the preacher said was up there must be all canned stuff."

—The Hudsonian.

Dear Editor: I am in love with a very plain girl, while a very pretty girl with lots of money wants to marry me. What shall I do?

Answer: Marry the one you love by all means, and send me the name and address of the other.

Mrs. Cobb: "Was the grocer's boy impudent to you again when you telephoned your order this morning?"

The maid: "Yes, Mrs. Cobb, he was that: but I fixed him this time. I sez, "Who the hell do you think you're talking to? This is Mrs. Cobb."

Osage Notes

We're just about snowed in, but here goes for a good start for 1922. We are doing darned little so far as operations are concerned, but seems the red tape continues, which matters not so long as the "long green continues." Supt. Guenin has been demonstrating his ability in mechanics. Herriman says he knows of none on a par with the superintendent; he has reasons, the supt. fixed his car for nix. Thawing out oil and gas lines is another one of his specialties these days, saying nothing of superior engines. We all agree that if Osage holds him during 1922, he's sure got a short life to live.

Jackman (better known as "Nute") refuses to reveal his New Year resolution. Herriman has been contemplating driving to Casper the past week or so, but heavy snow and severe cold has put a crimp in his trip. Sure must be some attraction in Casper for Herriman, as there is in Newcastle for Moyer. The latter is our efficient pumper; anyway he sure knows how to make lots of steam, in fact it's hard to find "Mike" most of the time. He now demonstrates his ability by "firing the furnace" for his fiancee at Newcastle, with her assistance of course.

Miss Charlese Moyer's smiling face has put in its appearance after spending the holidays in Newcastle with friends, and is hard at work teaching school. However, Leo Lynch's absence has had its affect on the "smile."

Here's wishes from Osage for a Happy and Prosperous New Year to the whole Midwest Family.

By T. H. H.

Guy Craig, field superintendent for the Midwest in the Cat Creek field, with headquarters in Winnett, Montana. Craig is a go-getter, and is well liked by all he comes in contact with.

For Floral Offerings

Wish to take this means to thank the Midwest Refining Company and my associate employes for the lovely flowers sent me during my recent illness.

Andrea Terriere.

Shaw Sets 'em Up

Tracy N. Shaw, assistant director of Industrial Relations, Casper, is passing around the cigars because of a new nine-pound girl, born to him and Mrs. Shaw in Casper on January 11.

Thoughts while Strolling Through the Denver Office

Paraphrasing O. O. McIntyre, who writes "New York Day by Day": This is a fine day, wonder what special report will be wanted today. There goes Gene Illius with a new pipe. Santa Claus must have been to his house. Wonder who Roy Johnson is fussing now, see he has raised a mustache. There goes Oscar Jones, see he is limping. Wonder if he has been playing soccer again. Here comes Paul Werth, bet he is sorry football season is over. Well, if it isn't Elmo Ballard back from Mississippi. Tess Dixon yawning, the dance must have kept her up. Here comes a pipe with Kahn behind it. There goes the stockbroker, Halfpenny. Ah, the Eighth Floor comes to life, there is the rollicking Sinn Feiner McNicholas. Some second-baseman we'll say. See, Stevens is in our midst again, he was sure missed—not mist. A good man for a picnic commitee. By-the-way, wonder if there will be a dance this winter. Here comes a tall, lean man who moves as silent as a ghost. "Begosh," he is a "ghost!" There goes an office girl, wonder who wants stationery now. Here comes M. O. Barnes. It must be out of stock. There goes Kent Whitford, wonder what was his time in the hundred. And speaking of races, we have crossed the tape. Continued in our next.

Continued From Page 3

to keep the ditch free of water while laying the pipe. It was also necessary at this particular point to "rock" the ditch and to weld the joints on three-quarters of a mile of pipe laid.

The first of the 14-inch and 12-inch pipe arrived at Casper on October 9th and October 18th respectively.

In preparing for the task of transporting the pipe from Casper to the pipe line right-of-way, Mr. Van Sant (better known as "Van" in Wyoming), had arranged for a fleet of ninety Clydesdale, F. W. D., White, Packard, Kissel, Mack, Indiana and other makes of trucks to do the work.

The greatest distance reached from Casper was sixty miles. At some points it was almost impossible to get trucks close to the line, and the use of string teams was resorted to to string the pipe at these points.

In order to facilitate the handling, and to help the freighter over the bad roads and rough spots, teams were stationed along the line as helpers. Bunk houses and cook shacks were put up by Mr. Van Sant at various points so that the freighter could get meals and stay over night if necessary, and in addition to this, two light cars patrolled the road to assist the freighter in picking the right direction and also to make the run into Casper should any truck break down and need repairs.

Fifty cars of 10-inch, thirty cars of 12-inch had been received at Rawlins up to November 9th, and one hundred and twenty-one cars of 14-inch and forty-eight cars of 12-inch had been received at Casper up to that date, or a total of two hundred forty-nine cars received and handled. Traffic and operating officials of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and the Chicago Northwestern Railroads cooperated to the fullest extent with the Midwest Traffic and Purchasing Departments in rushing shipments from the Marks Manufacturing Company. A schedule of five to eight days from Indiana Harbor and Zanesville to destination was maintained on practically every car moved. In addition to this, several cars of Dresser couplings were received and handled, both at Casper and Rawlins.

With the survey of the right-of-way completed, it was found that the total length was 89.23 miles, and additional orders had to be placed for pipe and couplings necessary to complete the line.

In addition to digging the ditch, laying the pipe, and handling of other work in connection with the gas line proper, the Midwest Engineering Department started the construction of a telephone line from Casper to the Wertz Camp late in October. This work was carried on as rapidly as possible in spite of the bad and disagreeable weather during November and December, and was completed and in operation on January 8, 1922.

American Legion

Salt Creek Post

The American Legion at Salt Creek, about whose activities revolve a big part of the Social, Patriotic and Athletic life of that Commmnity, have gotten away to a rnnning start for the New Year. The new officers are George Scott, Commander; J. C. Leggett, First Vice-Commander; Ray S. Clary, Second Vice-Commander; Chester A. Borsch, Adjutant; Harry T. Phillips, Finance Officer; Veru Thomas, Sergeant-at-Arms, and A. B. Allen, Chaplain. All are Midwest men.

The Orin Snyder Post was the first post in the Wyoming Department to regularly install the new officers with the complete new ceremonials adopted at the last Kansas City Convention. Gregory S. Powell, Assistant Director of the Industrial Department, was appointed to represent the Department of Wyoming as Installation Officer. A group of new Legionnaires were put through the new initiation ceremonies.

The Salt Creek Legion are increasing their membership at a fast clip and hope to donble their enrollment this year over last.

On Saturday January seventh the Post staged a Home Talent Vodvil Show nnder the direction of Frank J. Estes, followed by a dance. The commnnity turned ont in numbers. The legion gave over their part of the proceeds to the new Salt Creek Midwest Band.

The next meeting of the Post will be in the form of a smoker, with boxing—music and entertainment. Refreshments will be served.

With the snpport and co-operation of the Legion a Ladies Anxiliary has been formed with fifteen charter members. There are over fifty women in Salt Creek Field who are eligible and a strong effective organization for this year is anticipated. Mrs. O. E. Snyder was elected President, Mrs. Ralph Harris, Secretary, and Mrs. J. H. McClain, Treasnrer.

A strong American Legion Post with the accompanying Ladies Auxiliary organization is a tremendons asset for any commmnity. Not only do these play an important part in the events that take place but the mere fact of their powerful presence proves in large measnre, the spirit, patriotism and devoted Americanism holding sway in that community.

Swanger—Andrews

Miss Rnth E. Andrews and Clarence H. Swanger, both of Salt Creek, were quietly married Christmas day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dresher in Salt Creek by the Rev. Benj. B. Winter. Mr. Swanger is employed in the production department of the Midwest and is also the cornetist in the Salt Creek orchestra.

At the close of the ceremony the wedding party was treated to a solo, "The Fight is On," snng to the accompaniment of a tin pan by a neighbor in adjoining rooms.

This is the first wedding solemnized in Salt Creek, and the best wishes of a host of friends are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Swanger.

Ragtown!

There's a street in Salt Creek town
Lined with tents all up and down,
Tents of every shape and size,
People crowded in like flies,
That's "Ragtown."

Troops of children fill the street,
Dogs at every turn you meet,
Babies crying everywhere
With their music fill the air,
In "Ragtown."

When Wyoming breezes blow
And the air is filled with snow,
How the tents all creak and flap!
Every kind of noise on tap,
At "Ragtown."

Snow sifts in around the doors,
Lies in drifts upon the floors;
When upon the tents it melts,
Then down on our heads it pelts,
In "Ragtown."

But the houses are so few
That the men and women too
Both are glad if only they
Find a tent in which to stay,
In "Ragtown."

Soon the tents shall all come down
And we'll smile instead of frown,
For neat houses will arise
To gladden all the tenters eyes,
Of "Ragtown."

—E. W.

Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council

EMPLOYE REPRESENTATIVES:

George Sullivan, Casper District

Lyle S. Garner, Salt Creek Home Camp District

R. J. Reilly, Salt Creek Home Camp District

Robert Hamilton, Salt Creek Gas Plant

Chester Borsch, Secretary

MANAGEMENT REPRESENTATIVES:

Jake Hale, Salt Creek
H. A. Chandler, Salt Creek
A. C. Andrews, Salt Creek
A. G. Fidel, Casper

Midwest Employes' Benefit Association

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

Bernard F. McCann, Denver District
G. R. Simpson, Greybull District
Jesse Wills, Laramie District
T. M. Landry, Salt Creek District
M. A. Diamond, Casper District

J. G. Crosskill, Treasurer
Tracy N. Shaw, Secretary

The Quitter

By Robert W. Service

You're "sick of the game?" Well, now, that's a shame!
You're young and you're brave and you're bright.
You've had a raw deal, I know, but don't squeal.
Buck up, do your darndest and fight!
It's the plugging away that will win you the day,
So don't be a piker, old pard;
Just draw on your grit; it's so easy to quit—
It's the keeping your chin up that's hard.

The MIDWEST REVIEW

Vol. 3 FEBRUARY, 1922 No. 2

Published for
The Midwest Family
by THE MIDWEST REFINING CO.

Casabianca Merritt

(Editor's Note—A short time ago, fire partially destroyed the residence where A. L. Merritt, Auditor for the Midwest Refining Company, lived. Mr. Merritt did yeoman duty in subduing the flames.)

The man stood 'neath the burning roof,
  Whence all but him had fled;
The flames swirled 'round the poor old goof
  And shone upon his head.

The sirens shrieked on the midnight breeze
  As the firemen dashed afield,
And our hero stood in his B.V.D.s—
  Not an inch to the flames would he yield.

"The pails, the pails," he loudly cried—
  "The pails, O where are they?
We must slosh the water and stem the tide—
  We must hold the flames at bay."

"There's nary a pail," came a voice full of jumps,
  "Here's a crock that will do in a pinch."
"Then gimme the crock and man the pumps—
  Hell-fire can't make us flinch."

So foot by foot he fought the fire
  With the aid of the little brown crock.
It seemed that our champ would never tire,
  But would save the whole darned block.

When at last the flames were fully subdued—
  Our hero, O where was he?
Ask of the crowds that stared so rude
  At a figure strange to see!

Wearing a hat of the hard-boiled sort,
  And a bathrobe of passionate hue
Which the mocking breeze with a chortling snort
  Tore aside for an intimate view;

Our hero stood where all might see,
  Nor modestly bowed his head;
What cared he what his garb might be—
  He'd conquered the fiend so red!

The Midwest Review

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Elsewhere in this issue of the Review will be found a statement of the last meeting of the directors of the Midwest Benefit Association, at which it was decided to reduce the benefits paid to sick or disabled employes from $3.50 per day as heretofore, to $2.50 per day. This amendment to the constitution has been posted at the various localities in accordance with the proper method of procedure.

The proposition simmered down to the naked facts is simply this: The Benefit Association has been operating for over a year and a half, paying $3.50 per day as benefits. In that length of time, the Association has gone behind about $800. In addition to this, by virtue of the fact that the Standard Oil Company has taken over the operation of the refineries, the Association has lost the employes at Greybull and Laramie and thereby has lost an income of about $400 monthly. Therefore, we are confronted by the necessity of either discontinuing the Association altogether, or reducing the benefits to such a figure as we can operate on. We talked the matter over with a great number of the employes, and the unanimous opinion was expressed that the Association should be kept going, and that the proper thing to do was to reduce the benefits in order to keep it in operation. Therefore, at the last meeting of the directors the matter was taken up and it was the unanimous opinion of the directors that the benefits be cut to $2.50 per day, or approximately $75 a month. This will enable the Association to continue to operate, perhaps build up a much needed reserve, and continue to care for the unfortunate employes who may become sick or disabled.

An employe should not look upon this Association as anything in the nature of charity. It is really a mutual sick insurance organization through which an employe pays a premium of $1 per month, and draws his fully earned and fully paid for benefits. He is entitled to them by reason of having paid for them.

The Association has paid upwards of five hundred claims during its existence so far, and has helped many an employe out of a tight place during sickness or accident.

The past month, the Association lacked sufficient money to pay the current claims, and the Midwest Refining Company generously donated $1,000 to the Association.

Signs of spring the last few weeks have caused many an employe of the Midwest to dig out the old fishing tools and run a critical eye over them. You know the kind of fishing tools we mean.

Don't overlook that life insurance matter. If you haven't as yet made out your application, do it today. Don't put it off. It may mean a lot to your family. See the timekeeper or the chief clerk or the superintendent at once. They can put you on the right road.

Wild Youth

"Mither, may I have a bit o' silver ta go ta the motion pictures?"

"Na, na, Jamie, lad. Ye are gettin' ta be a regular gadâbout and I'm not likin' it. Why, Jamie, 'twas only last year ye went ta the motion pictures."—American Legion Weekly.

Young Lady (with hopes): What do you think is the fashionable color for a bride?

Floorwalker. Tastes differ. But I should prefer a white one.—Jester.

Right to left: No. 1, Lord Napier; No. 2, Charles Cummings; No. 3, Boney Earnest; No. 4, Frank Earnest; No. 5, Lord Fell; No. 6, Lord Travillion.

Hunting Buffalo Near Casper in Early Days

There are a few old timers around Casper, and over the state of Wyoming, who still remember when the great plains and the vast hills of the state were the range for thousands of buffalo. Even today one occasionally finds a bleached skull with its short thick pointed horns, mournful relics of the past glory of the great buffalo range.

In the early days, Wyoming, in common with many other western states, was a Mecca for sportsmen from Europe, who desired to hunt buffalo. Many of the titled aristocracy of England and France and Germany came to this country and were piloted over the plains by the hardy frontiersmen then living in the state. Such expeditions had to be taken with a great deal of care, as the Indians were still hostile, and hunters were not infrequently known to lose their lives.

Among the old pioneers who still reside in this country, and who took part in the famous old buffalo hunts, is Boney Earnest of Casper. Mr. Earnest participated in a hunt in 1879, which took place on the South Fork of Powder River, about seven miles down from the present crossing of the Burlington Railway. The Indians were very bad at that time, and Mr. Earnest says that the party had to be continually on the lookout, and had to guard themselves very carefully from attack. The party of English lords in the accompanying picture, however, were willing to take the chance of losing their scalps, in

order to get a buffalo. The hunt lasted for a number of days, and the party was fortunate in getting three buffalo besides the one shown in the picture. And they were also fortunate in getting away without seeing an Indian.

Some well known English names appear in the picture above. The man who took the picture was Lord H. Seton Karr. He was drowned in the St. Lawrence River in 1913, when the boat Empress of Ireland was sunk.

Benefit Association Election

Midwest employes should keep in mind the election which is to be held on Friday, March 10, for directors for the Midwest Employes Benefit Association. The present directors are as follows:

Tim Landry, Salt Gas Plant; Barney McCann, Denver Office; M. E. Diamond, Big Muddy; Green Simpson, Greybull; Jess Wills, Laramie.

The positions held by Simpson and Wills, are vacant by reason of Greybull and Laramie having been dropped from the Association. The other three directors are eligible for reelection, or new men may be elected in their places, as the employes see fit in their respective districts. But remember that these men handle the affairs of your Association and see that a good turnout is had for the election.

Salt Creek Community Church

More than a year ago religious work was started among the people of Salt Creek field and that work has shown the fact that the Sunday School is an appreciated adjunct to the social welfare of the community. An average of more than eighty people, men, women and children, meet regularly each Sunday afternoon in the Amusement hall for an hour's study of the Scriptures.

Various social evenings have recently been enjoyed by the classes under the direction of the teachers. There is an evident need for this sort of work from the fact not only of interest manifested but also from the fact that no other organized effort is made for the religious education of the children and the youth.

January 1 Rev. Emery E. Zimmerman began to hold regular preaching services. The men have shown an interest in these meetings. On Lincoln's birthday, the Boy Scout Troop came in a body. An organization of the ladies known as the Salt Creek Ladies' Union adds another social affair and at the same time creates an interest in the religious and moral welfare of this enterprising camp life.

The Community Church Organization is attempting to serve the Community in a way that will satisfy the different religious bodies and is attempting to carry on the things that the church everywhere stands for.

Must Sign Names

The editor of the Midwest Review is in receipt of a communication from the Big Muddy Field, which is signed simply "The Gang." The Review must follow the rigid rule established not only by itself but by all publications, that nothing will appear in the columns unless we know who is the author, and who will stand responsible for the article. Consequently we must refrain from publishing this article.

We would appreciate it if everyone would always see that their name is signed to articles sent to the Review. The names will not be printed if the parties do not wish, but the editor of this paper must know who is responsible.

Changes in Denver Office

Chester Kanp has taken Fred Boydston's place as assistant to Mr. Barkdull. Fred Boydston leaves the company together with Mr. H. A. Jones, they both going to the Salt Creek Producers and Midwest Oil Company.

Mr. Horace H. Brooks resigned on February 4th as Secretary and Treasurer of this company to accept a similar position with the Salt Creek Producers and Midwest Oil Company. Mr. M. K. Blackmer was then elected Treasurer, and Mr. T. A. Pedley Assistant Treasurer and Secretary.

"Have some trouble?"
"No, thanks—just had some."—Lemon Punch.

Plowing a Snow Furrow to Salt Creek

By Ed Treglown

"It looks like a three days' storm."

"Nope, the wind will be back in the so'west tomorrow night."

"Where do you get that stuff?"

"Well you see it is like this, if the wind is out of any quarter on the first of the year, the wind will never leave that quarter for more than forty-eight hours, you just watch and see."

"Ah, go wan. There goes that phone again. HELLO, ———. No, the company trucks are not going to pull today, if the weather clears tomorrow they will pull."

"Here is the bus driver, and he wants to leave some eggs and fish here until the road is open."

"Say, Lew, when is that plow going to be ready?"

"Well it was promised to us day before yesterday."

"Do you think we can get it tomorrow?"

"Sure."

The above is some of the conversation that took place when the big snow storm of January 12 hit Wyoming. A few days later the plow was finished and attached to a five-ton White truck, belonging to the White Motor Co. of Casper. This truck was stripped and to keep it in the road had two 2,000-pound billets chained to the chassis and was manned by a driver and two swampers.

Following behind the White was a string of F. W. D.'s to furnish the pushing power. Also there was a gang of men armed with the famous weapons of snow, namely shovels, L. H. R. P. With this escort the plow journeyed forth to do battle with the snow blocked roads.

The snow which had fallen during the few days had drifted enormously before the world famous winds of Wyoming, and in some of the draws and on the sides of some of the hills the snow drifts were two and three feet deep. Especially was this true in Seventeen Mile Lane, Twenty Mile Hill, at Red Shale, and on Forty Mile Hill.

The State Highway Department had twenty teams working on the road in the various sections, with scrapers and other road tools. This was very ineffective, inasmuch as this method only dragged the snow from one place and deposited it in another. Therefore the snow in these places was very soft and trucks traveling through it were obliged to buck the soft snow to get over. Some of the drifts were packed hard enough to permit a person to walk on them.

The plow did not encounter any snow or ice until after the pavement was passed. But a little ways beyond Ten Mile Flat work was met. It was very easy and quick work to plow the soft snow, but the long, hard, wind-packed drifts were not so easily leveled. But with the aid of the F. W. D.'s pushing and ramming, even these bowed before a superior force.

The first day, on account of the inexperience of the workers, Seventeen Mile Well only was reached. The second day's labor brought the plow to Horse Ranch, and the third day saw the Forty Mile Hill ahead, and the end of the fourth day saw the road open to Salt Creek.

The reported impossible had been accomplished, and one day service between Salt Creek and Casper was again restored. Opening up the road and keeping the material moving is one of the duties of the Storage Yard, which we endeavor to keep to one hundred per cent.

This Looks Serious

Judge: "What's this man charged with, officer?"

Cop: "Careless walkin', yer honor. He bumped into a truck and bent both fenders and the radiator."—American Legion Weekly.

Qualifying

"So this applicant for the bookkeeper's job claims he is a college man?" asked the bank president addressing his clerk. "Has he anything to back up that claim? Can he qualify?"

The clerk stepped to the door and returned.

"The young man says," he reported, "that with your kind permission he will come in and give the college yell."—American Legion Weekly.

"Waiter, the coffee is like mud."

"Yes; it was ground this morning."

Fighting the Snow on the Salt Creek Road

The Snow Plow and it's Crew. Left to right, Scribner, Kear, Mc Farland, and E.T. Stewart.

The Snow fighters at Twenty Mile Hill.

Bucking a Deep Drift at The Red Shale Hill.

At The Horse Ranch

A Snowed in Load of Casing just north of the Horse Ranch

The Snow Plow in action, on a hard drift.

The Snow Plow, made at the Casper Refinery, and just ready to go on the Job.

The Snow Plow in action, taken head-on

Directors of Benefit Association Meet

The annual meeting of the Midwest Employes' Benefit Association directors was held in the Casper office on February 3rd. Many topics of interest to the members were discussed.

The Treasurer's and Secretary's reports showed that it was necessary to either increase dues or decrease benefits, as the Association was running behind. It was decided to decrease the benefits from $3.50 to $2.50 per day beginning March 1st, and notices have been posted to that effect.

It was also decided that benefits would not be paid for disability resulting from a chronic disease contracted prior to employment with the Company.

The right to appoint a director to fill out an unexpired term of one whose service has been terminated, was voted to the President and Secretary.

By special request the employes of the refineries at Greybull and Laramie have been carried on the membership roll and their dues collected as usual. It was voted to discontinue their membership as of February 1st.

To help the Association out and give it a start the Company has very kindly donated $1,000 to the fund. Our claims for the last few months have been very heavy, but with the summer months coming on, when claims are lighter, and the decrease in amount of benefit paid, next fall should see the Association in very good financial condition and ready to stand the heavy drain on the treasury that the winter months always demand.

It is well for the membership to bear in mind the fact that this fund is *your* money for *your* benefit. It is your own insurance, paid for by you, to provide yourself an income when disabled for work. The officers you have elected are disbursing this fund according to claims received, to the best of their ability, but it is impossible for them to see and know everything. They therefore ask your cooperation and assistance in guarding the fund, that it may be distributed justly and equitably. If an abuse of this benefit comes to your observation it is your duty, for your own protection, to report it to your representative.

The member who draws more than the benefits he is entitled to under the constitution has his hand in *your* pocket and may deprive someone else of their just benefits.

Give your director your hearty support and all will be well.

Watkins-Martin

Miss Frieda Watkins and Mr. Oscar G. Martin, both popular employes of the general offices of the Western States Oil and Land Company, in Casper, were married on the evening of January 28, at the home of Miss Gertrude Kamps in Casper. They were attended by Miss Kamps and Mr. W. A. McDermott. They will be at home to their friends at 704 Park Avenue.

Mrs. Martin is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Watkins of Denver, and has

been in the employ of the Western States at Casper for about two years. Mr. Martin is formerly of Tulsa, Okla. He came to Denver as an employe of the Midwest Refining Company, and was later transferred to Casper as chief clerk of the Western States. Both young people have many friends in Casper who have extended congratulations.

Humphrey 32 at Big Muddy

Crew at Humphrey Test Well No. 32. Left to right, Jack Connors, Happy Cochran, Lon Slaughter, and Tom Gifford

Big Muddy Team pulled up at Humphrey No 32. Roy Petrie handling the Ribbons.

Six and a quarter inch casing pulled from Humphrey test No. 32

Oil Shale

Though it is the duty of the geologist to keep his feet pretty firmly on the ground, yet his spirit, like those of some of the fabled heroes of old, should descend into the lower world of darkness and the shadows of death to consult the hoary records of the past and to have communion with the ghost of all the things that were, to reconstruct the histories of the ages that are gone, for the benefit of the new intelligence which is now awakening and claiming all things as its legitimate province.

In the eyes of some, he, no doubt—like the witches in Macbeth—is supposed to conjure with:

Scale of reptile, tooth of shark,
Secret relics of the dark;
Toad that in the cold damp stone
Million years has been alone;
Mummied cat and skull of dog;
Skeleton of ancient frog;
Leaf of tree and charred remains;
Prints of bygone winds and rains;
Skull of Rhino turned to stone;
Devil fishes, cuttlebone;
Snail with many a spiral coil,
His soft body turned to oil;
Oyster piled in beds pell-mell,
Many a tempting blue-point shell
But the oyster gone to —— where
Those distilled snail juices are;
Fly and gnat that filled with fear
The great horned Uintathere;
Sands that with the rivers flow
To the lakes and oceans go;
Sulphurous sludge of quiet seas,
All untouched by light or breeze;
Stinking mud of ancient lake;
Blacked ooze of reedy brake.
Now about the retort go,
In the seething caldron throw
Slate and shale from muddy slime
Changed by magic feats of time.
"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble."
"Now about the caldron sing."
Oil and shale men in a ring;
Pitch comes out like dragon's blood,
And the charm is firm and good.

Uinta Basin, Utah — Prof. Earl Douglass.

Shannon Loses Its Population

The Leslie Snows have moved from Shannon to Salt Creek.

That might be construed merely as a news item, but it happens to have more significance than that. As a matter of fact, Les Snow and his splendid family have been residents of Shannon for a good many years; their hospitality is well known to their hundreds of friends. Good home cooked dinners, chickens, fresh eggs, honest-to-goodness milk, have been dispensed from the Snow home for a good many years, and it has always been sauced with a splendid hospitality peculiar to the Snows. But now that is all a thing of the past, so far as Shannon is concerned. However, as the Snows have moved to Salt Creek, doubtless they will be at home to their many friends in just as hospitable manner there, but Shannon will know them no more.

For Shannon, long known as the real discovery field of Salt Creek, has been practically deserted and abandoned as an oil field. Mr. Snow, who incidentally is the deputy sheriff for the Salt Creek district, has been in charge of the company interests there for some time, but the production has gradually gone down, and little oil has been taken from the wells there for a number of years. Some day when the production in Salt Creek drops off, and oil becomes scarcer, it may be the policy of the powers that be to again take oil from Shannon. But for the time being, at least, Shannon will lie dormant, and be without tenants.

Shannon is located in the extreme northern end of the Salt Creek field. It is little visited, save by the friends of the Snows in the past. But at one time, Shannon was the Mecca for many oil men.

In 1888, a Pennsylvania man by the name of Shannon sunk the first oil drill that penetrated the earth in this section of Wyoming. This was twenty years previous to finding oil in what is now known as the Salt Creek field proper. A small production was secured from several shallow wells which were put down to what has since been called the Shannon sand. The oil was hauled out of Shannon to Casper with string teams, and sold in that city as an unrefined lubricant. Several years later, Dr. Salathe built a small oil refinery in Casper for the purpose of refining this oil, and that refinery was the beginning of the present immense plants of the Midwest and the Standard.

In those early days, when there were no automobiles, or auto trucks, and roads were merely cow trails, the pioneer oil men were called upon to endure much in the way of hardship. So the discovery and development of this field by Shannon, Cy Iba and their associates, was done under great handicap. They operated this, one of the largest high gravity oil fields, under primitive conditions, and deserve great credit for the vision which foresaw the great industry of today. Mr. Shannon moved on, but Cy Iba stayed with the oil field, and his family are today reaping some of the benefits of his judgment.

And so today, Shannon is deserted as a place to live, but will some day again yield its oily treasure, and who knows, may again be populated. But address the Leslie Snows at Salt Creek.

Baptist Church at Big Muddy, where services are held each Sunday.

Fifty-Fifty

"Mary had a little skirt,
The latest style, no doubt;
But every time she got inside
She was more than half way out!"

Jokum—"Gracious! Your mud guard is all smashed! Did you bump into something?"

Bunkum—"No; we were standing perfectly still and a fire hydrant skidded into us."—"Topics of the Day" Films.

School Sports at Big Muddy

1

Big Muddy High School Pupils skating on the Platte River.

2

Parkerton School Children on their Toboggan slide at School.

3

Principal Walker of Parkerton School taking some exercise

The Hot-Stove League

Does the Denver Office want a baseball team this year? Perhaps this is a premature question. However, when this appears in print, the prevailing question will be, "When are we going to get out for practice?" Our answer is that it is up to the office as a whole and each person individually. No doubt, we have lost most of our stars, but this gives the real "workers" a chance, and if they want to play, it is up to them to produce.

Our latest loss is Dewey Flint who left us sometime ago for a position with the United Oil Company. We were counting on him being one of the mainstays of our infield during the coming year. Others who have been lost to us, are "Bo" Scherrer, "Bill" and "Crawf" May, and "Al" Ohnemus. However, we have the following members left, who may be anxions to play. They are Arthur Hughes, shortstop and last year's captain; R. McNicholas, second base; "Spin" Stebenne, infielder of worth; Ray Hamilton, star box artist; Roy Johnson, always dependable and can play any position except the battery.

Old and new men whom we hope to get out are Murphy, who ought to be a ball player from his name; Billy Nichol, heavy-hitting infielder; Tom May, good outfielder; Floyd Curran, the Greybull Flash; Bill Grommett, the Stockyards light weight; Chubby Marriott, due to blossom; Van Vorhees, candidate for first base, you can't throw them over him; Anderson and Whitford of the Legal division; Arthur Johns, star outfielder of two years ago; Harry Kessler, a good portsider; and there may be others. What we need is a catcher. So keep your ear to the ground and your eyes to the leeward, and see if one cannot be found ere the season opens. And remember the question, does Denver want a baseball team?

New Members of Salt Creek Council

Two new faces now appear on the Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council, Harry L. Traylor of the production department having been elected to take the place of Dick Reilly, and Frank J. Daley of the Gas Plant having been elected to take the place of Robert Hamilton of that plant.

Mr. Traylor is an electrician and has been in the employ of the Midwest since December, 1919. He is married and has four children. He was at one time in the general electrical business for himself and has also worked at steam fitting and operating. He is a good Midwest booster and expresses great interest in the operation of the council.

Mr. Daley is a gas tester with the Salt Creek Gas Plant, and is also an expert in statistical accounting and in electrical work. He is unmarried and has been with the Midwest since April, 1920. He is popular with his fellow workmen and expresses deep interest in the council plan.

The Salt Creek employes unanimously express their appreciation of the services of Messrs. Reilly and Hamilton on the council in the past. Both men took the deepest interest in the work, and were good faithful attendants at all council meetings.

The Salt Creek Council has occupied a unique place in the Midwest Industrial Plan. It is the only council which handles problems for the field, and under such conditions meets up with many new and interesting situations. The council is responsible for many improvements in conditions at Salt Creek. The new school house just being finished; the much needed additions to the Hospital, are among the latest things which may be laid to the work of the council. These in addition to many matters of minor interest and importance have been handled to the general satisfaction of the field.

The first meeting of the new council was held in Salt Creek on Tuesday, February 14. At the next meeting, the employe representatives and the management representatives will elect their respective chairmen. The council also voted to hold alternate meetings at the Salt Creek Gas Plant, and in accordance with this, the next meeting will be at the Gas Plant.

A. L. Merritt Resigns

A. L. Merritt, formerly general auditor for the Midwest Refining Company in Denver, and for the last six months in the same capacity for the Company with the Field Division in Casper, resigned his place, effective February 15, and has returned to Denver. It is understood that he will go into bnsiness for himself in that city.

Mr. Merritt has been identified with the Midwest for a number of years and has a host of friends in the company who wish him well. His associates in the Casper office presented him with a beautiful gold watch as a token of their esteem, and an informal banquet was tendered him at the Henning Hotel the day before his departure.

Mr. J. A. Carroll, who has been Mr. Merritt's assistant for the past two months, takes his place, and the place of Mr. Carroll is taken by Mr. Heerlein. Mr. Carroll comes from Oklahoma, where he has been engaged in similar work for the Standard Oil Company.

A lucky spill at Big Muddy. A Midwest Dodge car goes off the high embankment of the new State Highway, but fortunately no one was hurt. Not even the car.

Take No Chances

North: "Well, you see it was this way. The guide was wearing a fur coat and the hunting party mistook him for a bear."

West: "And they shot the poor fellow?"

North: "No, no. He starved to death in the woods. You see, the rest of the party were carrying the provisions and he never could catch up to them."—American Legion Weekly.

OFFICE and FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Casper Storage Yard Notes

Athletics at Storage Yards; Many Records Broken

(Special wire to the Review.)

Some of the employes at the Casper Storage Yard have broken into athletics, and many records have been broken as well. Mr. Scott, a truckdriver, has become quite proficient in the art of hurdle jumping. Keep it up Scott, practice makes perfect.

Mr. E. B. Stewart, also of the truckdrivers' club, informs us that this weather has been a great help to him in teaching his truck how to ski and skate.

Mr. Jess Lewis has been practicing and is almost the champion endurance driver.

Ed. Donahue has cut his golf score from 60 to 59. Some record eh, what?

The following teams have been matched to compete in toreador matches: Mr. Hox. Mathews vs. "Hay-wire" Scribner, "Shorty" Gooden vs. "Big Stew" Stewart, "Flat" Sturgeon vs. McCormack. The winners of their respective bouts will again be matched with other winners. The champion will be sent to Mexico or Spain, there to compete for the world's championship. Lend them your aid.

There is to be a finish match to be played off between "Packy" McFarland and "Mish" Mishler, to decide which is the champion kicker while asleep.

Charlie Kear has given up knocking out flies for knocking out home runs.

Cooney, the scale man, has become proficient in tennis. His score is always 40 love.

That's all this time—the wire got too hot for any further news.

Mr. Counts states that he is beyond the sweet age. Will someone explain the exact dates of the "age"?

Will someone advise the price of Standard Oil today?

Mr. Moss would like someone to tell him how to eat and yet grow thin.

Wanted: A phonograph record on how to exercise. Send prepaid to Mr. O'Bryan.

Mr. F. R. Butler, pilot of G 55, is the proud father of another boy born the first of February. Experience teaches.

George Goodrich wants to know who is going to buy the cookies today.

"Rusty" Ramsey tells us that he took unto himself a wife. That's right Rusty, you get a bigger income tax exemption that way.

Mr. Morris plans on going to the East this spring. Well, we will miss the inside of baseball but he will get a chance to see Ty Cobb and Speaker. He no doubt will miss the Wyoming winds and changing weather, but he claims that that will be a good miss.

Bob O'Brien is due much credit for the consideration he shows for "old folks." With Clayton's help he will build a home shortly on the "Lake Front."

Andy Anderson still claims that rheumatics will be a great help to his bodily comfort. How come Andy, you never complained before you were married?

Around the Denver Office

"Each for all and all for each." That's the way "Bo" McMillan of Centre College puts Dumas' famed expression into modern English in a recent article in the American Magazine. And that is just what will have to be done in regard to news from the Denver Office which appears in the Review.

Glancing casually over our "stuff" in the January issue, one would have the impression that about all the news in the Denver Office takes place in the Sales Accounting and Traffic Divisions. We are under the impression that such is not the case, but someone will have to throw a bomb into the rest of the local organization to wake them up. Come on all ye scribes, this is your column as well as ours. Let us make it "each for all and all for each."

Casper Newly Weds Visit Denver

Several weeks ago in spite of the fact that he had just entered the turbulent Sea of Matrimony which might have intimidated his bravery in meeting old friends, Mr. C. A. Nugent, of the Field Division, dropped in upon us in order to converse upon important matters. Nugent reports everything lovely at Casper, and says Merritt hopes to be the next mayor.

Midwest Represented at D. A. C.

In addition to producing oil, at the recent D. A. C. Amateur Boxing Tournament held in this city in January, we endeavored to produce a coming conqueror of Jack Dempsey or Benny Leonard. This youthful exponent of the fistic art is no less than our own Bill Grommet. He fights under the alias of Bill Smith, carrying the colors of the Stockyards Club. He carries a wicked kick in each hoof, but during his fight in the semi-finals, along near the end of the third round he took a look at the audience which proved just one too

many, and his opponent sent him to the Land of Dreams and the count. Better luck next time, we're for you, but keep your eyes on the man in the ring.

Miss Giffin's Mother Dies

Miss Hattie E. Giffin, of the Denver Office, received the sad news of the death of her mother, which occurred Monday morning, February 6th, at the home of her brother in Casper. Miss Giffin and her sister Mrs. Davis, with their two brothers, accompanied the remains to Eureka, Kansas, their final resting place. We all extend our heartfelt sympathy to Miss Giffin in her bereavement.

Thoughts While Strolling Through the Denver Office

"Who do you wish to see?" "Good morning, Mrs. Headrick." That elevator girl took us up to nine when we wanted eight. Well, the descent won't hurt us, and the exercise will do us good. And now they call her Mrs. Gallagher. This is a fine day; bet the groundhog sees his shadow, today. That means six more tons of coal. Gee, it must be great to be an ice man in Hawaii. That's a nice green tie Otto has. Must have bought it at Tom McDonald's, or maybe Santa Claus left it with him. Wished we could sing songs of Bonnie Scotland like Bill Nichol can. There is a new stenog. Now who has gone and gotten married. Wonder the Stenographic Division Scribe wouldn't give the new ones more publicity for our edification if nothing more. You can't say that the General Accounting Division is crowded any more, not since Keleher went to Casper. What's Phil Duncan thinking about? Work, evidently. Give Ralph Wright some whiskers and he would make an ideal Santa Claus at a church festival. The kind they generally have, however, are of Kaup's dimensions. Wonder if Mort Parsons will learn to be a fire-fighter. Ah, A. L. Clark, cost accounting expert, handles a wicked racket. Champeen Tennis Player of the Denver Office, we believe. Who plays checkers? Floyd Curran plays "gulf." Whatever happened to Frank Clutter's flivver? Ah, J. D. Clark and the Blackmers—must be a big meeting on, "powwow" as the "rank and file" calls it. See E. G. S. of the S. O. C. I. is with us. There's Muehler and Bill Larkin talking quietly together, we'll ask Hank Vervalin why they are smilin', bet he knows. Ah, A. L. Merritt and L. A. Reed are in town. Looks like the Exodus from Casper was on. Yep, the dance is a certainty. Oh, well, "come and trip it as ye go, on the light fantastic toe."

Applicants

Mr. Illius to boy applying for job: "Were you a bright boy at school?"

"Very," was the reply, "I was not very strong for text-books but I was a wonder at thinking up excuses for not being able to answer some of the questions put to me."

Further, Mr. Illius to applicant: "Do you drink?"

"Thank you, I'll have a small one."

At the Company Dance

Olaf Mauldin's girl to Tom May: "What does Olie mean when he says I slide a slippery heel?"

Tom: "That's just his slang; he means that you shake a wicked hoof."

Saabd Doings

Ray Hamilton occupied a box during one of the evenings at the Stock Show last month. He is also sporting a new lavender silk shirt which is admired by all of us common shirt wearers.

And speaking of shirts, we have been favored with a visit from Charlie Blattner, formerly with this company. He is selling shirts made of aeroplane linen. They are good stuff, boys.

Olaf Mauldin has become a "rebel," moving to the South Side on February 9th. We always claimed that South Pearl and Alameda were the best located ball grounds for our team in regards to easy accessibility for our employes.

R. P. "Rick" McNicholas, star second baseman of the Denver Office Baseball team, and a mighty hard worker at anything he tackles, has been transferred from the General Accounting Division to Sales Accounting and Billing Division. Mr. Illius, chief clerk of this Division, is mighty glad to get his services, and the boys of this Division who have known "Mac" for many years on the diamond as well as in the office are glad to have a closer association with him. He instils "pep" wherever he is.

Roy Johnson saw "Saturday Night" on Sunday afternoon.

George Simmonds served for about ten days in this Division. He was then transferred back to the General Accounting Division when McNicholas was transferred to the Sales Accounting Division.

Speaking of moving, "Spin" Stebenne has moved again since our last issue. This time, however, it is only around the corner. Yes, "Spin" says they have streets and blocks in his neighborhood.

Jake Bohmann has worked out a personal budget plan which he will gladly lend to anyone who desires a similar system.

Art Johns is contemplating moving to the country soon to engage in farming and chicken raising as a side issue.

Roy Johnson anticipates the purchase of a new Ford at an early date. He has shaved off his mustache so that he will not have a hindrance in looking over his new purchase.

Overheard in Waldman's

"Scrambled eggs," ordered "Bob" Halfpenny of the Traffic Division at Waldman's restaur-

ant the other day. "Milk toast," murmured "Mike" Dietler who was with him and who was not feeling just right.

"Scramble two and a graveyard stew," sang out the Titian haired hasher.

"Here," corrected "Mike," "I want milk toast."

"You'll get it, Buddy," replied the girl. "That's what they call milk toast down in K. C. where I came from."

The two boys held a conference, and decided that they would "put one over" on the "fresh young thing" from Kansas City. So "Bob" decided that he wanted a glass of milk and Myron a cup of black coffee.

When the girl appeared to put a "set up" of the restaurant artillery in front of the boys, "Mike" Dietler gave the order as follows:

"A bottle of lacteal fluid for my friend and a scuttle of Java with no sea foam for me."

"Chalk one an' a dipper of ink," shouted the girl. She didn't even grin.

One More Ride

Dedicated to Milton Kahn, known locally as the "Rider of the Purple Sage."

He owned a Reo touring car
To ride in it was heaven,
He ran across some broken glass—
Bill $14.97.

He took some friends out for a ride—
'Twas good to be alive.
The carburetor threw a fit—
Bill $20.85.

He started on a little tour,
The finest sort of fun,
He stopped too quick and stripped his gears—
Bill $90.51.

He took his wife downtown to shop,
To save carfare was great;
He jammed into one lamppost—
Bill $268.

He spent about all that he had,
And then in anguish cried:
"I'll put a mortgage on the house
And take just one more ride."

Miss Coleman Promoted

As a result of the Mahoney-Gallagher nuptials, Miss Dorothy Coleman, who for some time has been one of our best and most efficient office girls, has been promoted to the position at the Eighth Floor Reception desk which place was formerly held by Mrs. Gallagher.

Did You Ever Tell a Lie?

WHILE most men are more or less truthful, there are some things that all men lie about, without exception—

The population of their towns. (Casper.)

The time it takes them to get from their house to the office. (Denver employes.)

The time they have been waiting for a telephone number.

Miles on a gallon. (Wade Casey, Roy Johnson, et al.)

Speed of their car: (a) to an officer, (b) to a friend. (Joyce de la Gardie.)

And there are others, dear reader.

An Irish Wedding

Ach, shure! if our little Margnerite Mahoney didn't go an' marry herself off to an Irish gintlemin by the name uv Gallagher. Shure, and its the best of happiness to thim both that this branch of the Midwest Fimaly are awishin'.

Death Calls Son of Midwest Man

On the 13th of January the five and a half year old son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Chandler was taken from them by the Grim Reaper. The boy's death was rather sudden, and heartfelt sympathy of the utmost degree was extended to the parents. Mr. Chandler is a member of the Cost Accounting Division.

Whatever else may happen,
Since our country has gone dry
The sailor still will have his port,
The farmer have his rye.
The cotton still will have its gin,
The seacoast have its bar
And each of us will have a bier
No matter where we are.

This Way Out

Mr. Olaf Maulding of the Sales Accounting Division has a habit of visiting Pueblo very often. The last time, however, which was during the latter part of January, he took time to go to the insane asylum to look the place over. While strolling around he met an old friend from La Veta. Being somewhat surprised to see him confined therein, Olie said to his friend, "Well, how on earth did you get here?"

His friend replied: "Well, you see, I married a widow with a grown-up daughter, and then my father married my wife's daughter, and that made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law, and my father became my stepson. Then my stepmother, the daughter of my wife, had a son, and that boy, of course, was my brother, because he was my father's son; but he was also the son of my wife's stepdaughter, and therefore, her grandson, and that made me grandfather of my stepbrother. Then my wife had a son, so my mother-in-law, the stepsister of my son, is also his grandmother, because he is her stepson's child; my father is the brother-in-law of my child, because his stepsister is his wife; I am the brother of my own son, who is also the son of my stepgrandmother; I am my mother's brother-in-law; my wife is her own child's aunt; my son is my father's nephew, and I am my own grandfather.

"That's why I am here, Olaf!"

Olaf almost went "bugs" telling it to us, and

we are not sure whether we are sane since writing it down in black and white or not.

An Epic Poem Condensed

Two little coons on a bridge a-sittin'—
Two little dice back and forth a-flittin'
Hole in a board where a knot's a-missin'—
"Paradise Lost."

Casper Garage Notes

"It is an ill wind that blows no one good," so say the Chinese. Well the recent cold snap may have been hard on some people, but was instrumental in some of the boys getting in a few hours extra pay. Thawing out water pipes was a common excuse and went over big, as Davis really had that trouble.

We never knew there were so many truck drivers about Casper as there were about the garage during the last cold spell. The garage may not be very attractive at times, but we think we would prefer it to bob-sled or snow plow duty.

Joe Lagerwey has left the Arkeon Dance Palace and Casper for Chicago, where he will be identified with the Huck Axle Corporation. What will be a loss to the girls at the Arkeon will be a gain to the Chicago flappers. However, Pete Geraghty is still here, so girls all hope has not flown.

We are pleased to announce two additions to the garage force, Arnold (Flop) Allen, stockkeeper; F. S. (Hard) Wiley, apprentice welder.

The papers have been full of the expose of professionalism in the eastern colleges. The garage has been afraid that someone jealous the record of the garage ball team made last summer might trump up some charges of professionalism against us. We can truthfully say we did not pay any of our team. This is to set at rest any suspicions to the contrary.

All the big league teams are giving out dope as to their prospects for the ensuing year. The garage never did like to be in the spotlight or brag about itself, preferring to go along, and leave results and figures to speak for themselves. However, we look for a pennant winner next season. This season we will have the services of Parker, Andy Anderson, and Flop Allen. These young men will be all old married men by that time and glad to have an excuse to get away for a while and baseball practice will be a good excuse. Lew Robinson and Larned look better every day, they ought to have the best season of their career this year. The storage yard has enticed several young men into the fold since last season, so there ought to be some additional material for Manager Wilson to train.

Parker is now chief clerk and Davis' right-hand man. "See Parker" is the answer now.

Stevenson, the most expert radiator man in the Rocky Mountain District, still holds his daily lectures on philosophy and science during the noon hour.

Harry Paulson reports the Sand Bar Show as being more attractive every time he attends. He says the girls are getting mellow with years. Harry has hopes of winning a diamond ring, and he says he knows just where he is going to place it. Harry, take our advice, it is not the original cost but the upkeep that keeps the average man in the rut.

Ambrose still stuffs the old man with those bear stories, and the superiority of the Dodge. We think Ambrose is paving the way for a few Sundays off when the trout begin biting good.

After much persuasion by the management of the Sand Bar Show, Mercer E. (M. E.) Stevenson has consented to write a three-act playlet for the show. The title will be "The Sailor Boy." We are sure Steve will do us proud and write a playlet in which the girls will be able to do themselves justice and expose their talent and that is not all.

Bert Landon's enclosed car has given excellent service all during the cold snap, and did not falter once. Henry can be proud of his product.

She is back and Henry Larned is happy again. Cleveland is a long way from Casper

In the next number Charley Midert, our Cadillac expert, will tell the young lady subscribers how he keeps the marcel in his hair, even though married. Charley says a man should not give up, even if laboring under difficulties. Isn't love grand! Ask Allen.

Lost—One small dish of gasoline. Finder please return northwest corner of work bench.

Casper Office News

Miss Andrea Terriere, who has been employed in the office of J. G. Crosskill for the past two years, has resigned her position to take another in the office of the Finance Corporation of Wyoming, in Casper.

Miss Margaret Tuohy, who has been employed in the Geological Department, has resigned her position and the first of the month left for Denver, where she will make her future home.

Miss Agnes Clare, formerly employed in the land department, has returned to Casper from Boulder, Colo., and will make her future home in Casper.

We wonder:

When Ed Treglown is going to commit suicide in Lamar?

Why Jack Corbridge spends so much time in Denver?

If Dorothy is soon to embark on the great sea of matrimony?

Why Anne and Helen are good (?) friends.

Who Fred is? (Ask Mabel.)

If Eddie Flynn still corresponds with Helen of K. C.?

What the attraction for Willard is in Room 511?

Why Andree left "Work"?

Who didn't like Jack's mustache?

Why Eddie always smiles?

Why Nettie Davis always inquires if there is any mail?

Who requested McFadden to shave his mustache?

What the attraction is in Jack's office, when Jack is out of town?

Why Pete is interested in diamond rings?

At what time Miss Dodge sets her alarm?

Why Coonie avoids the cafeteria whenever Ed isn't along?

Why Frieda writes a letter every day?

Big Muddy Notes

Chas. Marshall, our Boiler Shop foreman, has gone to Elk Basin on Company business, which will possibly take him away from his duties in Muddy for some weeks.

K. P. Maguire, who has been engaged on our Office and Warehouse force during the last fifteen months, has resigned his duties here in order to turn his attention to the brokerage business. Mac has associated himself with a Denver brokerage house, and as he has had previous experience in that particular line, we feel sure that his new efforts will prove successful.

Mr. Kirk and Mr. F. Knickerbocker paid us a visit from the Casper Office a few days ago. Mr. Kirk was introduced to us as the new traveling auditor for the Company, so he is spending a little time in Muddy checking up Company business.

Charley Scott, our Tool Pusher, received notice to appear before the Federal Income Tax Collector. Much speculation existed with Charley as to the cause and feared that he might be called upon to pay the maximum fine for trying to conceal his income, but when the truth become known, no return had been sent in for 1918, which brought a fine of $5.00. Admission was made of the oversight and the fine cheerfully paid.

Pat Athon, gauger of the Illinois Pipe Line, is an expert when it comes to buying oil stocks. Having made many successful buys we would not be surprised to see him launch out into the brokerage business. We also notice that Pat is not frequenting the Company's quarters set aside for his convenience at evenings, so we would not be surprised to see him make application to his Company for the purpose of building him a house big enough for two.

R. C. Bartels, who has recently been batching, received a message from his home town in Nebraska, stating that his wife who has been visiting there for some weeks, had presented him with a fine bouncing girl. Bart, in his usual quiet way, did not say much but it was not long before he wanted to take a trip to see the wife and the new arrival. We are glad to announce that mother and baby are doing well.

C. F. Naufel, our machinist, broke two bones of his third finger which had to be treated by Dr. Lathrop. Naufel was confined to the hospital for some days but happily is now discharged and ready to commnece work.

Al Krueger is also being treated at the Casper Hospital for a broken bone in his foot, which he unfortunately crushed while working with the Yard force.

Income tax papers are beginning to arrive and many are discussing the amount they will have to pay. "Dinty" Moore received his blank and after someone suggesting it was not necessary for him to make out a return, he was heard to say "That he was not going to take a chance of playing checkers with his nose in jail."

M. E. Diamond has his sister visiting him from California. In order to accommodate his sister, he has vacated the Bachelor Quarters and bestirred himself to Lamb's Camp and rented one of the Company's houses. Diamond has also sported himself with a new Jitney and is now actively engaged in taking in all the territory around Muddy.

Lyle Scott, son of Charlie Scott, the popular tool pusher in the Big Muddy Field.

John Weigand, who has been away for several months from Muddy taking inventory at the various fields operated by the Midwest, has now returned to his old stand at Muddy Warehouse where he looks quite natural following up his regular line of duties.

T. Herrman, who has been working on the Pipe Line force, received a telegram saying that his father had died suddenly at his home at Clinton, Iowa, and therefore Tom decided to make the trip in order to attend the funeral. We extend our sincere regrets in his bereavement.

Don't get the idea at middle age that an old dog can't be taught new tricks. He can be taught if he will try to learn.

Notes from Greybull-Torchlight

How can a fellow write snappy stuff when he hasn't recovered from the January cold spell? There wasn't a day during the month that sometime during the twenty-four hours the thermometer didn't register zero. So we say again, what can a poor frozen up bird do?

There isn't a great deal doing in the Greybull field at present, save an attempt to drill Lincoln Land No. 6 a little deeper to the Cloverly sand. Of course, there is always the usual routine of frozen lead lines, broken rod lines and balky engines. In fact all the sports of an oil field in winter.

Forrest O. Benedict, our husky toolie, became a real "Benedict" recently when he came to work one morning and told us he had been married the night before. Miss May Harvey was the lucky girl and we are told that it was a whirlwind courtship. In the evening the boys here accorded the young couple all the joys of an old-fashioned charivari and Forrest even spent a few hours in the city bastile for springing the surprise. He promises to get even with the marshal for being a party to his persecution (?).

Fred Barnett is the proud possessor of a new Ford "coop" and is being besieged by all the eligible young ladies of Greybull. But there is one who seems to enjoy it most of the time and we are wondering when the merry bells will ring again.

Roy E. Rooth took an enforced sojourn off the pavroll last month when he tried to stop the end of a broken suspension cable with his face. However, he was not seriously injured and is again on the job.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Lewis has been very seriously ill with pneumonia. But we are pleased to say that he is recovering nicely now.

Carlson says he wishes that summer would hurry up as he is getting weak from tramping cold engines. How about it, pumpers?

We haven't seen Ralph Willoughby lately but he may be able to burrow through the drifts between here and Torchlight by the first of May. And the thaw the last few days may help. Torchlight is a good place to hibernate.

Salt Creek News Notes

Washington's birthday was celebrated by the American Legion in fitting style. A speaker of state wide prominence was invited to make the speech of the evening, followed by an entertainment and a dance. No patriotic occasion is allowed to slip by, neglected by that very active body, the Orin Snyder Post of the American Legion.

The new school house, roomy, well arranged and modern throughout, will be ready to relieve the congested school condition about March 1.

The Salt Creek Midwest Band under the direction of Lue Gibson has turned out to help put across several occasions. The band is developing rapidly and is a big addition to the community. A monster Minstrel Show and Vodvil will be staged on the evening of March 10, the funds to go for additional equipment and uniforms.

Colonel Burke Sinclair and Mr. A. G. Fidel were in Salt Creek early in the month to attend a meeting of the Industrial Council. They spent all spare time in viewing the changes and new additions to home camp and the gas plant.

A Reasonable Request

A justice of the peace who had officiated at a marriage in his office a month previously, received the following note signed jointly by bride and groom:

"Dear Judge: You remember making us two man and wife four weeks ago? Well, everything seemed all right then. We each seemed just the right person for the other.

"But since then things have changed and reflection has convinced us that it must have been a case of mistaken identity. So if you will revoke our license on that ground you will greatly oblige.

(Signed) John Howard,
Millie Howard."

—American Legion Weekly.

Served Him Right

I sneezed a sneeze into the air;
It fell to earth, I know not where.
But hard and cold were the looks of those
In whose vicinity I snoze.

Easily Explained

The fancy shop proprietor had ransacked his shop in an endeavor to please the rather exacting woman who wanted to purchase a present.

"Now, are you sure this is genuine crocodile skin," she inquired, critically examining a neat little satchel.

"Quite, madam," was the reply. "You see, I shot the crocodile myself."

"It looks rather dirty," remarked the customer, hoping to get a reduction in terms.

"Yes, madam," replied the shopkeeper, "that is where the animal struck the ground after it fell off the tree."

Lawyer: Will $25 000 for breach of promise be punishment enough for him?

Aggrieved: No, I want him to marry me.—Owl.

"Say, did you ever kiss a girl in a quiet spot?"

"Yes, but the spot was quiet only while I was kissing it."

Ephriam Jackson: "What you call it when a girl get married t'ree times—bigotry?"

Rastus Johnson: "Lawsy, boy, you suttinly is ignoramus. Why, when a gal gits married two times, dat am bigotry, but when she marries de third time, dat am trigonometry."

Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council

EMPLOYE REPRESENTATIVES:

George Sullivan, Casper District

Harry Traylor, Salt Creek Home Camp District

Lyle S. Garner, Salt Creek Home Camp District

Frank Dailey, Salt Creek Gas Plant

Chester Borsch, Secretary

MANAGEMENT REPRESENTATIVES:

Jake Hale, Salt Creek
H. A. Chandler, Salt Creek
A. C. Andrews, Salt Creek
A. G. Fidel, Casper

Midwest Employes' Benefit Association

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

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G. R. Simpson, Greybull District
Jesse Wills, Laramie District
T. M. Landry, Salt Creek District
M. A. Diamond, Casper District

J. G. Crosskill, Treasurer
Tracy N. Shaw, Secretary

The Stenographer's Vacation

My tYpust is oi hor vacutoin
  My typist's awau fpr a week
My typudt us in hwr vacarion
  Wgile thse daum kews plsy hude and seej.

Cjoras:

Oy, breng boxk, bting bzck,
  Brunk beej mu bOnnnie ti my, tp mr;
B(&ng b$xj, b6ng bicx,
  Bjing bozk m⅞ beinio -o mx, oJ helk?

—*Exchange*

The MIDWEST REVIEW

Vol. 3 MARCH 1922 No. 3

A Product of the Central Machine Shop, Casper.

Published for
The Midwest Family
by THE MIDWEST REFINING CO.

The Grand Tetons

PICTURE BY R. A. WALTZ, GRASS CREEK FIELD

The sunbeams arose
From their couch of snows
On the crest of the Teton Mountains;
From cloud and from cliff
They glance and shift,
Playing on icy fountains.

Grand Teton looks down
From his snowy crown,
Which slopes to the eastern gleams,
And his spirit of power
From this cold, bleak bower
Forever on vast domain beams.

Earth bows toward him,
Heaven smiles above him,
Each peak and crag to their god are bended;
Homage is due to this king of the snows,
Every tree and lake, every river that flows,
The tribute of these with his grandeur is blended.

C. M. Whitmore, Grass Creek Field.

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There is an exceedingly interesting article in this issue of the Review on the making of asphalt roads. It is prepared by H. B. Carpenter, a comparatively recent addition to the Midwest Family, who, along with Herb Dailey and E. G. Sinclair, are doing some splendid work in road education throughout the state. The Midwest wants the members of the family to get acquainted with the fact that it is interested in good roads, and in the making of them. We are going to have more to say on this subject, and eventually you will see that it is an interest which should be shared by all members of the Family.

Good roads are of the greatest necessity in the oil producing business as well as in other lines of business. The time is coming when the same tribute will be paid to the maker of good roads as was paid by the man who said something to the effect that every man who planted a tree was a great public benefactor.

It is hard to realize just how great a benefactor that man is. He not only makes the carrying on of business such as the oil producing business, better and easier, but he brings the remoter communities into closer touch with the population centers. He makes the great fishing and hunting grounds of this glorious west more accessible. He adds infinitely to the pleasures and the business facilities. Every man can be a good roads booster, and he should be.

There's a long, long ribbon of highway between Salt Creek and Casper, a snaky, tortuous ribbon 45 miles long. In summer it is a hot, dusty, shimmering ribbon; in winter it is a cold, hostile, snowy ribbon, and sometimes there isn't any ribbon; in spring it is a muddy, miry and watery ribbon. But it is the trail over which thousands of tons of material must be hauled in motor trucks, and over which the drivers of those trucks certainly have their work cut out for them.

The motor truck driver loads in the early hours of the morning when the rest of you are asleep; or he loads late at night when you are attending the movies. He gets under way at a fairly seasonable hour, and fights every inch of that forty-five miles to keep his load intact and himself all in one piece. He is cussed by every motorist who wants to get by, and probably he cusses back. Maybe he gets into either one of his terminals for meal time and maybe he doesn't. If he does, he is grumbled at for being dirty; if he doesn't he is grumbled at for being late. He is a sort of unpopular individual, but everyone likes him just the same.

And they ought to respect him. He is the fellow who is making it possible to keep work going in Salt Creek, or in Elk Basin, or in Grass Creek, or in any other field of the company. He gets the drilling supplies and tools out; he hauls the food; he carries the building material and machinery. He puts in long, long hours. Occasionally he gets an arm or a leg broken, or he even loses his life. Sometimes he spends twenty-four hours or more in making his trip, due to the bad roads. He bucks snow drifts as high as his cab, and he drags through mud as deep as the top of his wheels. But he gets there, and he does his big part in keeping things going so that the stream of oil will continue without abatement.

Take off your hat now and then to the truck driver. He is entitled to it.

Asphalt Roads In Wyoming

By H. B. Carpenter, Asphalt Sales

In view of the fact that Wyoming people are continually agitating—and justly so—better highways, the Midwest Review desires to inform the members of the big Midwest Family just what interest the company is taking in such matters, and also to advise that the company has a regular asphalt department, which is in charge of Mr. H. B. Carpenter, with headquarters in Denver. Mr. Carpenter has been in Wyoming for some time, and recently exhibited some moving picture films of asphalt roads, and asphalt road-making. Mr. Carpenter has prepared the following article on road making for the information of Midwest employes, and pictures on this and the opposite page show some of the interesting details. Mr. Carpenter's article is as follows:

The first asphalt pavement was laid in Newark, N. J., by Mr. E. J. De Smedt in 1870 in front of the City Hall. This was followed by smaller stretches of pavement in New York and Philadelphia and in consequence of a report of a commission appointed by Congress, sixteen blocks of Pennsylvania Avenue in the city of Washington were paved in the year 1876 and 1877. This pavement was proven such a success that at the present time asphalt pavement in the American cities comprise 55 per cent of all pavement of types higher than water-bound macadam or gravel.

Asphaltic macadam top on old waterbound foundation. This picture taken in front of Standard Oil Co. plant at Whiting, Ind. This roadway was four years old and is in good condition without one cent having been spent for repairs.

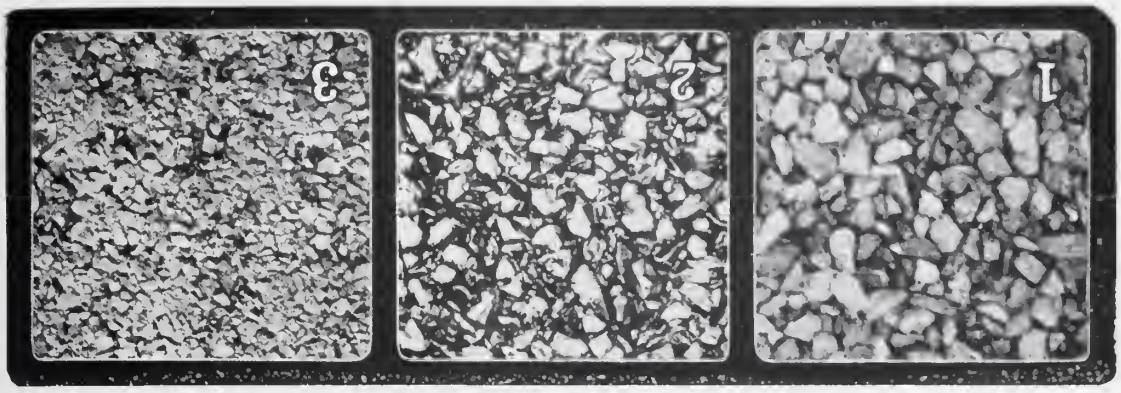
Asphalt macadam. Pine street entrance to Forest Park, St. Louis. Six-inch foundation with 2½-inch asphalt macadam top. Six years old.

There are many different types of asphalt road being constructed in all parts of the United States. Some of the larger cities have all the different pavements. The city of Chicago had in 1919, 0.57 miles of rock asphalt pavement, 96.67 miles of asphalt concrete, 144.07 miles of asphalt macadam by the penetration method, and 949.22 miles of sheet asphalt, making a total of 1190.53 miles of street and alleys paved with asphalt.

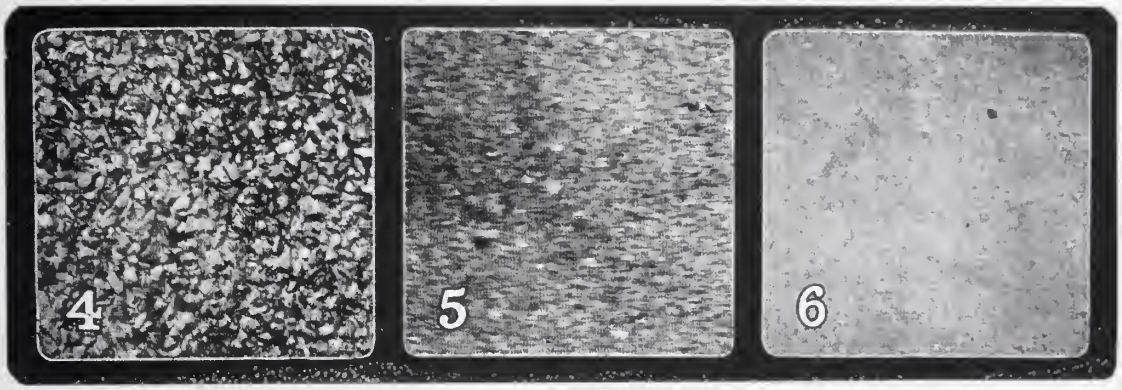
The asphalt type of pavement stands at the head of the list in every city in the United States. The Eastern states have a large mileage of the asphalt macadam pavement and are constructing more every year. There is no reason that it should not be built in the West, for you have everything that the East has, and perhaps something that you yourselves do not know of, which will help to build this type of pavement. That will be explained at some other time.

The asphalt macadam road does not cost as much to construct as the other type of road, as you do not require the very expensive machinery to build this type.

An existing macadam roadway makes an excellent foundation for asphalt macadam pavement provided it is sufficiently thick and well drained. If there is no old stone or gravel road to be used, then a foundation will have to be constructed, using crusher-run limestone or crushed gravel and the voids filled with limestone screenings. Then roll and flush in with water. This course should measure six inches in



1—2½" Wearing Surface Before Asphalt Cement Is Applied. 2—After 1¾ Gallons of Asphalt Cement Have Been Applied. 3—After Being Covered With ¾" Stone and Rolled.



4—After ¾ Gallon of Second Coat Asphalt Cement Has Been Applied. 5—After Being Covered With ⅝" Stone and Rolled. 6—Finished Roadway.

thickness. It also must be true to line and grade and well bonded.

On the foundation as prepared spread broken limestone of one inch to two inches in size and three inches in depth, over the foundation. After rolling this layer of stone the hot asphalt cement is applied in such quantity as to fill the voids between the stone and thus penetrate the entire 2½ inches wearing course.

The asphalt will be applied at 300° F. plied by hand or mechanical distributors. After such application the surface voids are filled by spreading and rolling in a thin layer of ¾-inch stone chips. All surplus of stone chips are then broomed off the surface and a second application, or seal coat of asphalt cement is made and covered with ⅝-inch stone chips and the pavement completed by rolling. This will give a two and one-half (2½) inch wearing surface of stone and asphalt.

The asphalt will be applied at 300$_2$ F. You would use an asphalt with a penetration of 125 to 135 and a melting point of 115° F. and applied at the rate of 1¾ gallons to the square yard on the first pouring, and ¾ gallon to the square yard for seal coat or wearing surface.

The city of St. Louis has 20 miles of this type of pavement in Forest Park alone and on a pleasant Sunday you will see thousands of people riding in their autos over these beautiful roads. The city of Chicago has the same kind of drives in Lincoln Park which the large auto busses and pleasure cars use. Some of these busses empty will weigh as much as five tons, and when loaded they will carry 54 people. If this pavement will carry such loads there it will in the West.

The Standard Oil Company of Indiana at Whiting, Indiana, have been making all grades of paving asphalt for a good many years and there are hundreds of miles of road built with their material.

Central Machine Shop

By A Shop Man

Colonel Sinclair has reminded us that it has been sometime since we have been heard from in the Review, and since Mr. Shaw has visited us with his camera, we are submitting these lines to accompany the pictures.

After nine months of operation, we are satisfied that our equipment is going to surpass our expectations, from the viewpoints of both economy and efficiency, also the motor drive on the machine tools, the compressed air for the steam hammers, and the gas fuel are proving highly successful.

It was our intention to stock our tool house with a full line of fishing and drilling tools during the stormy winter months, but for several reasons we have, so far, failed to accumulate much of a stock. In addition to the requisitions that have come in to be filled, we have had shipped in from the fields several carloads of tools to be repaired, and junk bits to be either drawn out or recapped. Also we have had forced upon us quite an amount of work outside of our own Company, mostly stem welding, bit work, recapping, drawing and cutting off, and special size casing shoes. The above reasons, along with the facts that we are not carrying as large a crew as our shop will accommodate, and the stormy weather has so far failed to show to any great extent, is our alibi for having so small a stock on hand.

Among the many things that we manufacture we will call attention to but two at this time, trip casing spears, and casing shoes. In these we have no competition in price or quality, the spears which are of our own design are all four slip, in sizes from 4¾ inches to 12½ inches, inclusive. So far none of them have failed to trip and pull out when their work was done. The casing shoes are punched from a uniform grade of high carbon steel billets, and are fitted to the gauge *after* the hardening process is completed instead of *before*, as is the usual procedure. This assures thin "shouldering," which is necessary in order to run safely. It would be overestimating to say that 50 per cent of the shoes which have been run in Wyoming "shouldered."

The steel situation has improved greatly in the past few months, giving us high grade steel at a moderate price. This, with our low operating costs, allows us to give the Company the best tools at low cost, and we guarantee that any tool sent out from the Central Machine Shop is ready to run without further inspection or alteration.

Libraries Called In

The Midwest Circulating Library system, which has been in operation for the past fourteen months, has proven such a success that the Company has authorized its circulation for another fourteen months. Therefore all the Libraries have been called in to Casper, and under the supervision of the Department of Industrial Relations, will be overhauled, new books will be put in them, and the cases will again start on their rounds about April 15 or May 1. It takes some little time to get the work of replacing the old books done, and consequently the members of the Family will have to do without books for a while.

The records show that there were 3,699 books read during twelve months, the last two months not yet being compiled. Or in other words, that number of books were taken out by borrowers. The heaviest readers were in the Salt Creek Gas Plant, the employes there reading 686 books. The lightest readers were at Osage, where 257 books were read. However, the number of men at Osage was the smallest of any of the camps. Where the real reading was done, in proportion to the number of men, was at Teapot Station, where with a comparatively few number of men, there were 634 books read. Following is the records showing the number of books read for twelve months:

Salt Creek Gas Plant	685
Big Muddy	661
Teapot	634
Salt Creek Home Camp	595
Elk Basin	491
Grass Creek	357
Osage	275

Snapshots of the Central Machine Shop in Casper.

A Casing Sub
made by the Shop

Turning Swaged Nipples.

The 2500 lb. hammer.

Supt. Geo. Jacques *at his desk*

Big Hammer Crew.

Ed Watkins *Hammer man* · S.E. Paxton *Heater* · F.L. Coburn *Blacksmith* · Chas White *Blacksmith*

Partial view of north side of shop.

Cranes *outside building*

Group of Machinists.
Top row - Merritt · Eaton · Evans · Gunderson · Cummins
Bottom row - Hammond · Yingst · Abram

Some of the Shop's product.

Developments In Deer Creek Field

By A. C. Fletcher

In a recent issue of the Midwest Review attention was called to the fact that the Western States Oil and Land Company was the pioneer operator in Montana. While the above company cannot take quite as much credit in Oklahoma, still it has the distinction of drilling the first commercial gas well, also the first commercial oil well in Grant County. There had never been a foot of gas nor a barrel of oil marketed from this county until both were produced in commercial quantities by the Western States. Tank cars were the first oil carriers from this county. Work was immediately begun on a 4-inch line by the Producers & Refiners Corporation to their refinery at Blackwell, Oklahoma, twelve miles east of the Deer Creek Field, and it was only a short time until oil was being pumped from the field to their refinery. This line is now being used, and, in the face of very recent developments by the Western States, the line will be taxed to capacity to take care of all oil produced in the Deer Creek Field.

Pauline Swaggart, Owner of the Land on Which the Western States Drilled Its Discovery Well in the Deer Creek, Okla., Field. The Small Picture Inset Shows Mrs. Swaggart Before the Discovery was Made, and the Large Picture Afterwards.

Considerable comment was brought about by the Western States Stewart Well Number Two, which was completed on the last day of December, 1921, at a depth of 2982 feet, with an initial production of fifteen million cubic feet of very wet gas. This well is one mile south of the discovery oil well, and both are producing from what is known as the Swaggart sand. This well made a great amount of "drip gasoline" which was highly colored, and encourages the belief that an oil sand lies immediately below the gas sand. That opinion is prevalent to the extent that five wells are now being deepened to this sand by companies owning nearby acreage.

Another epoch in the history of the Deer Creek field was begun when the Western States developed production in a new and deeper sand found in their Stewart Well Number Three, which was drilled to a depth of 3350 feet. The first fifty feet was a hard sand which showed about five million feet of gas. Drilling was continued, and after going through ten feet of lime, a hard, tight oil sand was penetrated thirty feet. The well began flowing by heads every four hours at the rate of one hundred barrels a day. It was given a shot of one hundred seventy-five quarts, after which it began flowing steadily at the rate of two hundred fifty barrels daily. As soon as cleaning out is completed and the 6¼-inch casing put in, it is fully expected that this well will make between four hundred and five hundred barrels. This oil tests forty-two gravity, and commands a twenty-five cent premium over regular Mid-Continent prices.

The potentialities of this new sand are rather difficult to estimate. However, to

Warehouse and Garage; 24-Inch Screw Pipe in Foreground

say the least, it has created a new interest that will warrant numerous tests to the deep sand. This sand has been named the "Bowers" sand, in honor of Mr. A. E. Bowers, Administrator of the Stewart Es-

Stewart Well No. 1 at Left; Crooch No. 1 at Right

tate, and who was interested enough in the outcome of the well to make a 100-mile drive four successive days so that he would be on the ground when the well was shot.

Paving the Way

An Irishman was engaged at stone-breaking on the roadside, but, not being used to the work, did not make much progress. A friend, who chanced to pass by as Pat was vigorously belaboring a large stone, tried to show him the right way. Taking the hammer from him, he broke the stone with ease.

Said Pat: "Sure now, and it be easy for ye to break the stone afther I have been softening it for the last half-hour."

"Why do they put corn meal on a dance floor?"

"Why, to make the chickens feel at home."

There are three kinds of people in the world —the wills and won't and the cant's. Think it over.

Stewart Goes to Casper

Jim Stewart, for the past several months employed by the Midwest at Salt Creek in the Production Department, as a tool pusher, has been transferred to Casper. Mr. Stewart has spent a number of weeks at the Refinery, and has now been put into the Producing Department offices in the Midwest Building, where he will serve in various capacities.

Mr. Stewart and Mrs. Stewart made many friends during their stay in Salt Creek, and it was with much regret that their big circle of friends saw them leave. They have taken a house in Casper.

Of course, we might say Mr. James Stewart or give him another initial, and call him Mr. James Wright Stewart, but why? Everyone knows him as Jim. He served with the Field Artillery in France, and everyone knows that was the best branch of the service. (We are prepared to defend that assertion from doughboys, flyers, engineers, and whatnot, and Jim Stewart will assist us.)

If Martin Rathvun of the Western States, had moved over a little to the left when the above snapshot was taken, he would have entirely obscured the huge derrick behind him. At any rate, here he is, moving in lordly grandeur down the principal street of the Western States Deer Creek, Oklahoma, camp.

"Has Marjorie any education along musical lines?

"I should say so! Name any record and she can tell you what's on the other side!"—Telephone Review.

An optimist is one who takes all his lemons and makes them into lemonade.

The Run Department

We are all more or less familiar with the actual production of crude oil; with the pumping of oil to the refineries, and the refining of the oil. But there is one phase of the oil game, as important as it is overlooked, and that is the Run Division under the Pipe Line Department. The Run Department has charge of the actual running of the oil, and the figuring of run tickets from which settlements for oil are made. After the geological survey and scouting, the land acquired, and the well drilled and proves a producer, it is all lost time and money if the Run Department were not here to play its part.

During the recent test of the Salt Creek field, nearly 2,000,000 barrels of oil were handled under the most adverse weather conditions, handling 38 gravity oil with the mercury 15 or more degrees below. And when one takes into consideration the detail of running a single tank of oil, the volume of work necessary to handle thousands of tanks can easily be seen.

The producer has his oil in batteries of stock tanks. In this field, most of these stock tanks are of 250 and 500 barrel capacity, and vary in number with the production of the well and other conditions. Should the oil be "cut," "watery," or other than "clean," it is at this point that all foreign matter, Bottom Sediment and Water (BS&W) must be eliminated. The oil stands 48 hours in the producer's stock tanks before it is run, which allows some of the gas to pass off, the foreign matter to settle to the bottom, and the oil to come to a normal state.

If the oil is heavy, that is if the oil is so cold that it will hardly run, it is necessary for the producer to steam it, which is done by installing steam coils in the tanks. The oil is heated from its normal temperature to 100 degrees, or a sufficient heat to allow the water to settle to the bottom and be drained off through a "bleeder line."

The field is divided into districts, each ganger having a certain territory to cover. Each ganger is provided with a horse and riding outfit which are taken care of by the company. He is in the field at 7:00 a. m., to make his regular rounds, getting to each tank at the same time each day.

018979 General Manifold Co., Pat. - an. 3, 1901.

THE MIDWEST REFINING CO.

DIST No. 13 February 22nd 1922

TICKET No. 17486

Penochle Oil Corp. OWNER OF

WELL NOS. 1 to 5

SE¼ 37-40-79 LEASE

TANK No.			FEET	INCHES	OFFICE CALCULATIONS
1486	OIL	FIRST MEASR	10	11	
SIZE 500		SECOND MEASR	1	--	
STEAMED 75 DEGS.	B. S.	1ST M.		2	
		2D M.		2	
COLD 45 DEGS.	WATER	1ST M.		0	
		2D M.		0	

Gravity of Oil .....

Run by Gravity

Station #1

Remarks 36714-36799

OPERATOR'S CHECK.

TIME 1st Meas't John Doe GAUGER.

7 A M. Sam Brown WELL OWNER'S WITNESS.

TIME 2nd Meas't John Doe GAUGER.

7 A M. Sam Brown WELL OWNER'S WITNESS.

This Ticket covers all claims for allowance. The oil represented by this ticket was received and run as the property of THE MIDWEST REFINING COMPANY.

The above is a sample Run Ticket. It is ticket number 17486, District 13. It states that on February 22nd, ganger John Doe turned on tank 1486, size 500 barrels, for the Penochle Oil Corp., lease SE¼ Section 37, Township 40, Range 79, wells numbers 1 to 5 producing into this tank. The oil was steamed, the cold temperature being 45 degrees and the hot 75 degrees. The first measurement was 10′ 11″, the second measurement was 1′ 0″. There was 2″ of BS and no water in the tank. The tank ran out by gravity, that is it was not necessary to pump it, and was run to Number One Station. The old seal on the tank was 36714, and the new seal placed on the tank after being run was 36799. Gauger Doe turned the tank on at 7 AM Feb. 22nd, and off at 7 AM Feb. 23rd. Sam Brown was the producer's representative, who witnessed the gauges.

The tanks are "strapped" or measured by the Chief Gauger, and given consecutive numbers, and measurements sent to the Tank Gauging Engineer, who makes

M. J. Flahie, Chief Gauger for the Pipeline in Salt Creek

up charts for the tanks. These charts or "tank tables" are graduated in inches and fractions, and allowances are made for shrinkage and "Dead Wood" which includes blocking and steam coils.

The gauger carries with him a "thief," which is an instrument rectangular in shape, about 2½ inches square and 14 inches long. It is made of brass, with the exception of one side, which is glass. It has a trap bottom, and when the ganger lowers the thief into the tank and pulls the chain on the trap, a sample of oil is obtained. Each tank is thiefed before being run. If the sample shows that the BS&W were up to within 4 inches of the pipe line connection, the producer is requested to have the bottom drawn off before the oil is run, thus assuring that BS&W get into the line.

If the oil is in condition, the gauger measures the oil in the tank by means of a graduated gauge pole. He then makes a run ticket, which shows the number of the ticket, District number, date, producer, well numbers, government lease number, quarter section, section, township, range, tank number, size of tank, cold and hot temperatures (that is before and after being steamed), and height of oil in the tank. The pumper or representative of the producer witnesses this measurement, and approves the run ticket as such. The gauger then breaks the seal on the lock stop, and turns the oil into the line. The next day when he returns to that tank, he again measures the oil to see how much oil has been pumped out of the tank, the pumper again witnessing measurement and approving the run ticket, records that second measurement on the run ticket, which he made for that tank the preceding day, closes the lock stop, seals and locks the tank. This operation is called a "run."

The run tickets are turned in to the Run Department at Salt Creek, where they are checked in every detail, which assures the producer of the absolute accuracy of his production. Each run ticket is then calculated from the proper tank chart, and deductions made for every degree that the oil was steamed, and the net barrels run is placed to the credit of the producer in the "Run Ledger." On the first day of each month, every tank in the entire field is gauged, showing the gross stock on each quarter section. This operation, together with all the side lines, multiplied by hundreds, is the business of the Run Department.

Office and Office Force of the Run Department. Left to Right: John A. Grant, Joseph H. Lindsay and William H. Gleason

Minstrel Show at Salt Creek

The Salt Creek Midwest Band went over the top in a gushing success with their huge minstrel show and vaudeville on March 10th. With full band and many mixed numbers, two hours and a half of solid enjoyment and fun won the applause and appreciation of one of the largest crowds ever turned out at Salt Creek.

The curtain-raiser was a brief talk by G. S. Powell, telling of the hopes and aspirations of the band, and thanking the community for their loyal support and hearty cooperation.

On full stage the band opened with three whirlwind numbers. This was followed by the Reamsnider Brothers and Mr. McClain in a musical variation. The three Cozine Sisters won an ovation with their songs and dances, and a trombone solo by one of the young ladies, closing with two trio numbers that were absolute hits.

The versatile Guy Shaw, of comedian fame, went on for a song and clog number in Jewish makeup, and the audience raised the roof in appreciation.

Hawaiian melodies by a trio made up of Messrs. Joe Holmes, Ray Clery and John Harvey registered the next success, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Estes in a black and white face frolic of songs and jokes that went over in great shape.

Dail Meyer entertained for a few minutes in true Southern style, and then, the curtain went up for the Band Minstrel. With Major Froyd in the center in full interlocutor regalia, flanked and backed by the entire band, and with Lue Gibson and Guy Shaw on one end, and Clarence Swanger and Harry Martin on the other, there began such a variety and machine-gun battery of jokes, local hits, songs, dances, musical numbers, and comedy of all kinds, that the hall re-echoed one continuous gale of laughter for a full thirty minutes.

The program closed with the Sells-Floto Triumphal March by the entire band in a last enthusiastic burst.

A dance, the first part of which was played by the band, added extra measure and topped off the tremendously successful evening.

Lue Gibson, director of the band, is due great credit for not only the splendid and creditable performance of the band, but also for the rest of the program, the result of hard work and consistent effort.

To every member of the band should go the credit for steady application and cooperation, sharing in the finish of the band after so short a period of organization.

To the interlocutor of the minstrel show, and the end men, should be given much credit for their work and the success of that part of the program. And to all the vaudeville entertainers, no one of whom can be especially mentioned, should go tremendous credit for the success of their every individual act.

Salt Creek can be proud of her local talent and can feel justly satisfied with the spirit and cordial loyalty of her community who will stand back of a worthy entertainment.

The proceeds of the show will be used for uniforms, additional instruments, and equipment for the band, with the full hope that in the near future this community will have a musical organization second to none in the state.

Don't Despair

"Because you have occasional spells of despondency don't despair. The sun has a sinking spell every night but it rises again all right the next morning."—Anon.

Noble Mishler "Goes West"

Noble Jay Mishler, one of the best known and best liked on the Storage Yard's force of truck drivers, was killed March 7 a short distance south of Salt Creek Gas Plant, when a drive shaft on his heavily loaded truck broke as he was

Noble Jay Mishler

climbing a steep hill. The truck plunged back down the hill to the edge of a high fill. Mishler seeing his danger jumped. The next instant the heavy truck, laden with tank steel, fell upon him. The accident happened in the morning and Mishler died at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. He leaves a young wife and a baby daughter.

Mishler's Truck After the Fatal Accident

Mishler had been in the employ of the Midwest since February 23, 1921. The accompanying snapshot of him was one that was taken recently.

"Throck" Passes On

William Brewster Throckmorton, one of the oldest employes in the Denver office, died at his home at 2608 East Eleventh Avenue on the evening of March fifteenth. "Throck," as he was known by his associates in the office, was about 55 years of age. He had spent most of his life in the railroad business, being in the employ of the Union Pacific, Colorado Midland, and Colorado & Southern. He entered the employ of the Midwest Refining Company, February 17, 1917, and for several years represented this company at Chicago. At the time of his death, he was in charge of the Car Division of the Traffic Department. He is survived by a widow, a daughter, Elizabeth, who is a student at Denver University, and a son, William Brewster, Jr., who is attending East Denver High School. Mr. Throckmorton was a member of Palestine Lodge, No. 151, A. F. & A. M., Montview Chapter, No. 59, Royal Arch Masons, and Ascalon Commandery, No. 31, Knights Templar. Funeral services at the grave were in charge of Palestine Lodge. To those dear ones whom "Throck" left behind, the employes of the Denver Office and all others who knew him, extend their most heartfelt sympathy and condolence.

We should like particularly to call your attention to the short write-up and the splendid snapshots of the General Machine Shop in Casper, presided over by George Jacques and his able crew. Jacques has a real he-shop in Casper, and he does about anything that any man can do with oil tools. His establishment is one that the Midwest Family can be well proud of.

Read about the Run Department in this issue of the Review. Maybe you didn't know that we had such an important member of the Midwest Family.

New Casper Buildings

Our Building Department has recently completed three new structures in the vicinity of the Casper Storage Yard. In the accompanying illustration is shown the new truck garage, 50x72 feet, with storage capacity for eleven trucks. It is a frame construction with trussed roof and cement floor, heated, and having a balcony for the storage of small parts and truck accessories.

The trailer shed is 72 feet long, and located just back of the truck garage, for the accommodation of trailers belonging to the trucks. It has been necessary heretofore for the Storage and Transportation Department to house about one-half of their trucks in the Salt Creek Feld because of inadequate storage capacity. The new garage here will eliminate the necessity for this, and all trucks will now have headquarters in Casper.

Then we have the new building for housing the truck and car painting department. It is 72 feet long and 32 feet wide, with a large space in the center 36x32 feet, where trucks are brought in, cleaned and painted. At one end of the building two rooms, each 16x24 feet, are partitioned off for finishing and drying of touring cars and roadsters. These rooms are made dust proof, and when cars are getting a final coat the floors are sprinkled in order to eleminate all possible dust. The opposite end of the building has another small finishing room 8x12 feet, and a stock room 12x24 feet. The building is heated by an individual plant which uses gas for fuel and has complete automatic control. Some very fine samples of car painting have been turned out, and in a future issue of the Review we expect to show some illustrations of "before and after." Some of the trucks come into the paint department in a very disreputable condition, and when they go out look like a man with open-faced clothes on, starting for a dance with his best girl.

A Darkey's Complaint

One broiling August day an aged colored man, who was pushing a barrow of bricks, paused to dash the sweat from his dusky brow; then, looking toward the sun, he apostrophized it thus: "Fo' the land's sake, whar wuz yuh last Janooary?"—Everybody's.

Easy

A New Yorker had occasion to phone from one suburb to another while visiting in Philadelphia. Upon asking what the charge was he was told fifty cents.

"Fifty cents! For that distance? Great Scott. In New York you can call hell up for fifty cents."

"Possibly," coolly answered the operator, "It's in the city limits."

New Traveling Auditor

Folks, meet F. P. Kirk, the Midwest's new traveling auditor. Only the job is new, however, as Kirk has been with the company for a couple of years almost, starting in on the bull gang at the Casper Refinery in 1920; thence going into Harry Comfort's "gang" of material accountants, thence into the auditor's office last summer, and on February 1 of this year, he became Traveling Auditor.

Kirk is a bully good fellow, who hails originally from old England, and still talks American with an English accent. He is liked by everyone, and has quite a record of travel. For instance, after a year and a half in a London bank to start his business career, he went to South America when 20 years old, traveling in Brazil, Argentine and other points for a British concern. He streaked it from Brazil to England when the war broke out in

F. P. Kirk

1914 and got into the air service and did four years' stern, busy and exciting duty in France, the Dardanelles and in Italy. He got to be a captain in rank, and pulled a stunt or two which he is exceedingly modest about whereby the British government presented him with the much coveted British Military Cross. After the war for a year or so he was on the traveling audit staff of the English Munitions of War Bureau and came to the States in 1920. (He's unmarried.)

Birdseye View of Salt Creek Gas Plant

The above clever snapshot of the Salt Creek Gas Plant was taken by R. Shuhart of the Salt Creek Gas Plant. It is a remarkable little picture, showing as it does the most of the buildings in the Salt Creek plant. It looks almost as though Mr. Shuhart had taken the view from an aeroplane.

Bind Your Midwest Review?

We have figures from a printing firm to the effect that they will bind your year's file of the Midwest Review for you at a rather nominal cost. Here is the idea:

If a sufficient number want their copies bound in a good cloth binding, we can get it bound for from $2.50 each down to $2.00 each, you, of course, to furnish the magazines. We guarantee it not to cost over the first-named figure, and it probably won't be cheaper than the last-named. If you want your file for the year 1921 bound, or for 1920, either, let us know, and we will look into the matter for you. Orders should be placed at once. Just address the Midwest Review, Box 1075, and tell us what you want.

Sam (to wife at show): "Mandy, tell dat niggah to take his ahm away from aroun' yo' waist."

Mandy: "Tell him yoself. He's a perfect stranger to me."—Brown Bull.

Grass Creek Hauls Big Loads

Loading 15 in. casing at Kirby for hauling to Grass Creek

Starting from Kirby with 10,000 lbs. of 12½ in casing.

Crossing Wood River in Sunshine Basin
with big boiler which was hauled 36 miles over rough hilly roads.

These snapshots, furnished by C. L. Jones, indicate that not all the heavy loads are carried by the Salt Creek trucks or handled at the Casper Storage Yards. During the winter of 1920-1921, thousands of pounds of various sized casing were hauled to Grass Creek from the railroad at Kirby. In 1921, when the material at Sunshine Basin test well was moved to Grass Creek, Mr. Jones hauled a large forty-five horsepower boiler across thirty-six miles of very rough and hilly road with only one truck.

The Band's Minstrel Show

By Shaw

I recently made the trip to Salt Creek, through mud and rust, for the purpose of attending the first appearance of the new Salt Creek band. It was the first time I have had the pleasure of attending one of Salt Creek's entertainments, and I was amazed at the splendid program they were able to produce. As it is described elsewhere in this issue, I will not attempt another description. I only wish to compliment the leaders and everyone who took part, for the excellent showing made for the Salt Creek talent. No one needs to worry about the people of Salt Creek getting lonesome; they can entertain themselves.

New Benefit Directors

At the recent election of the Midwest Employes' Benefit Association for the Directors of the coming year, the following have been elected: District No. 1, Elk Basin, Grass Creek, Osage, Greybull-Torchlight, and Cat Creek, A. M. Ormston of Elk Basin; District No. 2, Casper and Big Muddy, M. E. Diamond of Big Muddy; District No. 3, Salt Creek Gas Plant, Carl Renz; District No. 4, Salt Creek Producing and Pipe Line, Harry Bossart; District No. 5, Denver Office, Barney McCann.

Employes should take all matters concerning the Mutual Benefit up with the Director from the district in which they are located.

New Midwest Auditor

Mr. J. A. Carroll, the new auditor, Field Division, Midwest Refining Company, has become well settled in his new job at Casper.

Mr. Carroll has had wide experience in accounting lines, seeing his first service in 1907 with the Santa Fe Railway. Later he became identified with the El Paso and Southwestern Railway Company, and the Nacozari Railway, leaving the latter company in 1916 to go with the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, Independence, Kansas.

James A. Carroll

Since leaving the Prairie company, Mr. Carroll has seen service with Cosden & Company of Tulsa, first as an accountant and later as assistant auditor; with the Texas Pacific Coal and Oil Co., and with the Dixie Oil Company, Shreveport, La. Then he went with the Standard Oil Company of Indiana at Chicago, as an accountant. He came to the Midwest as an accountant at Denver, then came to Casper as assistant auditor, succeeding Mr. Merritt as auditor in February.

In the army, Mr. Carroll served as a second lieutenant in the First Oklahoma Infantry in federal service, and later as a second lieutenant in the 36th U. S. Infantry. During the war he served a portion of his time as a field auditor, construction division, United States Army, at St. Paul, Minn.

New Pipeline Ditching Machine

The accompanying illustration is the new Buckeye Ditching Machine purchased by the Pipe Line Department for use in the Salt Creek Field on connection work. It is equipped with a 4 cylinder 6½-inch bore, 8-inch motor. It is of the Apron Wheel type and will cut a ditch 18, 21, or 24 inches wide, and to a depth of 6½ feet. The machine is now at the Casper Storage Yard, and will travel on its own power to Salt Creek as soon as the weather permits.

"Yes," said the cynical old sea captain, "when I was shipwrecked in South America, I came across a tribe of wild women who have no tongues."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the listener, "how could they talk?"

"They couldn't," was the reply; "that was what made them wild."

"So you graduated from a barber college? What is your college yell?"

"Cut his lip, cut his jaw, leave his face raw, raw, raw."

To the Point

"Best after-dinner speech I ever heard."

"What did he say?"

"'Waiter, let me have the check'."

Denver Office Annual Dance

Reviewed by A. F. R.

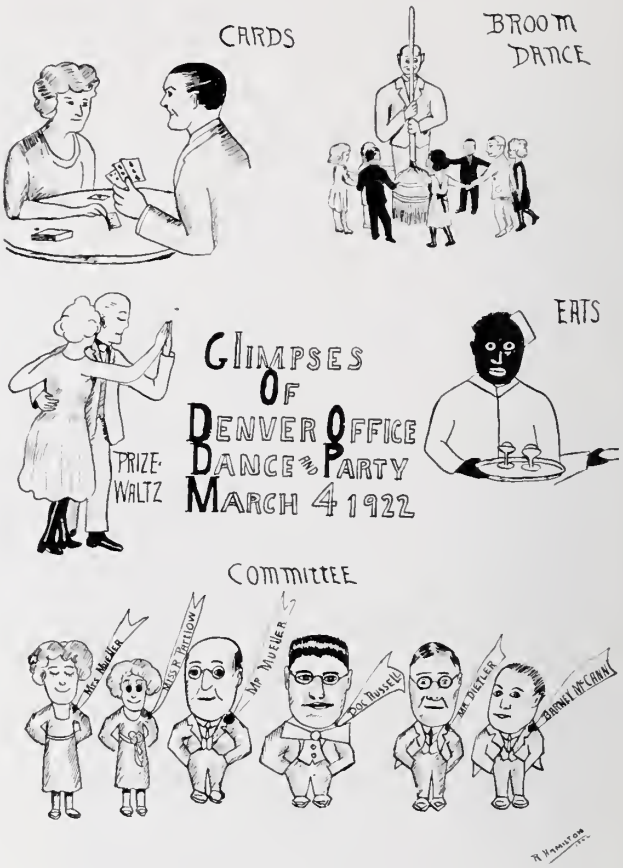
Hully gee, but haven't we got some of the finest Parents a large Fambly like us could have. Talk about Big Brothers, well, sir, we're saying right now that they treat us mighty fine. The latest treat given the Denver Office was in the form of a dance and party given at the Woman's Club on Saturday evening, March 4th.

The asking for this gala day, or rather night, had been done several months ago, but the "bars" were not let down until about four weeks before the above mentioned date. In fact, it was about "ground hog's" day, and our goodly Parents, being very observative, saw that "Sir Hog" did see his shadow, and therefore, anticipating an addition to a long, hard winter, thought to appease our suffering by allowing us to eat, dance and be merry ere the winter days passed into history. We were, accordingly, advised that the Company would give us a dance and party as soon as we wanted it, with all things gratis.

No sooner said than the committee got busy and started scouting for a suitable place to hold such an affair, with everything convenient and within our means, as we did not wish to be extravagant. After considerable investigation the committee decided on the Woman's Club for the fourth day of March, which, incidentally, was the first anniversary of the inauguration of President Harding, whose election we celebrated with a dance on election night in November, 1920. This did not, however, have anything to do with setting the date; nevertheless procuring the music did. After dickering with several high-class musicians such as John Phillip Sousa, Henry Ford, and Ring W. Lardner, we were able to secure the services of "Dad" Lohmann, himself—no, you are mistaken, we said Lohmann, not Tom MacDonald—on the evening of March fourth. As this was the same night on which we could secure the Woman's Club, it all matched together "hunkydorry"—whatever that is.

Having thus secured the place and set the time, the next thiug was to get—no, you are wrong again—not the girl, but the eats. As "Baur" has a monopoly on catering in this village—275,000, with 500,000 in 1930, Casper please note—we immediately got in touch with "Baur" itself. (Let us here insert for your edification and introduction that "Baur" is none other thau Messrs. Meyer and Jacobs. They sure can put out good oyster stew. Ask Clutter or Larkin, they know.) Well, getting back to our subject, "Baur" was signed up—just like Babe Ruth—and thus the stage was set.

A dance and party all set to go. A dance is a dance, but what is a party? Five-hundred, of course! This is a game for the old as well as the young. Arrangements were made for a tournament of "card slickers." With this double attraction, a record-breaking crowd was expected.

Let us omit any further details regarding arrangements and skip to the hour when the big show was to commence. It arrived, and not a minute late—eight-thirty by all Western Union clocks. Then the crowd began to arrive. With the honorable Barney McCann watching the door with an eagle eye and marked diplomacy, all were admitted who had the qualifications in the form of invitations which were delivered by the committee in the name of the Company. About two hundred members of the Family, divorced members, and friends partook of the pleasures of the evening.

At nine o'clock the melodious strains of Lohmann's orchestra floated out and over the dance floor, and it was not long until a nice sized crowd were whiling away the fleeting moments with "light fantastic toe."

Announcement was made heralding the card tournament, and several withdrew to the parlor to vie with each other for the valuable prizes which were offered. Aften ten fast and furious hands Mr. Marsh's wife drew up in front with the high score of "plus 1260." Mr. George Kirchberger, of the Accounts Receivable Division, was high gentleman with a "plus 960" score. Mrs. Marsh received a lovely box of sta-

tionery, while "G. A. K." was the recipient of a fine billfold case which he, no doubt, can use at least once each month. Mrs. Edna Allen of the Traffic Division scored low for the ladies, and received a nice rubber doll for her endeavors, "minus 340" was her score; but she had only played ten hands. Mort Parsons, who swings a wicked pen on the ledgers, was determined to get into the prize money, so he schemed to get low for the gentlemen with a "minus 90" score. Mort received a small can of tobacco and a corncob pipe. Mort doesn't smoke!

While all of this was taking place the rest of the family which was in a vast majority, were enjoying themselves, as before mentioned, at dancing. Punch was being served, and many a thirsty tongue was slaked, although the punch was strictly within the bounds of the Eighteenth Amendment.

A suggestion of a good get-together stunt, "a Broom Dance" was put into operation by one of the committee, E. L. Muehler. It went over "big," no less than six encores being required before all had had enough.

First call for refreshments was met with a rush for the dining room which did not require a second reminder. Oodles of ice cream and cake and candy and water were served. We mention the last item as it seemed that everyone was as thirsty as a camel before setting forth on a desert voyage.

Then as at the picnic, came the big event of the evening—the prize waltz. About twenty couples entered this event. Oliver F. Staley was secured as judge, and through a process of elimination Miss Leonore Gunston and Rudolph Ericson were declared the winning couple. It was previously decided and announced that one of the winning couple had to be an actual employe of the Company. Miss Gunston is a member of the Legal Division, while Mr. Ericson was formerly connected with the Purchasing Division. Miss Gunston received a beautiful hand bag, and Mr. Ericson a fountain pen. Mr. and Mrs. Phil Duncan and Miss Caroline Helbig and Olaf Mauldin were the other couples in the semi-finals.

Well, this concluded about all the special events, and as twelve bells sounded in the distant D. & F. Tower, the Family adjourned *sine die*, hoping that before another year all might be together again as the guests of our Parents.

A good crowd turned out from the office, but several were unable to come on account of sickness to themselves or in their homes. To those we extend our sympathy, and trust that in the future they will be more fortunate. To those who could have come and did not; well, it "ain't" for us to say.

The dignity of the evening was maintained by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Barkdull, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence B. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Rath, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Aurand, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Miller, L. G. Truby and A. L. Merritt.

This year's dance, which we will term the Second Annual Dance and Party, was in charge of a committee composed of R. O. Dietler, E. L. Muehler and A. F. Russell. After arrangements were completed, they were ably assisted at the dance by Miss Ruth Partlow, Mrs. E. L. Muehler and Barney McCann. Martin Thompson and Homer Baker handled the check room well and profitably.

From all reports everyone had a fine time, and all thank the Company for their kindness and thoughtfulness.

The writer in reviewing this occasion wishes to thank Mr. Dietler and Mr. Muehler for their assistance and criticisms in compiling this article. Also he wishes to thank Ray Hamilton for his sketches which help to illustrate it.

On with the Dance

As was said at Ticonderoga, in the beginning of American History, we said at the beginning of the Casper Storage Yard dance, "On with the Dance."

The dance was held on the twenty-fifth of February, in the new garage which was just completed. As far as could be ascertained "a good time was had by all." There were close to three hundred present, and even though some had their doubts about their ability to dance the light fantastic on the concrete floor, the orchestra was kept busy playing music. The dancers seemed unable to dance enough. They only stopped long enough to take on punch, and that in large quantities. Mr. Virgne was the heap big chief or caller for the square dances, and "Turkey in the Straw" was played until both the orchestra and Mr. Virgne were on the verge of collapse.

Later "hot dogs" and buns were served, and the way those "dogs" disappeared was a caution. Hot coffee certainly tasted good, and served to rejuvenate the spirits, and dancing continued.

If the sentiments of those present were sincere, a repetition or rather regular occurence would be greatly appreciated.

The pianist Rachmaninoff told in his New York flat the other day a story about his boyhood. "When I was a very little fellow," he said. "I played at a reception at a Russian count's, and, for an urchin of seven, I flatter myself that I swung through Beethoven's 'Kreutzer Sonata' pretty successfully. 'The Kreutzer,' you know, has in it several long and impressive rests. Well, during one of these rests the count's wife, a motherly old lady, leaned forward, patted me on the shoulder, and said: 'Play us something you know, dear'."—Argonaut.

OFFICE and FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Grass Creek Notes

The program of work on old wells, which consists of cleaning out and drilling deeper and otherwise improving these wells, has been recommenced in Grass Creek. Last year we were working in the most interesting phase of this improvement when the general shut-down came and made it necessary to discontinue operations for a time. A great many of the Grass Creek Field wells are to be deepened to lower sands, thus increasing the production of the field. Other improvements are to take place and we hope that Grass Creek will soon be coming to the front again as one of Wyoming's leading oil fields. H. T. Morley is now here in the capacity of geologist, and will make tests of the various sands encountered in the deepening of the wells to determine just what improvement can be made by this process. A little ill luck was encountered on the first well to be deepened. A well was drilled deeper and was ready to shoot. As the shot came out the gas and oil were ignited in some way, perhaps by a spark remaining in the stack of the boiler, and the No. 28 Star drilling machine used in drilling the well was damaged to a certain extent, all the wood parts being burned off. However, some of our drillers and tool dressers are good carpenters and the rig was speedily rebuilt. It is now about ready for further service.

Mr. Estabrook and Mr. Knickerbocker made a trip to Grass Creek during the latter part of January.

Mr. Buddrus of the Salt Creek gas plant spent several days in Grass Creek the first part of February. While here he installed a gas meter at the big Golden Eagle Dome gas well.

John C. Deihl visited Grass Creek during the first part of February. He is looking over a route through which to run a gas line from Buffalo Basin to the Hidden Dome line which runs to Greybull. This line would run close to Grass Creek and probably connect with the Golden Eagle Dome gas well.

Mr. Phillips, of the Parkersburg Rig and Reel Company, spent several days here installing one of his company's gas tight storage tanks. It is claimed that these tanks will save a great deal of oil by preventing in a large measure the evaporation that goes on in an open tank. Tests are being made to determine what this saving will amount to.

During the past three months people of Grass Creek have been entertained two Friday nights in each month at a Literary Society organized here. Several interesting debates have been staged and good programs have been rendered. Some of us are brushing up on our knowledge of educational things and things of public interest.

H. A. Stewart, of the Geological Department, is making his headquarters here, while he looks over the Hamilton Dome Field and maps the Golden Eagle Dome gas field.

Driller—Why is going to a musical comedy like studying astronomy?

Toolie—Easy! You have to use a telescope to see anything on the stars.

Casper Storage Yard News

After the big dance several married couples adjourned to the home of Mr. and Mrs. "Whitey" Hoffman, where the dance was continued as well as the eats and "punch."

Jack Wynn, pilot of G60, has left for his homestead to be gone thirty days.

Ed Donahue has returned to work after a brief illness.

Word has been received from St. Louis, one of our former drivers, who reports a successful season on his "Dude" ranch near Riverton.

Roy Morris left for the East the middle of March, resigning his position at the Storage Yard, to enter into the real estate game in Michigan. He will visit with his relatives whom he has not seen for three years. We will miss Morris, but we all wish him success in his new undertaking.

Art Wiley and Geo. Goodrich inform us that they had a very pleasant time at the dance.

The drivers are still waiting for the "slow down" to be placed on the curve of the long pavement hill about a half mile north of the Burlington viaduct. This curve is without doubt the most dangerous curve around Casper. It is the habit with the ordinary driver to "take a run" at the foot and as he rounds the curve it is very difficult to hold the right side, and when the hill is icy a car or truck passing another usually skids and results in an accident. Certainly a warning should be posted there or the hill to the east cut down.

T. Cyril Clayton is writing a book on "Women, and How to Woo Them," while Cooney, of the scales, anxiously awaits the first edition.

The office force of the Storage Yards is very anxious about John D.'s and Henry Ford's financial affairs, as Bowman and Mongahan will eventually force them to the wall.

It is rumored that E. T. Stewart will in the future demonstrate Kelly tires on G5.

G101 certainly is a real Oil Burner. However, a certain Clydesdale consumption should be very low.

G47 has gone "haywire" again.

G48 is grinding daily under the nursing of Harley Mathews. It is requested that all drivers refrain from waving at "Hox," for should he wave back both he and the truck will be ditched.

G6 made another successful trip recently, piloted by "Universal" Miller. This truck and G43 look like ready money since being painted.

Whitey Hoffman received another "hundred dollars" from the F. W. D. factory this week.

Mr. Cooney called the swelling he had on his eye, a sty. Some of the fellows were not so kind.

Elmer Inman, one of our "huskies," sustained several injuries around the hips and thighs, while loading timbers. We hope for his speedy recovery and return to duty.

The new ditching machine for the pipe line has arrived. Same was unloaded by its own power under the guidance of an expert ditcher operator.

The four-inch line pipe for the new line has been received and loaded out and strung to Salt Creek. The hauling and stringing is being done by the White Motor Company.

Can You Feature:

"Hud" in a bathing suit?
Mr. Roach splitting his sides with laughter?
Mr. Younck not "dolled" up?
Eddie Flynn with a mustache?
Pete, a lion tamer?
Mr. Nugent in knickerbockers?
Eddie, bald-headed?
Mr. Upson loafing?
Mr. Crosskill joking?
Mrs. Glover out of sorts?
Mr. England in teddies?
Mr. Norstrum with his hair parted in the middle?

For Men Only
(Read Backwards)

Didn't you if girl a be wouldn't you—this read would you knew we.

Casper Office Notes

Wanted By

Jack Rutz—a new girl. He's tired of the old one.
Nina Davis—Some anti-fat.
Sally—Someone to Care for Me.
Mr. Mudgett—A 500 shark.

What Would Happen If

Verna lost Jim?
Elsie couldn't talk to *him?*
Miss Mooney fell off the motorcycle?
Mr. Felman went "stepping"?
Mr. Gibbs grew up?

I Don't Know Why, Do You?

Frances H. likes her Henry so well.
Mr. Work is so businesslike.
J. B.'s presence in the office proves a hoodoo.
Mildred just can't "stand" the boys.
Anne wonders if July will never come.
Mac likes chocolates so well.

Scraps From the Dead-Letter Office

Does a Powder puff?
Does an Automobile tire?
Does a Diamond ring?
Does a Cigar butt?
Does a Hair cut?
Does an Ocean wave?
Does a Lamp shade?
Does a Head nurse?
Does a Base bawl?
Does a Side walk?
Does a Pillow slip?
Does a Lemon squeeze?

Jack—What did you say?

Helen—I didn't say anything, I was chewing gum.

Mr. Freeland: "Say, I asked that Baby for a date four times, and she won't give me one, so I just believe I'll quit her."

Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday and it never happened.

Have you noticed Helen Davis' left hand lately? She seems rather reluctant about putting it forth. By the way, and incidentally, of course, M. Powell, who has been spending the past week as a guest at the Davis home, left last Thursday for Detroit, Michigan, where he is temporarily located. He contemplates another visit to Casper the latter part of the summer. WE WONDER WHY?

Denver Off a Snooze

Signs of Spring

You can talk of first robins, but when we see a brand new pair of fishing boots arrive by parcel post, well, you can see Spring in the offing. During the early part of February, Mr. Illius, a champion with the rod and reel, received a pair of said boots, and we know from this fact that he believes in preparedness to say the least. The Review readers are still waiting for that fish story from "Gene's" pen. We would suggest "Fishin' Boots" as a subject.

Miss Driscoll Leaves

On February 28th, Miss Nellie Driscoll, one of the oldest employes in the Denver office, left the services of this Company. She left for Colorado Springs, where she will be employed by Governor Shoup in his private office in that city. The best wishes of her former associates are extended to her.

Barney McCann Reelected

Barney McCann has been re-elected Director of the Midwest Employes Benefit Association from the Denver Office. Barney carried both the primary and final elections by a vast majority. The results of the final election were: Barney McCann, 83 and Ralph Wright, 33. L. G. Truby, W. T. Larkin and F. S. Clutter acted as judges. This will be Barney's third term.

"Flu" Epidemic Hits Denver Office

About the 15th of February an epidemic of "flu" hit the Sales Accounting Division, and later has spread to other divisions. On Thursday, February 16th, the climax was reached in the Sales Accounting Division when six men were rendered null and void for duty during that day. This is just fifty per cent, and the boys that were left sure stepped on it to get the work out that day.

Mr. Illius, chief clerk of this division, was, probably, taken more seriously ill than the rest. He had an attack of bronchitis which rendered him incapable of duty for over a week. Jake Bohmann was also ill for a week, while Wade Casey was out for several days, being threatened with pneumonia.

Since then the epidemic has reached other departments. At the present writing W. B. Throckmorton, of the Traffic Division, has become seriously ill, as has also Milton Kahn. Allen Grant was also out for a day.

D. L. Murphy and Mort Parsons of the General Accounting Division have both been very ill.

Midwest Man in Sunny California

The friends of F. J. Keleher, formerly of the Denver Office and later of Casper, will be surprised to know that he is on a two months' leave of absence, which he is spending in the City of Angels in hopes to recuperate from the effects of an operation which he underwent last summer. Kelly reports that he will be glad to make reservations for all ball clubs that wish to train in Southern California this spring.

Bill Grommett Promoted

Bill Grommett, the Stockyards flash, has been promoted from assistant in the Mail Division to the position of private messenger for H. H. Brooks, who is now associated with the Midwest Oil Company. Dallas Osburn has taken Bill's place in the Mail Division.

Former Midwest Men With Otis

Mr. Judkins and Mr. Mensch, who were formerly associated with this Company in the General Accounting Division and Traffic Division, respectively, are now connected with Otis and Company, one of the leading brokerage houses of this city.

Here's One on "Bill" Larkin

At the church on the South Side where our fellow employe, Bill Larkin, is a deacon, they have a new minister. This new minister had asked "Bill" to lead in prayer. It was "Bill's" first experience, but not wishing to disappoint his new pastor, he complied. Twenty minutes later found him still praying.

The congregation was becoming restless. Finally, from a deacon's pew, there came a loud and devout, "Amen."

Unbending his knees the supplicant exclaimed, "God bless you deacon! That's the word I've been trying to think of ever since I started!"

Heard in the Telegraph Division

Bill Miller to Floyd Curran: "Do you find golf an amusing game?"

"Well," replied Floyd, "I haven't laughed much as yet, but my caddy seems to get a lot of enjoyment out of it."

Notes From Osage

Inasmuch as activity in the Osage District practically at a standstill we are not able to furnish any articles of particular interest to the Review readers, as is possible in other districts; therefore Osage news is about on a par with its activities.

We have looked in vain for a Chinook wind, but so far have been favored with nothing but "signs" from the would-be "Old Timers," principally our pumper, Mike Moyer. The snap shot herewith gives an idea of what we have had to contend with in getting mail to Osage to avoid getting our calls from Casper office, but it's only a "drop in the bucket" with the actual conditions. We read with great interest the method of keeping the Salt Creek road open by use of snow plows, but we have had to adhere to the pick and shovel, together with T. M. Guenin and his Dodge. It seems as though everybody in the field has looked to the latter to keep the roads open, although the Sinclair and P. & R. have given a helping hand from time to time. Along with this, Superintendent Guenin has surely had his hands full with frozen gas, water and lead lines. The production at its best is very small, so one can readily see the difficulties Mr. Guenin is up against in keeping the production at its maximum, affording him little time for possible daylight loafing.

The extreme cold weather has prevented any operations worthy of mention. Most of the companies depend on Beaver Creek for water in pumping and steaming their oil, but the severe cold has made this quite a difficult problem, the creek being frozen most of the time. Some activity is being carried on by the local refinery. They have taken over the four-inch pipe line originally laid by the Omaha Oil & Refining Co. They are at present erecting a fifteen hundred barrel tank about one-quarter of

"They Have Already Shoveled a Mountain of It"

a mile west of the town of Osage to take care of oil from their gathering lines, which they will undoubtedly lay to handle production from some of the shallow producers. A four-inch gravity line from the storage tank carries the oil to their refinery immediately east of the C. B. & Q. tracks. With the exception of this work, there is little activity being carried on worthy of space in the Review. We might add that a little over a year ago Osage was a typical "boom" town, but at present has lost most of its earmarks, with the result that most of the so-called "boomers" are a thing of the past.

The production under purchase contract by the Midwest Refining Company is being shipped to Regina, Sask., at present, which is the cause of a few outbursts from Herriman from time to time.

Mrs. T. M. Guenin and daughter Marjorie left last week on a pleasure trip east, accompanied by Mrs. Guenin's sister, Mrs. Hess, of Casper, Wyoming.

Gauger Walling, better known as Mr. Noise of the Illinoise, has had his troubles with the pipe line freezing this winter, saying nothing of his Ford. Looked most of the time as though he were getting ready to steam a tank of crude.

Guenin and Herriman Do Heroic Work

Jim Daily, local Field Superintendent, for Sinclair-Wyoming, is still leading the field in so far as production is concerned, but he'd sure have heart failure if his "freak" number 8 should happen to drop out of sight. Jimmy is also an advocate of "open roads" and has given Mr. Guenin much assistance the past (?) winter. Here's hoping Jimmy gets a few more like his number 8.

We are in great hopes that H. E. Dailey's numerous visits to Newcastle, which we are informed were in connection with leases on a prospective structure in vicinity of Newcastle, result in a test by the Midwest Refining Company this coming spring. There has been considerable wildcatting in this district, bnt to date they have failed to discover a "Second Salt Creek." The natives seem to believe it is some place in this Neck O'Woods, and we hope they're right.

It has been considerable time since we had the pleasure of reading an article by E. L. Estabrook. I motion that he contribute to next Review number. Am sure this motion will be seconded.

Big Muddy Notes

The flu epidemic which has been ravaging certain sections of the country has put in an appearance in Muddy. While we may claim to be fortunate as to the general health conditions of the camp, there are a few who have not been fortunate enough to escape its grip. Henry Heasler, our connection foreman, and R. T. Danbenspeck, both of whom favor the corpulent class, have been down for some days, but are now on the high road to recovery.

A declamation contest was held at the Parkerton school house a short while back, which unearthed much latent talent among the high school boys and girls. There were nine contestants, all of whom possessed merit. It made a difficult task for the judges who made the journey from Casper to make a fair decision. The honors of the evening were accorded to Clara Henry, who will visit the State University at Laramie during March, where she will compete against others who have been selected from other schools in the state. A musical program was arranged which added largely to the enjoyment of the evening. Several selections on the violin were given by Mrs. Carrico, also various pieces were played by the Big Muddy band. This band has only recently been organized by the oil workers in Muddy. Much enthusiasm prevails and so far we can boast of something over thirty players.

On Friday, March 3rd, an entertainment was given at the schoolhouse when some recitations and little dramatic sketches were given by the boys and girls in the lower grades. There was a good attendance, which was largely made up of parents who had the opportunity of seeing the boys and girls render a very creditable account of themselves.

Recently a fire occurred at one of our rigs, which was happily averted through the coolness of our driller, Paul Roe, and his tool dresser, T. Long, in preventing the flames from spreading. The announcement of fire to the main quarters soon brought our fire truck to the scene of action with more fire fighters including Superintendent Carrico. A good supply of steam and water soon subdued the flames and the fire was extinguished after little loss. Paul Roe and T. Long both suffered severe burns on the hands.

Mrs. R. C. Bartels recently returned from Merriman, Nebraska, bringing with her a bouncing baby, which she introduced to the crowd. Bart seemed highly pleased with his little daughter, and recognized his increased responsibilities by remaining home at night.

R. E. Jackson, our welder working in the boiler shop, recently took a short leave of absence for the purpose of being united in the bonds of matrimony. Ralph, better known as "Stonewall" amongst the tribe, remained very silent over the affair, the only intimation his friends

had being the handing around of the cigars.

A. Kreuger, who has been confined to the Casper Private Hospital by injuries to his foot, has not sufficiently recovered to return to work, but hopes are entertained that he will be back on the job soon.

DeLoyd Gantz, who recently ran a piece of wire in his foot, unfortunately was forced to pay a visit to the Casper Hospital, on account of infection setting in. Gantz is now being released, and able to be back on the job.

On March 8th Raymond C. Bartels and his wife sustained a loss by the death of their six-weeks' old daughter, Lerna. Dr. Harvey had been in attendance for several days, but the infant succumbed to valvular heart trouble. The remains were accompanied by Ray and his wife to Gordon, Nebraska, where the funeral will take place. Floral tributes were sent by the Ladies' Aid of the Baptist church of Parkerton, and also by a few friends in camp. The most heartfelt sympathy is extended to the bereaved parents by the Big Muddy Midwest Family.

Salt Creek Wavelets

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Lewis and Mr. and Mrs. John Nance were in Casper early this month. Matters of importance called Superintendent Lewis to town and the rest of the party combined business with the pleasures afforded by our neighboring city.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Koehler made the trip to Casper to attend the Shrine ball on March 10th. They enjoyed the occasion and the variation afforded by the trip very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Hall announced the birth on March 3rd, 1922, of their son, Robert Adams. Our heartiest congratulations are extended to them.

The American Legion and the Ladies' Auxiliary gave a Mixer Banquet, complimentary to the Boy Scouts of Salt Creek, on March 18. Entertainment included a few minutes with Guy Shaw, Frank Estes and A. B. Allen, all of whom were received with much appreciation. The Boy Scouts went through a brief drill and did full justice to the eats as their part of the program.

Mr. Dan Hughes of the Midwest Company at Salt Creek was called to Pueblo, Colorado, by the illness of his sister. With her very fortunate and rapid recovery, Mr. Hughes felt safe in returning within less than two weeks.

Brief excitement was caused a few days ago by a fire at the Salt Creek Machine Shop. The acetylene welding torch set fire to some gasoline in a tank and the flames shot to the ceiling. Prompt action on the part of machine shop men handy, with the immediate help of the Salt Creek Fire Department, prevented the flames from gaining any headway, and almost no loss or damage resulted.

The second semester of Night School at Salt Creek will terminate this month. The school has been a success, with about one hundred men taking advantage of the opportunity for concentrated work and study on such subjects as Petroleum Geology, Steel Square and Estimating, Mechanical Drawing and Blue Print Reading and Higher Mathematics. The Night School work will very probably be taken up again late next fall.

Salt Creek Midwest men interested in the best things for the community have entered into a contract with the Ellison White Lyceum Bureau for eight programs, to begin next fall and run through the winter. Splendid numbers were decided on and Salt Creek may look forward to some real treats along musical and entertainment lines for the near future.

Harry Traylor, of the Salt Creek Electrical Department, and employe representative on the Council for the Salt Creek Field Department, spent a few days in Casper early this month.

Frank Knudson, of the Salt Creek Gas Department office force, was called to Chicago by the sudden death of his father.

Called to Colorado Springs by the sickness of his small son, Jack Moyar returned about the middle of the month after a rapid recovery by his boy. Mr. Moyar hopes to move his family to Salt Creek in the near future.

Mrs. C. W. Jones has joined Mr. Jones, Farm Foreman of the Salt Creek Consolidated Camp of the Midwest. Mrs. Jones came on from Pueblo where their home has been located for some years.

As this magazine goes to press, all Salt Creek is in a fervor, for are we not sending R. E. Anderson, Jack Moyar, Carl Kinney and Harry Bossart, the prides of Salt Creek, in to the big Shrine ball with white fronts and everything? There has been a heavy discussion during the last twenty-four hours regarding the relative merits of wearing riding breeches and boots with the starched fronts and frog tails, right from here, thus doing away with any necessity for changing costumes. The other much favored plan has been the donning of costumes complete here at home where all the advantages of the critical advisement and final censorship of Josh Portis, Sheriff Snow, Colonel Froyd and George Gatewood, leading authorities on all questions of heavy moving and cordials, can finish them off. Under this latter plan, full overall suits would be worn and heavy warning would be registered to be sure and remove same before entering the arena. Bandanas or towels could be used to keep the hair in place, and with the addition of hip boots, this would provide a real practical costume in which to make the trip. Hair tonic and rare perfume will put a touch of atmosphere and individuality to each respective personality.

Put us on the map, boys, while you are there, don't forget the honor of Salt Creek.

Sandy and John were sitting in a car when a pretty girl got in and smiled at the former. He raised his hat.

"Do you know her?" asked the Englishman.

"Oh, yes, very weel," the Scot replied.

"Well, shall we go over and sit beside her, and then you can introduce me?" asked his companion.

"Wait a bit," returned the canny Scot. "She hasn't paid her fare yet."

And I Learned About Safety From Them

(With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

I've taken my jobs where I've found 'em;
  I've roamed and I've bummed in my time;
I've had my pickin' of partners,
  And four of the lot was prime.
One was a first class molder,
  One was a miner from Nome,
One was a grand old machinist named Harry,
  And one was a laddie at home.

I quit the trade for the Yukon,
  A diggin' for gold in the ice;
Met there a husky young miner,
  Who sure was in need of advice,
Husky and brawny and boastful,
This reckless young heathen named Tim;
He's there to this day, deeply buried in clay;
  And I learned about safety from him.

Now, I weren't no hand for this safety;
  But, takin' it all along,
It's got me guessin', this safety,
  And it surely cannot be wrong.
There's times when you'll think it mightn't be right,
  There's times when you'll think it is wrong,
But things that I've learned from the crippled and burned,
  Should teach you, it's right for the strong.

From there I shifted to Portland;
  Got me a job buildin' ships;
They put me to help a machinist;
  The man had no fear of hot chips,
Till straight in the eye he got one,
  From the hammer right hot to his glim—
So now he is shy that useful right eye;
  And I learned about safety from him.

I was a young buck in those days,
  A learnin' my trade on the floor,
French Johnny was standin' beside me;
  The chain broke as never before,
The big flask came down with a wallop,
  Poor Johnny was under the rim—
It happened so quick, it near made me sick;
  And I learned about safety from him.

Then I came home to the old state,
  Thinkin' I'd learned a good rule;
But this chap runnin' a drill press,
  Showed me I was just a dum' fool.
He wore a loose jumper, the ninny,
  The fast turnin' spindle caught him,
Broke his arm with a snap like a dynamite cap,
  And I learned about safety from him.

I've taken my jobs where I found 'em,
  And now that I'm roaming no more,
I'm passin' on the good message,
  It's yours clear down to the core.
That safety you've figured for others,
  Comes home to your door, don't you see?
Be advised by my lot (as I know you will not)—
  And learn about safety from me.

—W. H. MacMAHON,
American Hoist & Derrick Company.

How to Be a Driller

If you're looking for an easy life with lots
of coin to spend,
Let me recommend the driller's trade to
you.
You may think the hours long,
But if you're good and strong,
You'll learn to sleep the whole twelve
hours through.

But, in order to be rated in the "Deep hole
class of men,"
You must learn to follow out the rules
below.
When you once have mastered these,
You're assured a life of ease;
Or, at least, my driller friends have told
me so.

You must learn to "eat" tobacco of the
kind that's known as scrap,
This is one of the essentials, it is said.
If it seems to make you sick,
Then the way to "turn the trick,"
Is to practice with alfalfa hay instead.

When a scout drops in to ask you for your
total depth that day,
Look him over with a "hard-boiled"
kind of stare.
If there are no cigars in sight,
Give him "dope" that isn't right;
(The best of drillers do this every-
where.)

If you've been in shale your "tower" and
have only made five feet,
You mustn't let that worry you a bit.
When you're marking down your
time,
Say the bit was in "hard lime";
(That's how good drillers all account
for it.)

Some operators still demand a record of
their wells.
I'll tell you how to satisfy them now.
When you finish up, you see,
Write a "log" from memory;
(They say all logs "run different" any-
how.)

If you're bothered much with visitors who
set around the rig,
And pester you with questions night
and day,
Dump the bailer on the floor,
They won't bother any more;
(It "dampens their ambition," drillers
say.)

The last and least important is, you must
know how to drill.
(Some contractors demand it of their
men.)
But if you've learned the other rules,
Get a job on "company tools";
You'll find the last unnecessary then.

—Exchange

Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council

EMPLOYE REPRESENTATIVES:

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Harry Traylor, Salt Creek Home Camp District

Lyle S. Garner, Salt Creek Home Camp District

Frank Dailey, Salt Creek Gas Plant

Chester Borsch, Secretary

MANAGEMENT REPRESENTATIVES:

Jake Hale, Salt Creek
H. A. Chandler, Salt Creek
A. C. Andrews, Salt Creek
A. G. Fidel, Casper

Midwest Employes' Benefit Association

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T. N. Shaw, Secretary

Good Timber

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

The tree that never had to fight,
That stood out in the open plain,
For sun and sky and air and light,
And always got its share of rain,
Never became a forest king,
But lived and died a scrubby thing.
The man who never had to toil,
Who never had to win his share
Of sun and sky and light and air
Never became a forest king,
But lived and died as he began.
Good timber does not grow in ease;
The stronger wind the tougher trees,
The farther sky the greater length,
The more the storm the more the strength;
By sun and cold, by rain and snow,
In tree or man good timber grows—
Where thickest stands the forest growth
We find the patriarchs of both,
And they hold converse with the stars
Whose broken branches show the scars
Of many winds and much of strife—
This is the common law of life.

—*The Yale Panel*

The MIDWEST REVIEW

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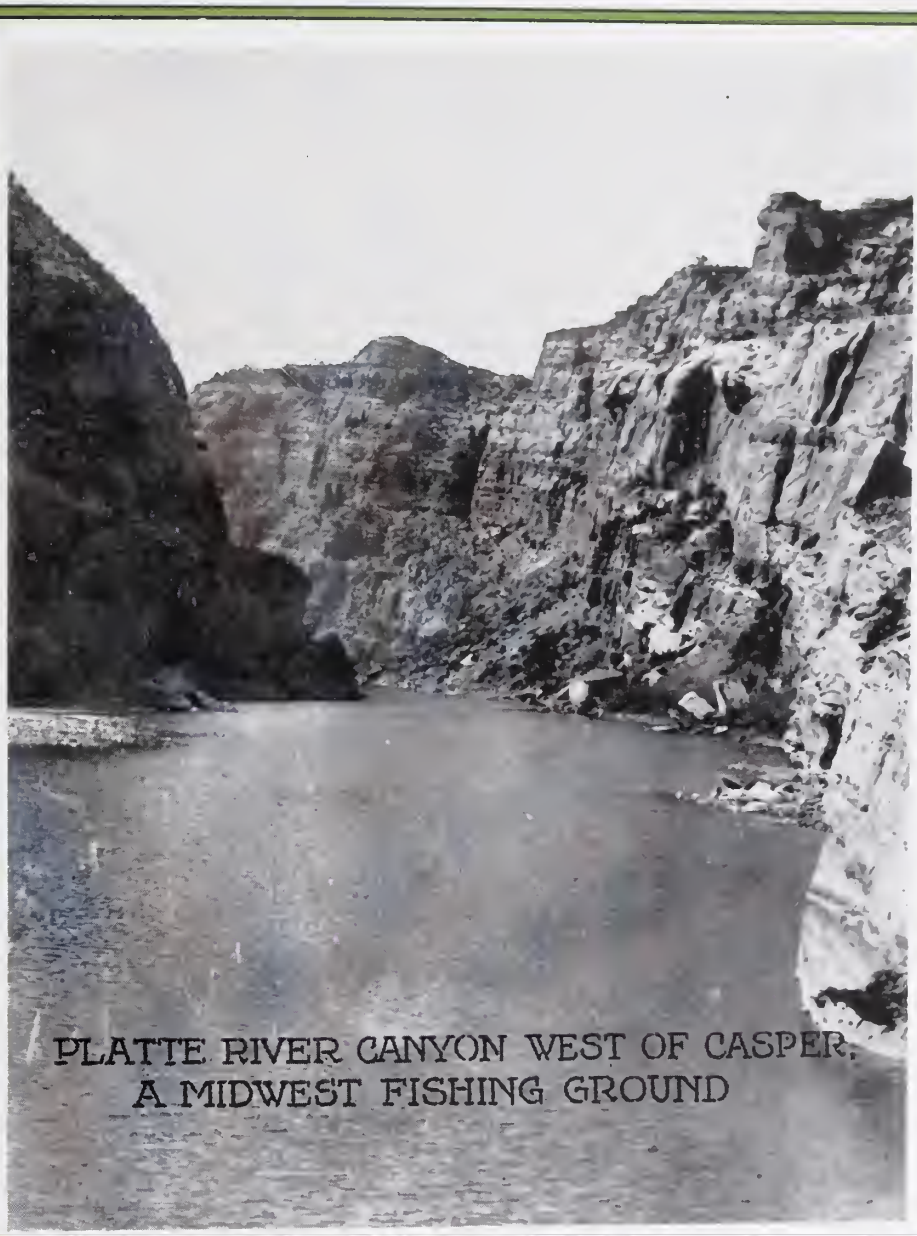

PLATTE RIVER CANYON WEST OF CASPER,
A MIDWEST FISHING GROUND

Published for
The Midwest Family
by THE MIDWEST REFINING CO.

The Geologist

Who is it breaks the farmer's fences?
The Geologist
Who gets "bawled out" for high expenses?
The Geologist
Who spills big words devoid of thought,
But whose opinion first is sought,
Before the acreage is bought?
The Geologist

Who rushes all the "village queens?"
The Geologist
Who lunches daily on canned beans?
The Geologist
Who works ten sections in a "block,"
And maps out every ledge of rock
In just one hour by the clock?
The Geologist

Who puts the "wrinkles" on the map?
The Geologist
Who, over theories, likes to "scrap?"
The Geologist
Who works from early morn, they say,
Till others all have "hit the hay,"
To earn his three square meals a day?
The Geologist

Who is it wears ex-army clothes?
The Geologist
Who has a scarlet, sun-burned nose?
The Geologist
Who gets the credit when they're "dry,"
And if they flow proclaims "'twas I
Who placed this gusher structurally high?"
The Geologist

—Exchange.

The Midwest Review

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How many people, even the workers in the oil fields, themselves, stop to give a thought to what comes out of the ground when an oil well is brought in?

Crude oil? Yes, barrels of it. It flows out of the well, into the storage tanks, thence into the pipelines, and so far as the majority of men in the production fields are concerned, or give the matter a thought, that is the end of it. They have done their duty.

They do not stop to think that out of each barrel of crude, comes the gasoline to make their cars run; comes the oil to grease the bearings and the transmission; comes anaesthetics to ease their pain when parting with their appendix; comes the fuel to run the tractor down on the old farm; comes the oil to grease the farm machinery; comes the paraffine to preserve their fruits; comes the fuel which sends their ships to war or carries their country's products across the ocean; comes the coke which is used for domestic and manufacturing fuel, or for labratory purposes.

Crude oil used to be used in its crude state for many purposes. That use is now decreasing, and it is continually being broken up into refined products of greater value.

The high gravity ethereal products are made into local anaesthetics. The gasolines are used almost the world over for fuel for internal combustion engines. The napthas which come off next are used to blend with casinghead gasoline and also for use as solvents. Kerosene is still used for illuminating purposes in a great many places, and is coming into use more every year for running farm tractors. Lubricating oils and greases are prepared for use on all kinds of machinery and automobiles and trucks. Paraffine wax is extracted for use as preservatives, in the making of explosives, for surgical dressings and many other things. Fuel oils come off as a byproduct of the refining process and are in great demand for fuel by industrial plants, for running railroad trains, ocean vessels and even for domestic fuel. And finally, petroleum coke is used as fuel for domestic and industrial heating and power plants, and for use in metallurgy, as well as for making battery carbons and arc-light pencils.

Just another line or two sermon about that life insurance matter. We have paid two policies within the last six weeks, one for one thousand dollars and another for two thousand. It pays. It protects. It is yours for the asking, if you haven't as yet made out an application. Do it now.

We should like to offer a word of commendation for one little out-of-the-ordinary stunt which has been pulled off by a member of the Midwest Family. Most of the Midwest production and other field camps, are well kept, cleanly places, considering all the handicaps under which the supenintendents have to work. But it remained for I. L. Stewart, chief engineer for the Pipeline Department, in charge of Teapot Station, to add an aesthetic touch to his camp. And these growing spring days make us think of it. Last year Mr. Stewart hauled in from Powder River, about fifty nice young cottonwood trees, and has set them out on the principal street of his neat little camp. A couple of buckets of water a day set them to growing nicely, and he now has a nice stand of handsome young trees growing on his boulevard. It is such little touches as these which help out a camp.

Importance of Foremen in Success of Industrial Relations Plan and Maintaining Loyalty Among Employes

By R. S. Ellison

The following article appearing in the March issue of the "Stanolind Record," which is published for the employes by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), emphasizes two most important matters which should never be lost sight of in the building up and maintenance of any worthwhile large organization.

One of the recognized defects in all large concerns is the inability to secure frequent personal contact between the officers and the rank and file. Through the Industrial Relations plan it is hoped and intended that this can and shall be remedied in large degree. No plan, however, can be expected or made to work unless it is actually executed by men with sufficient understanding and sympathy to carry it out.

Naturally the large majority of the employes of any big company, going about their daily tasks, come into direct and frequent contact only with their foremen or the immediate "boss" of their particular unit or department. If any such "boss" is not competent, impartial and fair, the organization is bound to suffer, for the men under him cannot well be blamed for becoming discontented and losing interest in their work and the affairs of the company.

I think most of us are built along the same lines and react more or less according to the treatment we receive. By this I mean that a "boss" who is lazy or a shirker cannot expect to receive a fair day's work from many of his men; nor can he hold their confidence and loyalty if he is not not on the square at all times in his relations and dealings with them. On the other hand, if he plays no favorites, insists on his work being done, knows his work and does it, he cannot help in return receiving the loyal and efficient support of the men he is directing.

I sincerely trust that each one in our organization who is charged with directing the labor and activities of others will read and keep in mind the straightforward and inspiring portions of the address contained in the above mentioned article.

The article by Colonel Stewart was delivered at a meeting of the foremen of the Whiting, Indiana, plant of the Standard, and in part is as follows:

"I am speaking in this way to you because I know I am talking to those men who, among all our employes, might be most disposed to resent the Industrial Relations Plan; because I know that on its face it does appear to circumscribe the powers of the foremen.

"But I want to say to those few among you who have not seen the light, that if you are actuated by that desire which should be present in the heart of every man, to do the utmost for the welfare of your fellow men, and especially for the welfare of those under you; if you have within you a consciousness of loyalty to this company which has shown its faith in you by advancing you to that position of trust and responsibility which is the foreman's, and if you will then study this matter honestly, you cannot fail to see that the Industrial Relations Plan, which is the foundation of real democracy in industry, must, if properly developed, better the condition of the rank and file of our employes—who are loyal employes—strengthen the position of the company, and react to your own advantage in direct proportion to the support you give it, to the amount of use you make of it.

"What a small thing is the sacrifice of a little authority to the attaining of such great ends!—especially when that sacrifice is more imaginary than real. For you understand as well as I that authority improperly or unfairly exercised is not real authority, but autocratic oppression, and common decency and humanity dictate that it must be taken away from the man who thus misuses it. And so the Industrial Relations Plan, in so far as it

appears to affect your prerogatives, merely acts as a check upon the possible misuse of your powers, and in no way diminishes your real authority; for when you exercise that authority in fairness, in justice and in equity, you must and will be upheld by the local and supreme management of this company.

"Looking at it in that light I know you must agree with me that only that foreman who wishes to use his authority as a medium of oppression, of bullying, or showing favoritism—that canker sore of industry—has any real reason for objecting to the Industrial Relations Plan. And the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) does not want that kind of foreman. But that foreman who neither bullies, nor oppresses, nor practices favoritism instead of resenting the Industrial Relations Plan will welcome it as a court where, should the occasion arise, he can prove not only to the satisfaction of the company, but of those men whose confidence he must have, his subordinates, that in all his dealings he is actuated by honesty, fairness, justice and equity. And that is the kind of foreman this company wants and means to have."

"This Board of Directors has developed the theory that the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) should be a real democracy, and when I say 'democracy' I use that much abused word, in whose name so many crimes have been committed, in its best sense: I mean a democracy in which every man has his part to play in the scheme of things; a democracy where he is assured of equitable and square treatment; where, if he has tied up his destiny with this company he cannot be forced out by the whim or caprice of any man, but, on the contrary, will be accorded always such treatment as must appeal to his sense of justice.

"What have we done to establish this democracy? We have introduced the Industrial Relations Plan, which gives to every employe in the refineries, no matter what his position, an opportunity of airing his grievances in an industrial court where he may plead his cause without prejudice to his position, and where he is assured of a settlement reflecting justice and equity.

The position of foreman is one both of great responsibility and of great promise. Colonel Stewart said:

"It is true that among all those executives and sub-executives in industry who may be grouped under the generic name of the 'guiding class,' the foreman is the nearest to the men, and on his treatment of them will depend to a large extent the attitude of loyalty or disloyalty, of co-operation or non-cooperation, adopted towards the company by the rank and file. But I want you foremen to feel that you are not merely 'next to the men,' but that you are just as surely next to the top. There is not a position on the board of directors which is not open to you, and there are besides dozens of other executive positions which you may, and which undoubtedly many of you will, some day fill; and towards which, by pushing up from the rank and file to the place of foreman, you have already taken the most significant step.

"Do not be discouraged if promotion and more money do not come all at once; no one in the higher executive positions of this company got there in a day, or in a year, or in five years. Rather keep ever before you the beacon light of faith in the destiny of this company, with which your own destinies and the destinies of all of us are so involved. I am doing it; the other members of the board are doing it; the members of your local management are doing it. And remember always that we need the help, advice and best efforts of all of you men of the guiding class in conducting the company's affairs. This very week there is to be a meeting in my office where will be decided a most momentous question regarding the marketing policy of this company. The board of directors will not pass on this alone. There will be present more than twenty-five men, members of the guiding class in the sales department, whose advice and experience will be consulted. It is not always those who wear the brass collar who have the best ideas, and the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) delights to come to you for help and advice in the conduct of its business."

It isn't the man who gets up early; it's the man who is awake after he gets up.

Progress at the Salt Creek Gas Plant

By W. R. Finney

The Review editor has been so persistent in his appeals for an article on what is going on at our plant that I will do my best to please him.

Progress means effort on somebody's part, especially in Wyoming during such a winter as we are slowly leaving behind. We of the Casper Office who are connected with the Gas Department have been very busy over the past several months, golf days and opening of the fishing season included. Our work has been making estimates and blue prints, and ordering material for our large program of extension at Salt Creek. We have had the hearty cooperation and have secured excellent service from Mr. Hudson's purchasing department and Mr. Dunbar's transportation crew. Jacques, of the Central Machine Shop, and Paden, of the Carpenter Shop, have both helped us out several times on rush items, and we can not omit Davis of the Repair Garage, as all Gas Plant drivers seem to be in such a hurry that repairs are needed often.

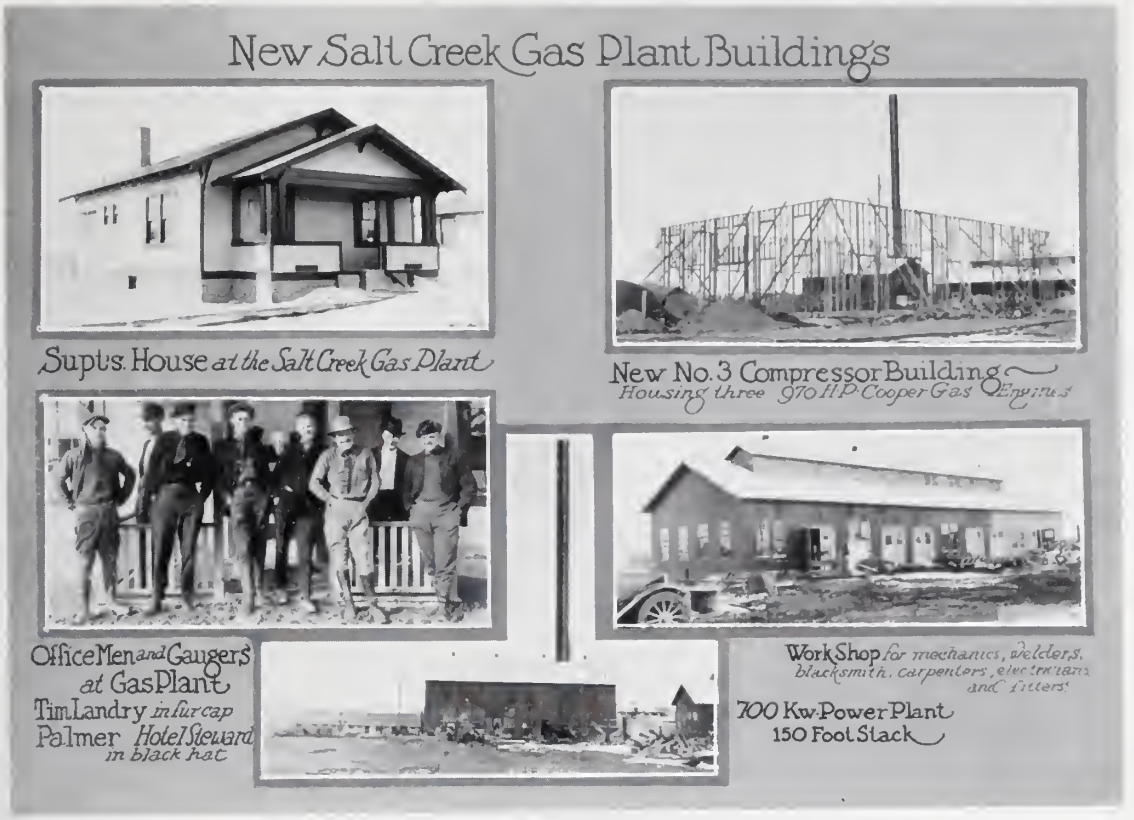
However, our work here in Casper has been carried on in a modern office building, which is partly heated and lighted (apologies to Mr. Gratiot), where during really bad days we can sit comfortably near a radiator and talk of fishing days to come. I know conditions both at Salt Creek and in Casper, and I really believe all the progress we have made during the past winter should be credited to the boys at the Gas Plant. They have worked in zero weather, wind and snow, and are now wading around in the mud and rain. I believe it due these fellows that we outline their part in this work, as it has been through their loyalty and energy that our progress has been attainable.

A. C. Andrews, our Superintendent, is now quite an old timer in the Gas Department, having put in five years. He has entire charge of all operation as well as directing the construction of all new work. "Judge" has recently lost some fifty pounds of his excess fat, and is now a strikingly handsome, slender young man. He claims that it is due to a strict diet, but I believe keeping busy has something to do with it, as I have noticed that fatness often accompanies laziness. Anyway, our production is good and the Refinery people are giving us an OK on the gravity, color and sweetness of our product delivered in Casper.

Under Andrews in the operating work, we have E. S. Murray, who was one of the first boys to start with Peake in the early days. He has served time both at Casper and Elk Basin, and now has charge of eight booster stations, with three more building. These, with many miles of gas lines and a hundred or so gas traps, are enough to keep anyone moving.

Ed Curtis has charge of the No. 1 and No. 2 Plants, the Gasoline Pumping Station and the new Power House. We consider him now a steady hand, as he has put in over three years. He is always on the job, and is ably supported by a loyal bunch of operators.

The New Boarding House at Salt Creek Gas Plant, and Girls Who Take Care of Dining Room.


New Salt Creek Gas Plant Buildings
Supts. House at the Salt Creek Gas Plant
New No. 3 Compressor Building
Housing three 970 H.P. Cooper Gas Engines
Office Men and Gaugers at Gas Plant
Tim Landry in fur cap
Palmer Hotel Steward in black hat
Work Shop for mechanics, welders, blacksmith, carpenters, electricians and fitters
700 Kw Power Plant
150 Foot Stack

Tim Landry, who several years ago impressed me as one of the hardest workers on a pick that I had ever known, has gradually worked up to Head Stillman. After a year or so of going around and around with our two old stills, he has them sufficiently tamed to deliver almost any specification of naptha we may call for.

Next comes Al Bulson, our Electrician, who keeps the plant in light and power. He has been around enough to realize the troubles we are up against, and takes things as they come, always cheerfully. On the new power plant work, he was fortunate in securing the services of Tucker, whom we consider the best switch board man in the Northwest.

We also have Palmer, who runs the Boarding House and manages to put in twelve or sixteen hours a day. He showed rare judgment in securing Pete Flury, as chef, and in keeping Miller, the baker. Both these men are in a class to themselves. We really do not blame the other boarding house people for wishing to secure the services of these two men.

Knudsen and Hayden divide honors as to the office and warehouse. Buddrus deserves credit as a special testing engineer. He takes care of our out of town jobs and regulates our gas meters so as to pass the most rigid Government inspection.

We also have a very reliable and conscientious worker in Mr. Neithamer, who runs our Club House. Differing from the practice in most oil fields, none of our employes or outsiders operate any business or concession in our camp for their personal gain. We believe that the money made from the sale of bakery goods, the pool tables, barber shop and cigar store should be turned back in to better food and improved service. As we accumulate a reserve from the earnings of the Club House, we are really investing it in athletic equipment and grounds. We have lately put in a new maple floor in the dance hall, are going to surface the tennis court, and look forward to a company operated moving picture house. Looking back over our crew who have been with us not months, but some two to five years, I be-

lieve this plan pays big dividends in saving labor turn-over.

Before branching out on construction work, I want to call attention to H. W. Young, and his assistant, Hutchinson, who run the Research Laboratory. These two men, working incessantly over a long period of time, have developed some most interesting facts concerning the gasoline extraction game. Our organization is such that these men are free to come and go, being in no way connected to the regular operating force. This leaves them free to watch all things and show us the method of eliminating danger and increasing efficiency.

On all new construction work, we first rely on the Engineering Department to turn out complete plans and lists of material. It leaves the crew at Salt Creek in a position to work directly from drawings with material that is on the ground. We are at present doing all of our own work, and centralize all activities under our Construction Foreman, Saunders, who reports directly to the Superintendent.

"Sandy," who ranks with Andrews and Murray in point of service, is a quiet enough little fellow, until someone steps on his toes. He is a go-getter, and has the backing of a husky bunch of gang pushers.

Yost, as Head Welder, can justly claim to be the best welder in the state. Bob Hamilton is a reliable and capable machinery erector. Larson handles the yard gang which does all the earth and concrete work. He is ably assisted by Herb Hamilton. Critchfield lives up to the name of Head Carpenter, and although mild and quiet, turns out the work. Last, but not least in importance, is "Doc" Bird Wilt, who has charge of the pipe fitting crews. They tell a story about Wilt putting on a check backwards at Elk Basin several years ago, but he has never done such a thing since, and I have seen him out late at night watching some new pipe work going into service when the rest of the gang were asleep. Bagent runs the field pipe gang, and his work speaks for itself. Hoffman, who is unable to lay claim to any title, seems to be the busiest man in camp. I do not know just what he is supposed to do, but I always see him running across the yard with a transit over his shoulder.

In describing the progress on our construction, I might mention that a few days ago the crew ran the 300 cubic yard concrete foundation of one of the large Cooper engines, which is quite a day's work.

The 700 KW Power Plant is practically complete, both units having been in service. The Work Shed is in use now, and served us well during this bad weather. All of our efforts are being directed toward the No. 3 Compression Plant which houses the three 970 h.p. Cooper gas engines direct connected to gas compressor cylinders. Along with this plant are being built the gas cooling towers and water spray systems. We have already started the welding on the 4-inch line to Casper, but as experienced all winter, the weather is holding us back. We will soon start the new gasoline pumping station, and are actively engaged in building three booster stations.

To accompany this article Shaw went to the trouble to secure several very good pictures. I believe the titles will speak for themselves. I am really afraid to discuss the individual pictures, as I did this once before for the magazine, and they left out the pictures. It is possible that this time they may leave out the article.

These Midwest officials recently took a look over Salt Creek in order to plan some of the work which must be done there this year. Left to right, they are: Jim Paden, superintendent of construction; D. W. Lewis, Salt Creek superintendent; A. W. Peake, chief engineer; N. S. Wilson, general manager production; R. S. Ellison, vice president; Harry Boissart, assistant to Salt Creek superintendent.

"Shay, offisher, weresh th' corner?"

"You're standing on it."

" 'S no wonder I couldn't find it."—Cotton-yarns.

They Feed the Animals

The Salt Creek Boarding House girls in poses. In the picture lined up by the building-side, they are, left to right: Ethel Parker, Anna Castleton, Harriett Menke, Bernice Lamb, Ruby N. Crompton, Lydia Pehlke, Florence Lamb, Ethel M. Ryan, Alice B. Ryan, Gladys Johnson, Irene Bergo, June Gabbert, Docia King, Ellen V. Keefe, Josephine Evanson, Laura A. Bailey (cashier).

We will not start in by saying to the Midwest Family: "Folks, meet the Waitresses at Salt Creek." But we will say to the Midwest Family or to anyone else, that mealtime at the big Salt Creek Boarding House is a joyous occasion and the girls shown in the accompanying pictures are far from being the least factor in bringing about that happy equilibrium and spontaneity so necessary for real enjoyment of food.

With an ease, smoothness, speed that amounts to artistry these girls vouch for the appearance of eats and five hundred hungry men see to its disappearance with a dispatch not artistic, but like magic.

From the four corners, these girls come, answering a call to real service, second to none. Three of the young ladies are New Englanders, with the culture and refinement of America's tradition-city, Boston, behind them. These same three young ladies were enrolled in the World War as yeomeneffs. Theirs would be an interesting story. Two of the young ladies claim the Lone Star State as their birthright and one charming, blue-eyed, light-haired young lady comes from the sunny Rhineland country, home of the Lorelei and of Goethe. Two or three are from the "Show Me" state of Missouri, and still others hail from the sunny West Coast country, from Colorado and Montana. One of the young ladies is a real Wyoming pride and merits the distinction of being a "Native Son." The chain of circumstances finally landing them at Salt Creek would be interesting, but suffice it for us that they are here and we are the undeserving winners by their presence.

They live during their "off" hours at the Girls' Club House, a roomy, pleasant building, chaperoned and mothered by Mrs. Cain, to whom goes the credit for keeping a wholesome, homelike atmosphere surrounding them. They answer the call for "Heads Up" at 5 a. m., and have breakfast all ready for the sleepy, yawning crew that drop in from 6 to 7 a. m. They finish with breakfast at about 8 and then have three hours before answering first call for dinner at eleven.

From 1:30, when they finish the noon-day go round, they have until four, when it is on again for supper, and the last dishes and the last crumbs are dashed off, tables prepared for the following morning by 7 p. m., or shortly after. It is a busy continual rush for these girls, but they are willing and maintain their sweet temper and a smile through it all.

Efficiency in Buying

"How much was dose collars?"
"Two for a quarter."
"How much for vun?"
"Fifteen cents."
"Giff me de odder vun."

Midwest Anglers Open the Season

By One of Them

"Sun up" Saturday morning, April first, saw many a Midwest employe's car pointing its nose in the direction of some fishing ground, and before the day was over the followers of Isaac Walton were "swishing" the bamboo and steel through the air trying to outwit Mr. Rainbow and coax him out to mortal combat.

From ten miles this side of the Pathfinder Dam and on up into the Sweetwater country could be seen the anglers in boots and with baskets on their backs, some with empty hands and some with fins protruding from the cracks of the baskets.

A few of the more ethical sports like Colonel Sinclair, who think it is a disgrace to catch a trout on anything but a "fly," remained at home calmly waiting the month of June when the Rainbow begins to "jump for 'em."

The best catch of which we have been able to learn was made by Al Peake, our Chief Engineer; Thos. Cooke, Gen'l Manager Rocky Mountain Division, Standard Oil Company (Indiana), and our genial landlord, Jim Gratiot. They were caught "somewhere in Wyoming." If you can get any more definite location than that, you can do better than we could. The pictures in this issue speak for themselves. Some of us are going to trail them the next time they start out.

J. H. Mudgett of the Purchasing Department, Guy Warren of the Building Department, and R. H. Kirby, Salesman for the Mine & Smelter Supply Company, started out in Mudgett's sea-going flivver bright headed for Pathfinder Dam. Long before the sun had reached the zenith their lines were dangling from the cable bridge across the Platte at that point. The degree of their success as fishermen is shown in the accompanying illustrations.

J. A. Gaiser and Phil Korn of the Accounting Department, were in the same party, following in Gaiser's car. Korn not having fished for trout in this part of the country before, and having heard that they were particularly wild and ferocious, proposed to take no chances and so armed himself with a huge 45 six-gun. After he had landed a couple of exceedingly vicious ones that put up such a fight they overpowered him and got away, Korn made up his mind that it would not happen again, so the next one he landed he drew his trusty six-gun and boldly executed the brute before he had a chance to give battle.

Say! Did you ever see Jay Mudgett refuse to walk under a ladder or go around the block to prevent a black cat from crossing his path? No? Well neither have we. We never dreamed that he was superstitious until he went on this fishing trip. A short distance out of Casper, Mudge saw a horseshoe by the side of the road. He stopped his car, got out and tied it carefully to his radiator cap. From there on his enthusiasm and confidence knew no bounds. When he arrived at the water's edge prepared to make a cast, he glanced down and there beheld a rabbit's foot. He fastened it securely to his fishing rod, then turned to the other boys, saying, "Boys, there's just one thing that is worrying me now and that is, how are we going to get these fish home?" Well! you see Mudge in the picture. If he had not borrowed some fish from one of the other boys he might just as well have operated the kodak himself. His only alibi was that he loaned Guy Warren his flannel shirt, and so was not properly attired for fishing.

The largest party, in point of number, that started out from the Midwest office was composed of J. A. Carroll, Auditor; J. C. Catterall, Refinery Office Manager; H. F. Comfort and Clyde Gibson of Refinery Warehouse; Dan Bears, Engineering Department; Theo Huegli, Field Accounting Department; Ed. Warren, Purchasing Agent, Western States; Ernest Bruce, Bruce Brothers Grocery; T. N. Shaw, Department of Industrial Relations.

The destination was the Alcova Basin and they arrived without mishap.

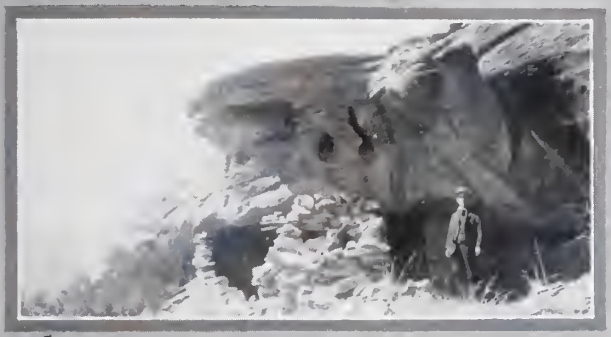
It is needless to say that those of the party who met with success as fishermen found an opportunity somehow to pose for the camera. Those of the party who do not appear in the illustrations herewith, boast

Midwesterners at Casper
· Go-A-Fishing ·

Audit to J. A. Carroll
and his catch

Part of the Fishing Ground on
The Platte River ·

J. Catterall
Office Mgr. of the
Standard Refinery
and his prizes~



Cave where some of the fishermen spent the night

Fishermen and Scenery

Al Peake and Jim Gratiot and their catch

Al Peake and T. S. Cooke and their catch

A party and its Spoils ·
Left to right Mudgett · Korn ·
Warren · Gaiser ·

loudly of the large trout that were caught, but when asked "who caught them" quickly change the subject and commence telling about the "wonderful time," "beautiful scenery," etc.

This fish story would not be complete if there was no mention of the "big un that got away", and it remained for Jim Carroll to spring it. When we kidded him he said, "by gosh I can prove it" and went over to one of the other camps, bringing back a witness who testified to the truthfulness of Jim's statement of its length and probable weight. A close observer would have noticed, however, that the witness was smoking a fresh cigar, also that the brand was exactly the same as a half dozen others in Jim's shirt pocket.

The musical faction of the party was then inspired to render the following ditty. Try it over on your piano to the tune of "That Little old Red Shawl My Mother Wore."

Oh! That great big string of trout
That string of Rainbow trout
That great big string of fish
Jim Carroll had
But the fish that got away
Was the biggest seen that day
That great big string of trout
Jim Carroll had.

Saved the Ink

It was in a country store in Arkansas. A one-gallus customer drifted in.

"Gimme a nickel's worth of asafetida."

The clerk poured some asafetida in a paper bag and pushed it across the counter.

"Charge it," drawled the customer.

"What's your name?" asked the clerk.

"Honeyfunkel."

"Take it," said the clerk. "I would not write asafetida and Honeyfunkel for five cents."

C. A. Peterson, who was recently transferred from the Casper office to the Denver office, was tendered a complimentary dinner by a number of his friends before he left Casper. It was a very delightful affair. The above picture shows the party at the table. They are, starting from the right with Peterson: Mr. R. Z. Wagner, Miss Nellie O. Bartholomew, Miss Mabel S. Carlson, Mrs. Bartholomew (standing between Miss Nellie O. and Miss Mabel S.), Mr. C. H. (Chuck) Wells, Miss Florence P. Kocke, Mrs. Payne (she wouldn't give us her first name), Mr. Leland (Browny) Thorn, Mr. L. I. Rowe, Jack Corbridge, Mr. Louden X. Dixon, Miss Loriena K. Fastbender, Mr. Wilberta V. Hobbs, Mr. Audrie Uno Merritt. The photographer called Mr. Wells' attention to the fact that he had his arms out of place and as a result just notice the picture closely; the photographer called attention to the fact that Mr. Dixon was going to be hard to find.

More Salt Creek Paved Road

From present indications, the present seven miles of concrete Salt Creek Highway out of Casper, will be extended by from twelve to fifteen miles more the coming summer, if plans made by the State Highway Commission go through. The new road may be of asphaltum instead of concrete, however. The work is to be undertaken under the direction of the State Highway Commission, through cooperation of the Federal Good Roads Bureau with the Midwest Refining Company.

The specifications submitted by the State Highway Commission to the Federal Bureau, contain figures for both asphaltic concrete and the Penetration method, and either of these methods is strongly advocated in preference to concrete.

The asphalt type of good roads is the burden of the gospel that is being preached these days by Herbert E. Dailey, E. G. Sinclair and H. B. Carpenter of the Midwest Family. They are particularly interested in the penetration method of building roads, wherein the crushed rock foundation is bound together by an application of hot asphalt, and an asphalt surface is then applied. This method is used

Old Gravel and Stone Roadway with a Two and a Half-Inch Asphalt Macadam Top, Over Six Years Old, Forest Park, St. Louis.

with great satisfaction in many parts of the country. In New York state for instance, there are over 3300 miles of completed highway, of the penetration method. This pavement is also used very largely in Rhode Island and Massachusetts.

"The so called 'black base' pavements have been remarkably successful in California," states a letter from the Asphalt Association to a member of the Wyoming Highway Commission. "some of them showing a record of over twenty years of heavy service and no repairs."

Colorado is planning to use a lot of asphalt the coming year, and the authorities there are making many inquiries as to securing the supply in Wyoming. Should Wyoming begin to produce asphalt, this would create another market close to home.

Asphalt paving led all other types in the

Asphalt Macadam Driveway in Forest Park, St. Louis, Over Six Years Old.

United States last year, with 68,000,000 square yards used on city streets and country highways. California increased her use of asphalt in 1921 over 1920 by 1800 per cent. This state has been largely using concrete highways.

The Midwest and Standard companies have been receiving lots of inquiries regarding road oil for use on certain highways within the state of Wyoming, also.

The accompanying pictures show some beautiful park highways in St. Louis where asphalt was used.

Nice Scenery Picture

On the front cover of this issue of the Review, is a snapshot of the Platte River Canyon, thirty-eight miles west of Casper. It was at this particular point that a large number of Midwest anglers from Casper opened the fishing season April 1. This picture was taken by Theodore Huegli, of the Casper office accounting department.

Had to Work

When asked if any of his gang had been fishing, Finney of the Gas Department, replied: "Gosh, No! Tell 'em we have to *work* for a living."

Salt Creek Commissary Fire

Tar spilled from a bucket onto an open fire during a repair job on the basement ice box in the Midwest Commissary building at Salt Creek April 2, caused a fire which damaged the building considerably and almost completely ruined the stock of meats, groceries and general merchandise which forms the main supply for the Midwest Family at the big oil camp. It was only by reason of the splendid work of Fire Chief Walton and his men that the entire building and stock were not destroyed completely. As it was the loss ran up into several thousand dollars. The fire lasted about an hour.

At 8 o'clock the morning after the fire, the Commissary was again ready for business, this time in the old Commissary quarters in the rear of the Postoffice, Manager Lucas and his assistants having labored all night in moving the merchandise uninjured into these emergency quarters. Repair work is going on at the damaged building and will soon be reoccupied.

Commissary Building Shortly After Fire Started.

The origin of the fire was altogether due to accident. Repair work was being done on the Commissary ice box and it was necessary to keep a bucket of melted tar hot for effective application. One of the men carried in a fresh bucket and in pouring it into the pail already on the fire the blaze ran up the side of the pail and burned his hand and arm badly, causing him to spill the tar into the open fire. The man's clothing caught fire and he ran out of the building shouting, and the alarm was given.

The flames shot in every direction and within a minute or so the whole rear of the building was on fire. Three minutes after the whistle blew the chemical wagon was on the ground and in use, and four minutes after the whistle a hose line was in use and water playing on the flames. Two additional hose lines were added and the battle in earnest was on. The volume of smoke was tremendous and the main difficulty was in locating the spread of the flames so as to combat them.

Most of the people of Salt Creek and near by were on the scene of action and a large number of Midwest men were pressed into service and did splendid work. To Fire Chief Walton however should go the credit for successfully combating the fire, keeping the flames from spreading to the front of the building and saving the Commissary from complete destruction. Splendid work was done by George Smith and Ivan Brush who acted as the Chief's main assistants.

Practically all of the Commissary stock on the main sales floor was destroyed or badly damaged by the smoke and water as well as the flames. The store equipment was badly damaged but the building itself although burned at the rear end and seared throughout will not take a great deal of repair work to be put back in shape. The bulk of the Commissary stock in the basement and in the warehouses joining the building on the rear was untouched.

The fire was out in less than an hour and the building was immediately boarded up and made safe and work progressed rapidly in preparing the old Commissary quarters at the rear of the Post Office building for occupation.

Russell Good Ball Promoter

In announcing the decision of the Company officials to discontinue support of the Denver Ball Team during the 1922 season, it is needless to say that Al Russell, who has successfully piloted this office team through five seasons, should be very highly complimented for his good and persevering work with the baseball squad, and also for his expressed willingness to try to build up and manage a team this year if it should have been decided to maintain one. Al's work is appreciated.

Two Big Pieces of Steel

By the time you read this, you will either be telling, or listening to others tell: "It was that long——." or it was "—— pounds; why, the smallest weighed one pound."

Well, we have a story to tell and it

Loading the Big Steel.

ain't no fish story, either. The other day our catch came up the banks of Platte River, and it took two gondolas, or open cars to fetch it to the yards. After it was parked and duly examined it was found to be a ten-ton crane.

It came in several pieces, two of which were sixty-seven feet nine inches long. It was the longest piece of steel ever seen in these parts. The pictures that accompany this article give an idea of their enormous length.

These long pieces are fifteen inch "I" beams, topped by ten inch channels and a two and a half inch tee rail. They are the rails for the crane. These two pieces were

A Good View of the Long Steel Rail.

loaded on F. W. D.'s, a piece to a load, and weighed 19,000 pounds apiece. The trucks left Casper at 6: 00 a. m. and arrived at Salt Creek Gas Plant at 11: 00 a. m.

The crane was for the addition to the Salt Creek Gas Plant station.

Specialists

We are getting more and more proficient every day. We have handled livestock of every description. Horses, dogs, chickens (feathered kind), canary birds, ferrets, pigs and cats.

We have hauled material and machinery of every form, size and description: base for Diesel type engine at Teapot: stills, bases and compressors, extra long steel, etc., for gas plant: portable houses for field use, and general field material.

All this is as naught compared to our latest. When it comes to experts, "we has 'em" that's all. Our latest is, horticulture. Our "specialist" is none other than the

"Monty" at Work.

world-renowned J. W. Monoghan, commonly known as "Monty." He knows, even to the smallest grain, how much fertilizer is needed per blade of grass. (Look at the accompanying picture for detail.)

He is not at all lazy: we have a picture to prove it and same is herewith shown, contrary to all other statements. Under his personal supervision is the truck loaded with that life-giving substance and hauled to the place where same will do the most good. There it is spread with the greatest care that the greatest good will be derived therefrom.

The aftermath is a velvet carpet of green that surpasses oriental, occidental, mohair, Brussels or Axminster rugs.

Midwest Test Well

A brief history of the Midway Test Well herein contained shows that it is a hard nut to crack and we doubt if the structure would ever be developed only for the persistent policy of the Midwest people who will not say quit until a complete test is made.

The information given is supplied by Howard E. Shidler, tool dresser, who did a great deal of work on Test Well No. 1, and who is still on the job with his "stilson wrench."

The first load of material for drilling this field was landed in July 1919, and on December 30th, same year, actual drilling started on Midway Test Well No. 1, by Smith & Veneman, contractors whose reputation as drillers was among the best. However, after struggling along for fifteen months Test Well No. 1, was abandoned at a depth of 2740 feet on account of the hole being too small to go further and reach the great depth it is necessary to go to reach the Wall Creek sands in this field. It was then decided to skid the rig about 50 feet east, this being done and on March 13th, 1921, Test Well No. 2 was spudded in by the same contractors who succeeded in getting the hole down about 1500 feet by May 5th, when they threw up their contract feeling that they were unable to finish it.

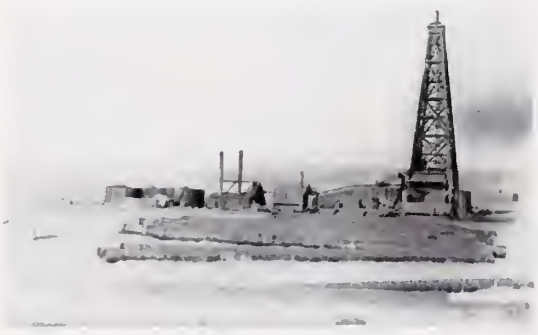
Drilling on Test Well No. 2 was then taken over by the Company on June 20th, under the guidance of N. S. Wilson, with J. O. Dart and R. M. Fox, drillers, at the throttle. On account of the great precaution taken to carry such long strings of casing and the great volume of water to contend with, work has naturally been slow. When a depth of 2587 feet was reached it was decided to set the 10-in. casing, and after running 100 sacks of cement

Midway Test Well Crew. Left to Right—McClure, Dart, Rummell, Fox and Shideler.

it was discovered there was a hole in the casing letting all the cement come back on the inside. A casing tester was used to locate the hole in the pipe which was found at a depth of 1025 feet. The casing was then cut off below the hole and pulled out and it was found to be a defective joint (split in the weld). Another joint being supplied the casing was again run back and screwed on with a die collar.

At present date we are drilling out the said cement in the bottom preparing to start the 8-in. casing which we hope to land at 3,500 feet.

Aside from a million or so of other small troubles we are alright.



Midway Test Well No. 2.

Salt Creek Band Program

The Midwest Salt Creek Band gave a second musical and vaudeville program on the night of April 7. The band has improved tremendously both with practice and with the addition of several new members. The uniforms have been ordered and are on the way. It was to finish paying for these that this program was given.

With the addition of uniforms and a little more practice this organization will be a big asset to the Salt Creek Community and will play an important part in most doings of importance along patriotic and community lines.

"Every man is the architect of his own fortune," but how many try to build a cupola before they do the foundation.

Salt Creek's Firemen

The Fire Department at Salt Creek now consists of a new specially built Clydesdale Fire Truck with a one hundred and sixty gallon Foamite tank, five hundred feet of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch water hose, ladders, axes and other necessary equipment mounted on it. One gallon of foamite will make seven gallons of foam and this is of especial value in fighting an oil fire. The water hose is used on all building fires, by being attached to the hydrants located about the main camp.

A Gamewell fire alarm system has been installed at Home Camp, the Gas Plant, and No. 1 Station. By the location of fire boxes a fire can be spotted when the nearest alarm is sounded.

A fire station has also been built at Home camp and is being eqnipped with hose racks, chemical supplies and other essentials. This fire station is also built to house the men of the department used to drive the fire truck, thus making at least one driver available at all times.

Salt Creek Fire Auto and Its Efficient Crew.

Fire Chief Walton, before his association with the Midwest Family, was well known in fire fighting circles in Colorado. He was one of the originators of the Colorado Firemen's Association and was for years connected with the fire department in Colorado Springs.

Fire Chief Walton.

Deep Test Well Dance

The deep test well dance was staged at Glenrock in the Commerce hall, April 1, by some of the Midwest boys. A large crowd attended and every one seemed to have a good time.

A truckload of sandwiches was prepared at the home of Mrs. Tom Gifford, by Mrs. Gifford, Mrs. R. T. Daubenspeck, Mrs. C. S. Porter and Mrs. Heck McArthur. Several women in the field took cakes and coffee was served with the lunch.

Everyone seemed to enjoy the lunch as well as the good music and the dance. The proceeds of the dance were given to the Midwest ball team, which was greatly appreciated. Let's hope that we can soon have another big time, as everyone enjoyed this one so much.

Portis' Daughter Home Again

The charming little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Portis of Salt Creek, is back home again after spending a number of days in the hospital in Casper, having undergone an operation for appendicitis. She is much improved in health.

Read the Sign! Heed the Warning!

Do you ever pass a sign like the one above? Do you ever read it? Did it ever occur to you that it was put there for a purpose? Did you ever stop to think what the results would be if the outfit caught fire?

A few of the things that may follow in the wake of a fire are death, suffering, disfigurement, privation, and property loss.

Did it ever occur to you that *you* might be, proportionately, one of the heaviest losers? A fire here might put you out of a job for quite a while and make it very inconvenient for you, to say nothing of jeopardizing the safety of your family.

It is the easiest thing in the world to comply with the demands of this sign, as you are only told to *don't* and not to *do*.

Don't imagine for a moment that these signs are placed indiscriminately and without careful consideration of the areas which they protect. In these areas lurk real dangers and the sign stands as a faithful sentinel, warning *you* against the careless use of fire. Violation of the rules that always accompany signs of this kind is *criminal negligence*. Its continued practice is a flagrant disregard of the safety of our fellowmen; surely no member of the Midwest family wants to be held responsible for any such catastrophe.

This Sign Stands Out in Front of the Elk Basin Gas Plant Office.

Judge: "Now, I don't expect to see you here again, Rufus."

Rufus: "Not see me here again, Mr. Judge? Why yo' all ain't goin' to resign yo' job, is you, Judge?"—Exchange.

Froyd to War

Major Irwin Froyd has been called to Fort Sam Houston, Texas for a brief Training Period of Reserve Officers. Major Froyd is Midwest Geologist at Salt Creek and is subject to call. This call was a merited honor for our Major as only one officer is making the trip from each regiment in this district.

Western States Cartoonist

The Western States Oil and Land Company has developed a new cartoonist. He is Howard H. Shannon, employed as a roustabout in the Salt Creek field. "Shan" as he signs them, has good technique, good ideas and knows how to put them over. You will find some of his work in this issue, and we hope that he will submit more for future issues.

New Salt Creek School House

Salt Creek School children are now housed in their new home, which in addition to the old two room building amply provides for all children in the field.

The new building is a frame structure, constructed by the Midwest Refining Company's construction crew under the direction of J. A. Paden, for the school district board. It contains four rooms; is well lighted and well ventilated; has a basement with a hot water heating plant, has inside toilet facilities, cloak rooms and all the conveniences that go to make up a modern school building. The interior decoration is of the finest. The floors are well laid, the blackboard space is ample and the seatings and other furnishings are of the most modern. The accompanying picture shows the new building and the children occupying it.

New Salt Creek School House.

In the land of sunshine, flowers, and incidentally an orange grove, are seen Red Martin and Nevejans, now with the U. S. Bureau of Mines at Taft, California, formerly Midwest gaugers at Salt Creek. They have acquired new acquaintances since leaving here, as we do not know the young lady.

A Mighty Hunter

The accompanying picture is not that of Daniel Boone wearing his coonskin cap; nor yet that of Davy Crockett, nor of any of the old time Nimrods. It is of no other than our own Ed Davis, superintendent of the Casper Field Garage.

A Mighty Hunter.

The lumpy black objects you see underneath him, and all about him, are elk which fell before his trusty rifle last fall, over in the Jackson Hole country.

Betty Snow Ill

Miss "Betty" Snow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Snow of Salt Creek, is slowly recovering from a very critical operation and chest complications, at the Casper Private Hospital. Little Miss Snow has a host of friends in Casper and Salt Creek who join in the hope that the crisis has been passed and that her recovery will be rapid. Mr. and Mrs. Snow, well known Midwesters, at Salt Creek, have been in Casper with their daughter a large part of the time.

Don't Overlook This One

Whatever you do, do not fail to read the poem and view the sketch on the inside front cover of this issue. The verses we gleaned from an exchange; the sketch is the work of Hal Thompson, of the Casper office force of the Western States Oil and Land Company, and the gentleman who posed for the sketch, is Geologist E. G. Sinclair of the Midwest Family. Only E. G. didn't pose in the flesh. Thompson caught the likeness from a picture, and we think he did darned well.

Tom Chew's Oil Bath

Tom Chew, the pleasant contractor who is handling some work for the Western States in the Salt Creek field, took an oil bath not long ago, and it lasted for about ten days before he could get the flow shut off.

Chew brought in a dandy well, about a thousand barrels in size, on the Northwest

Quarter of 5-39-7E, and it is known as 33 A. The oil spouted for about ten days before they could get the flow enclosed, and the crew had to work in oilskins and boots, all same sailor men. The attached drawing by "Shan" gives a very fair presentation of Tom's physiognomy during the most of those ten days.

Watch Your Step!

Last month, nine Midwest employes drew benefits from the Midwest Employes Benefit Association because of accidents. These accidents and their causes were as follows:

Bruised Forearm—Employe dropped a heavy tool on the arm.

Steel in the right eye—Man was taking the knot out of a sand line.

Fractured ankle—Unloading casing when he slipped and a length of the pipe fell on his ankle.

Arm Badly Bruised—Loading pipe when a length fell on his arm.

Crushed Foot and Strained Back—Was unloading heavy timbers and his foot was caught between two of the timbers and his back was wrenched as he fell.

Left Foot Badly Burned—Stepped into a Condenser Box full of boiling water.

Sore Foot—Stepped on a rusty wire which ran deep into the foot.

Bone in Foot Broken—While sorting casing one piece fell, hitting the leg and then dropping onto the foot.

Broken Arm—Gin pole on oil rig fell and hit arm.

Just read these little incidents over, and you will see that a great majority of these accidents could have been avoided by a little extra care on the part of the employe. Goggles should be worn, care taken when handling casing or timbers, and many other precautions might be observed which would save suffering and distress, and save money both to the man and the company.

Read the bit of philosophy on the back of this issue of the Review. There is a lesson in it for everyone. It shows how much persistence and refusal to acknowledge defeat is necessary sometimes to overcome obstacles and really arrive somewhere. It contains an application for everyone.

He Neber Got Nowhar

"No, sah. Ah doan't never ride on dem things," said an old colored woman looking in on the merry-go-round. "Why, de other day I seen dat Rastus Johnson git on an' ride as much as a dollah's worth, an' get off at the very same place he got on at, an' I sez to him, 'Rastus.' I says, 'yo' spent yo' money, but whar yo' been?' "

A Delicate Sense

"Which is the most delicate of the senses?" asked the teacher.

"The touch," said young Jones.

"How's that?" asked the teacher. And Jones explained: "Well, when you sit on a pin, you can't see it, you can't hear it, you can't taste it, but it's there."—Edinburg Scotsman.

OFFICE and FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Denver Office Doings

April showers have passed and many of us are rubbing the blisters on our hands and hoping, praying that those doggon seeds that we have planted will blossom forth in the proverbial May flowers. From indications and rumors we gather that there is a goodly bunch of agriculturists in our midst. Most of said optimists look forward to the political stipend in the way of Government seeds at this time of year, but such has not been forthcoming. We are justly afraid that our "big boss," Barney McCann. has fallen down on the job. However, Barney informs us that the Democrats will use this as an argument against Republican extravagance, so in order to help the seed industry and bring it back to normalcy, no seeds will be forthcoming this year. Allen Grant has moved out to "Littleton" and is counting on putting in about ten acres in "corns." There are numerous other suburbanites such as Frank Clutter, "Bob" Halfpenny, Elmo Ballard, Art Johns, and many others. In fact the Denver office will have to have a harvest festival if all the "stuff" grows.

King Baseball Dies in Denver

With the passing of many of our baseball stars from our ranks, and a change in policy of the company management, it has been deemed advisable to discontinue the financing of a baseball team in Denver. This fact was met with a great deal of disappointment by the boys in the ofice, who were in hopes that they would be able to have a team again this year. Those athletic enthusiasts that are left with us are real workers, and while they might not be of the same caliber of stardom as some of those we have lost, they have always been known to give their best to the company on and off of the diamond. Nevertheless, long live King Baseball!

Snapshots

Harry Demarest of the Traffic Division has been suffering from lumbago—in the back.

Tom May was ill for three weeks with a severe attack of tonsilitis and "flu."

Jake Bohmann, the wicked billing clerk, has been forced to remain at home by a weak heart.

F. J. Keleher, the itinerant employe of the Casper Office, dropped into the Denver Office several times while he was passing through on his return from his sojourn in Sunny Cal.

Phil. Duncan, whose wife was the star female athlete, at the picnic, has migrated to Sacramento, where he expects to remain if the fleas don't get him.

Roy Johnson, the Sales Accounting Speed Boy, was required to fatten the "kitty" with twenty berries and costs for talking back to a "speed cop." Roy is referred to H. C. Witwer's article, "The Ten Don'ts of a Motorist," in the last Collier Automobile Number.

Frank Clutter, the Car Department whirlwind, has become a "Rebel," having moved to the Southside the early part of April. He now occupies the late residence of the Grant family, whose move has already been announced.

Art. Salter, the Accounting Specialist, was seen dissipating at a buttermilk bar the other noon. Art, please don't go "near" beer.

Three Wise Men Return

Messrs. Nugent, Peterson and Stedman, three pilgrims from Denver to Casper last August, have returned from their exploits, the better for their adventures in the Oil Metropolis. They are now located in the southwest corner of the General Accounting Room, where they are open for business. We are glad to have their smiling faces with us again.

Changes in the Denver Office

O. E. Jones has been appointed to the vacancy left by the death of our late employe, W. B. Throckmorton.

F. E. "Chubby" Marriott has earned a just promotion from head of the Mail Division to assistant to William ("Billy") Nichol in the Purchasing Division. Dallas Osburn has taken "Chubby's" place, and a new boy, Joe Smith, runs the "bells."

Movies

The general spring exodus is on. William A. ("Bill") Miller has purchased himself and family a bungalow near the foothills in North Denver and has moved thence. However, not being satisfied with his location at the office either, he has moved his bag and baggage and left the Ninth Floor for the first time in his career with the Company, and may now be found at Room 827. Joyce de la Gardie, being the "star boarder" of the Miller family, has also moved with them.

Other movies at this writing are Art Johns, who also becomes a "Rebel"; Jake Bohmann, Wade Casey, the Hon. A. K. Barnes, and many others.

W. B. T. Funeral

William B. Throckmorton, who passed on as the last copy of the Review went to press, was laid to rest at Fairmount Cemetery, Saturday afternoon, March 18th. The funeral

services were held from Nash's Home Mortuary and were conducted by Rev. Brady of St. Barnabas' Episcopalian Church. Masonic services were held at the grave by Palestine Lodge, of which "Throck" was a member. There was a hundred per cent turnout from the Traffic Division and many more from other departments of the company. The pallbearers were taken from employes of the company and were L. G. Truby, E. K. Ballard, R. G. Cocoanower, R. H. Halfpenny, F. S. Clutter, and A. F. Russell.

Daylight Savings

At this writing a canvas of the office has just been taken by E. L. Muehler regarding the mater of "summer hours" such as were put into effect last year after daylight savings was ended. One hundred and two out of 112 favored the "summer hours" as a result of this canvas. It has not yet been determined whether or not they will be put into effect, but we're all hoping.

"Fore"

Why not? Floyd Curran has taken it up. Who is next? Floyd will challenge all comers any Saturday afternoon in the week. In face, he says that he would rather swat a pill than swallow a pill.

New Employe in S. A. Division

One, Robert A. Craig, a product of North Denver High School, has just entered the University of Hardknocks, becoming an employe of this company in the Sales Accounting Division. "Bob" gives promise of developing into a good man, and so far has been taking to his initiation as a duck takes to water. He is a tall, dark haired lad. So if you see him, greet him as a fellow member of the Midwest Family.

Signs of Spring

Jake Bohmann had an inkwell,
He filled it full of ink;
But when he stuck his pen in
The center would not sink,
EXCELSIOR!

Homer Baker Installs Radio

Glancing out of the window one snowy morning just lately we beheld a long string of snow apparently reaching across the court. This was nothing more or less than the outer portion of a wireless radio set recently installed by Homer Baker. So if you do not get quick response to your ring for a messenger, you will probably find them "radioating" with a radiator.

A starving tramp stopped at a kitchen in California and asked for food.

"You likee fish?" asked the Chinese cook.

"Yes," replied the tramp eagerly.

"All lite, come around Fliday."—Mugwump (Tenn.).

Truck-O-Grams

It is rumored that the Sturgeon-Gooden Barber Shops Consolidated, are doing a good business. Their hands are so soft.

Our eccentric but good-natured friend August is very much in evidence these March days.

Mr. Albert Stewart is temporarily sojourning in Denver while G-5 undergoes a painting.

"Flat" is all dressed up with a new gold tooth which the dentist gave him not long ago.

Bert Stewart finally got rheumatics on his front wheels.

Harley Mathews is doing a good business promoting trade for the south camp restaurant.

"Packy" McFarland was seen recently in a hardware store purchasing cooking utensils. We wonder if the new concern will still continue in the trucking business.

McCormack is still knocking out his six trips a week in spite of his age and general debility.

"Heavy" Miller thinks a higher gear ratio would do G-6 worlds of good.

E. J. Donahue says G-59 is a good roadster. It's on the road all the time.

Charles Wynn is back from the homestead. He claims he has to have three meals a day to put on weight.

"Haywire" Scribners' old waffle iron begged him to quit the other day, according to his story. He says he wound her up an hour or so, then let in his clutch and after all the slack was taken out of the drive shafts, she went in the ditch with him.

All baseball players are requested to report to Lou Robinson for information regarding the truck drivers Invincibles.

The man, a horse and a dog went hunting last week. For particulars see Claude Prewitt.

Wanted to buy—Goats to stock mountain resort. See Leo Wiloth for details.

G. F. Hoffman, formerly known as "Whitey," has a new chariot; Dodge Brothers; calls it a sedan. When he is encased therein he certainly looks human.

"Shorty" Goodwin. "Flat" Sturgeon, "Haywire" Scribner are under the influence of "flu." We hope for a speedy return to duty of the afflicted.

Did you ever wonder who was boss? We heard this dialogue a short time ago. Chauffeur—"Well, where do we go from here?" Hubby—"Home." Wifie—"No, we are going to town." Hubby—"Yes, to town."

So that all may know that the darkened optic possessed by Art Wiley was not presented to him by a friend, we think an explanation is due. He, as all youngsters are at present, was practising ball playing, and as regulation balls were not present, rocks were used. The person with whom he was playing was either a little swift for Wiley, or Wiley was a little slow in catching same; at any rate Wiley stopped said rock with his eye, and the optic became very muchly aggrieved and turned black.

Elmer Inman is back after his accident. He was unable to do much walking, and therefore the light bill at his girl's house is undoubtedly higher. Her father will be glad when Elmer can walk again.

Splashes o' Mud

We consider the heading of Big Muddy's contribution to this issue of the Review very appropriate. What's in a name? If there is one place in this world that lives up to its name after a heavy snow or rain, we having had both during the last few days, this place is it.

Somewhere in this issue of the Review you will find a picture of our fire truck, "The Pride of Big Muddy." Charlie Marshall, our boiler shop foreman, can well be proud of his handiwork, as he constructed the body out of practically all junk material. And if you believe that "Lizzie" can't step, we will be glad to prove that she can, any time. Like all good fire trucks, she is painted a bright red, which we are sorry does not show up in the picture.

Spring is here (at any rate, that is what the calendars tell us), and along with it activity in baseball. Muddy intends to have a real baseball team this year, and with one purpose in view, to square matters with Salt Creek. They romped all over us last year, and we hope we are good losers, but this year we believe it will be a different story. The three operating Companies in Big Muddy: the Midwest, the Ohio, and the Texas Company, have decided to combine and have one team. With Henry Heasler and Henry Humphrey of the Midwest, one to manage the team, and the other to handle the finances; with Mr. Yealey and Mr. Reddick of the Ohio, and Mr. Fitzpatrick of the Texas Company on the advisory board, we will have a combination hard to beat. As to players we have Simons, Mercer, and Reid of the Ohio; Gantz, J. Heasler, Hunt and the two Krueger boys from the Midwest; and three or four others from the Texas Company. Last Sunday the boys were all out on the lot limbering up a little, and some of them can sure swing a wicked shovel. We believe that the new ball ground just west of the R. B. Whiteside Boiler House will be one of the best in the state, as plans are now being made to erect a grandstand and to put in other improvements.

Big Muddy Fire Truck.

Amateur Rig Building By Fuller and Marshall, Jr. Deep Test No. 1 A. Foreman's Cottage in Background.

A party of students from the Colorado State School of Mines, interested in oil geology, paid a visit to Big Muddy recently in order to gather data relative to the working operations in the oil fields. The same party had previously visited the Salt Creek Field, and all expressed themselves as highly interested in all that they saw. The Company set aside the large Salt Creek Bus for transporting the party to the different fields.

We see by the last issue of the Review that our old friend, Harry Bossart is now one of these here "soup and fish" birds. We're for him, and only sorry we can't be with him. Harry has many well wishers down in this neck of the sagebrush.

The School Board of District No. 15 have decided to erect a gymnasium adjoining the Parkerton School house. This will be a frame structure 42x84 feet, and work is to be commenced at once. This will meet a long-felt want to take care of the many students now attending school.

On Saturday evening, April 1st, a dance was held in the Commerce Building in Glenrock, to inaugurate the bringing in of the Deep Test Well on the A. E. Humphreys lease. Much interest was shown in the event by the large

attendance present, and much credit is due to "Happy" Cochrane and Tom Gifford, the two deep hole drillers, for the efforts put forward in making the event a grand success. Refreshments were served and after meeting all incidentals a respectable balance remained over, which was applied to the benefit of the baseball team.

C. M. Rader is now a member of the Big Muddy forces. He is from Mr. Estabrook's office, and is undertaking certain work in connection with the Geological Department.

Ed Diehl, pulling machine operator, was unfortunate enough to meet with an accident while trying to stop the machine with his feet. His feet not being large enough, the machine passed right on over. Ed was badly bruised but no bones were broken and if no complications set in, he hopes to return to work in the course of a few days.

Principal Waller of the school has sported himself in a new Dodge touring car. Our principal assures us he is a most careful driver, but some of us have our doubts as to this statement. The capacity of the car will enable him to take care of his charges without creating disappointment.

Drilling on the deep test well, A. E. Humphreys 32 on Section 8, is still being continued. Oil is flowing from about four feet of sand which is claimed to be the Dakota, and the intentions are to make a thorough test of the lower sands. The obstacles, however, are many, on account of the fluid in the hole, the extreme depth of hole, and the small sized tools. A foot or two of hole is made each tower, and hopes are running high that before long a thicker saturated sand may be encountered than the first one discovered, so the volume of oil may be sufficient to warrant deep well drilling on a broad scale.

The Masons of Glenrock are arranging to build a new home to take the place of the wooden structure which was recently burned down. The new building will be a brick structure and efforts are being made for the members to buy bonds in order to help pay the cost of same.

Here's something we hear almost every day: "How much did you make out of Merritt?"

Do you want to better the community in which you live? Then DON'T—

Crab when someone else is taking the lead when you could but wouldn't.

Think that your Camp is the whole Community, the other fellows thinks the same.

Sour the other man's pleasure by hanging crepe on progress.

Think that the Community is a cemetery just because you are dead.

Tattle to your neighbor; perhaps he has something on you.

Be a knocker; boost for your community. In other words, sell your hammer and buy a horn.

About Face!

"Keep your face always towards the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you."
—M. B. Whitman.

Casper Office News

We are pleased to introduce to you Mrs. Ellison, who is filling the position left vacant by the resignation of Mrs. R. Wass. Mrs. Ellison has a very charming and pleasing personality and we welcome her to the Midwest Family. Mrs. Wass, just recently married preferred washing dishes to tapping the keys; hence her resignation.

The Midwest employes are very grieved over the removal of Nugent, Pete and Freeland of the producing department, back to Denver. Pete sure made a hit with his Million Dollar (soprano) voice, as well as Nugent with his always-ready smile, while Freeland a little bit shy, always waited on the other party to make the advances. We are glad, however, that Rollie Wass, also a member of this quartet, secured a good position with the Producers and Refiners on the fourth floor. We as a good, big, generous family extend our wishes for their continued success.

Have you heard the latest? It's terribly shocking! Don't faint—but—we certainly don't like to tell this—it's scandalous—but Work took a fair, young and charming maiden out to lunch the other day. He's being promoted to the entertainment committee. Three cheers for Work! Perhaps Eddy is his instructor. Gee, we certainly dislike to think of the consequences if such is the case.

Who they would like to be:
Mrs. Glover—Mary Pickford
Mac—Wallace Reid
Fran—Theda Bara
Helen W.—Galli Curci
Eddy—Doug
Mrs. Kaylor—Agnes Ayres
Jack Rutz—Harold Lloyd
Keleher—Charlie Chaplin
Mabel D.—Dorothy Gish
Myrtle Duncan—Betty Compson
Verna—Madam Kreisler
Nina—Norma Talmadge
Mrs. James—Betty Blythe
Gibbs—Bill Hart
Dorothy W.—Pearl White
Gordon C.—Rudolph Valentino

Eddie: "Here, take this dollar."

Head Waiter: "Yes, sir. Do you wish a table?"

Eddie (most excited): "Heavens, no. But when I parade up here with three girls you just say there isn't a table left and there won't be one before about next Wednesday noon."

Fond Mama: "I sometimes think, Percy, you don't treat your dear father with quite the proper respect."

Young Hopeful: "Well, ma, I never liked the man."—Reproduced from Punch.

J. L. Jellison has recently been added to the staff of the Purchasing Department. He is filling the position made vacant by the transfer of Jack Corbridge to the Field Garage. Mr. Jellison was formerly located in Seattle.

He says he is very much enthused over Casper, but doesn't state whether it is the town, the people, or his work. We hope he will stay with us for we like him very much. Yes, girls, it is too bad, but he is married.

John B. Barnes of the Legal Department recently spent a week in Denver on a combined business and pleasure trip.

C. L. Hudson and Herbert Ladd were caught out at Salt Creek in the big snow storm of April 5, and were the first individuals to get in from there through the drifts. It took them a good six hours to tunnel through.

Jim Stewart is spending a few weeks in Elk Basin getting acquainted with the Midwest organization.

Cause and Effect

Eddie has loaded up with Ed Pinaud's Lilac Toilet Water; he's liable to be a "scent" off in his cash some day.

The outcome of the Bonus may have something to do with the income reports that "Louie" made up prior to March 15th.

Platz is getting some Marcel wave to his raven locks; suggest he get his hair cut by the lady barbers.

If Gibbs uses his self starter for a cigar lighter, chances are he will stall his Olds on Ash street some day.

"Powder River, let's go," will be Huegli's slogan after he gets that underslung body from Sears.

Since the rest of the singers transferred to Denver, Stanley sure feels like his namesake, alone in the heart of Africa.

With Kelly back from sunny California, the accounting room has taken on the appearance of the Civic Center, all dressed up and no place to go.

Casper Field Garage Notes

By W. J. C.

Hello, Folks, yes we know you've about forgotten us, but we're still on the job, and had you listened the other day you'd known it and thought us a warlike bunch, instead of a peaceful bunch of truck surgeons and pleasure car nurses, had you only heard Edwards and Landon (our two best authorities on the keenest dame that haunts the vicinity of the Arkeon), you'd a sworn we were reds. They had a white hot argument over who held second place to T. Cyril Clayton, the Storage Yards Thos. A. Edison on women. At the point of spontaneous combustion McCormick came in and started talking and both Landon and Edwards (authority on the fairer sex) gave up and stated they had nothing to say in the presence of one with such varied and wide experience. Afterward they claimed that McCormick was talking clear out of their lines of education. It is rumored that the three are going to incorporate with Midert as their legal adviser—purpose of incorporation to write and publish a book that will have the greatest circulation of any book on women; the title to be: "Women—Their Size, Color and Indispensability. By Three Who Know."

In the last issue of the Review the Storage Yards informed us that G-6 had made a successful trip recently. Sellars jumped for joy, and told the head nurse that he'd stay up all night again or break a bottle of home brew over her dome if she'd only make another; I guess the latter would give her more strength.

G-39 came in on a stretcher the other day, and after calling the consulting physicians and surgeons and nurses together and cussing FWD's in general and testing her lungs, heart, both wheels and the other spring, also the left eye, the chosen diagnostician decided to operate for nervous trouble of the solar system, gas on the outside of the gasoline line which caused tuberculosis of the supply tank, ovalature of the crankshaft, leakage of the carburetor, subterfunctionation of the governor, diabetes of the spark plugs and I didn't hear the rest. Noticing that Drs. Hackett, house physician, and Campbell the canine specialist and Hackett's pipe had retired to the skylight to get a better view of the subject, I walked their way but passed Drs. Midert and Sellars and stopped to listen to their opinion; they were adding to the already admitted wonder of Lydia Pinkham's remedy and were preparing to submit a motion to try same, when Dr. Davis came along and pronounced her dead. What a shame, a great loss to the staff, for they had only a small bill to present; for they had put nary a knife to her; and no extras could be charged for they had nor lost any operating tools. How could they; they hadn't a chance to yet. Dr. Panlson is inventing a pullmotor for.—what is it for, Harry?

G-39 was born to the Midwest Refining Company, October 10, 1919, at 2:30, at the Auto Hospital, and was christened FWD by the stork that was on her when she arrived; but not liking it we changed her name to G-39, which has stuck (several times between here and Salt Creek). She was an obedient child most of the time, and never left her stall without a proper escort, although they were various and numerous. She always did (as near as any FWD ever did under the circumstances) her work with a cheerful put! put! and Chug! Chug! Chug! with an occasional back firing; but the past few months she labored under serious conditions. Dunbar says that he thinks from early December until junked that Lou has been feeding her White Mule so she'd cut-up better. That stuff's scarce, Lou. She came to Sick Bay several times and although many noted physicians have labored with her and faithful nurses fixed her with Alberg Bearings and massaged her with No. 307 and greased her (universal) joints with care and shod her with Kelleys, she came to her timely death March 20, 1922, and her remains will be scattered far and near. Dave Lewis requested with tears in his deep contralto voice that he be given her windshield, cab and other spring, we suppose to hang over his shaving mirror. Dunbar

asked for her rear axle. It's still here, Dunnie. And we laid her frame and two wheels to rest across from the Midwest Commissary. The following day Dame Nature covered her with a heavy blanket of clean snow, same as she used to do on the Salt Creek road. G-39 leaves to mourn her going, G-1 International one-ton truck, her sister, G-5, age 3 years 7 months; G-6, twin sister to G-5! G-16, White ¾ of the same year, G 46, 47 and 48 her triplet sisters, and G-33, Cadillac touring that has gone around her many a time with half-sisterly love. The other relatives are too numerous to mention. May long and peaceful be her sleep.

G-83 came staggering in the other day and needed a new cam shaft mighty badly. Denver didn't have any, but she got some and this is the 8th day of our waiting. Gee, Denver, you're a long way off by express. Mr. Davis says that the next time Mr. Peake comes in and has any repairs that he will get his grandfather's old two-wheeler and go to Denver himself. He can play along the road and beat this shipment. But say, Mr. Peake, that old Dodge isn't in bad shape, and we'll sure put this job through when the expressman finds out where the Wyoming Cadillac company lives.

Our cellar was a little wet last year. We have a new floor and side walls now— keep the barrels down there—full of gas and oil and grease and those light springs for FWD, Clyde and Chicago trucks.

Casper Field Garage: "Hello, Wyoming Cadillac Company? Order G-424. One right rear wheel for Cadillac 59."

Casper Motor Co.: "Do you want steel or wood felloe band?"

Casper Field Garage: "Naw, we don't want felloe band. Only right rear wheel for Cadillac 59."

Salt Creek: "Hello, Field Garage. Number, please. 57 gal. gas, 2½ gal oil."

Garage: "G-4-4-3. Yes, I think I got it; no. that's G-47 they're trying out."

Salt Creek: "Some noise. Alright, thank you."

Garage: "Thank you. We're for you, Salt Creek, you're a real Midwester."

Thompson, down at Van Sants: "Hello, this 1126J? Say, they haven't that Clyde steering worm nut you wanted."

1126J. "They must have—that's a regular Clyde nut. Don't they keep 'em down there, huh?"

Thompson: "Well, the only nut I know of down here is on the end of the line."

1126J: "That's all right, Thompson, they carry a few parts down there."

Jack: "Say, Parker, what's this Salt Creek Transportation bus doing here. She doesn't carry a G number, does she?"

Parker: "O—a, I—must be C-4."

Jack feeling Parker's hip): "Naw, I only see one."

"Hello, 1126J? Is Mr. Chas. Midert there?"

"Yes, madam, I think he is. I'll call him."

"Hey, Charlie, C H A R L I E!"

"He's not in the shop just now."

"Please have him call me up—wonder where he could be?"

"Alright, leave your number, please."

"Oh, Charlie'll know who to call."

3:45: "Say, Charlie, call UKNO up. You've something to explain. Where were you?"

"Why, aw, don't try to kid me."

"No kidding, Charlie. She may want something."

"Say, go on. All she wants is just me and I'll be there 'fore long."

"Say, Charlie, tell me how you do it, will ya? Huh? Huh, Charlie?"

Mr. Sullivan finds it a lot nearer to go to the Court House these bad days, anyhow, he can wear a white collar there and sit on the jury. We're for you, Mr. Sullivan, if you need any help call Mr. Chancellor. Chancellor wants a vacation, anyhow.

Sellars says Midert bought a box of cigars for the best radiator man this week; and that he is smoking them himself. (Is this true to the best of your knowledge, Charlie?)

Requisition Number 567 from the Casper Storage Yards reads: "G-46; (truck we think.) Examine and repair wrist pins; examine bearings; examine and replace wheel bearings; grind valves; one new carburetor; set and repair magneto; one new rear spring; repair cab; repair radiator bolts; rebush steering gear; install new fan belt and lacing." That isn't much. Wonder if G-46 is mourning for G-39, her twin sister?

Hackett: "Say, Parker, will you put up a notice that I've lost my pipe. Liberal reward?"

During the Ides of March, Larnard, Kingsley, Wiley and Stevenson departed from us. We wish you luck, boys. Corbridge transferred from the purchasing department to fill vacancy.

Corbridge: "Say, Parker, I saw you down town last evening about 5 with your wife—nice looking girl."

Parker: "That wasn't MY wife."

Exit Corbridge.

We seldom see Martin, Herbert, Willson or E. N. Davis, but they are always around pay day; but we know they earn their money. Bill Powell is our company directory. He knows who's who and where who is. Thanks, Bill, for your mail service.

Hello, here comes G-47. That means a bunch of orders for a bunch of parts, jobs, and material in general. Get your torch, Bert. Paulson, leave that radiator alone and come over and help take G-47 down. You know you can't win those cigars now, Charlie has 'em half gone now, and besides, your name isn't Steve.

Good-bye, folks, sure be busy from now on out. Just one slack day in a long time—thought we'd write you. Hope to hear from you soon and to be able to see you next month.

Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council

EMPLOYE REPRESENTATIVES:

George Sullivan, Casper District

Harry Traylor, Salt Creek Home Camp District

Lyle S. Garner, Salt Creek Home Camp District

Frank Dailey, Salt Creek Gas Plant

Chester Borsch, Secretary

MANAGEMENT REPRESENTATIVES:

Jake Hale, Salt Creek
H. A. Chandler, Salt Creek
A. C. Andrews, Salt Creek
A. G. Fidel, Casper

Midwest Employes' Benefit Association

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

Burke H. Sinclair, President ex-officio

Bernard F. McCann, Denver
Albert M. Ormston, Elk Basin
Carl Renz, Salt Creek Gas Plant
Harry Boissert, Salt Creek Camp
M. E. Diamond, Big Muddy

J. G. Crosskill, Treasurer

T. N. Shaw, Secretary

The Ten Demandments

I. Don't lie—it wastes my time and yours. I'm sure to catch you in the end and that's the wrong end.

II. Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short, and a short day's work makes my face long.

III. Give me more than I expect and I'll pay you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you increase my profits.

IV. You owe so much to yourself that you can't afford to owe anybody else. Keep out of debt or keep out of my shops.

V. Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good women, do not see temptation when they meet it.

VI. Mind your own business and in time you'll have a business of your own to mind.

VII. Don't do anything here which hurts your self-respect. The employe who is willing to steal for me is capable of stealing from me.

VIII. It's none of my business what you do at night. BUT if dissipation affects what you do the next day, and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.

IX. Don't tell me what I'd like to hear but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet to my vanity, but I need one for my dollars.

X. Don't kick if I kick—if you're worth while correcting, you're worth while keeping. I don't waste my time cutting specks out of rotten apples.

The MIDWEST REVIEW

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By The Midwest Refining Co.

GREETINGS
TO SUMMER
DAYS

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Where Are the Libraries?

The Midwest Traveling Libraries are in the Casper office being equipped with new books and will soon start on their second round of the fields.

We have seven cases of books, each containing approximately 50 books, or a total of 350. Each case has been to each of the seven locations having libraries, and a total of 3,646 books have been taken out, which is the equivalent of each book being read more than 10 times.

Four smaller cases have been made, containing about 25 books each, which will be sent to the smaller fields. They are being filled partly by the books from the larger cases which have not been to the locations where the small cases will be sent.

The splendid patronage of the libraries demonstrates beyond all doubt their popularity, and more than justifies their continuation. Watch for their reappearance filled with new books.

Bring In Your Pictures

If you take an outing or go on a fishing trip, your fellow employes are interested in where you go and the success of your outing. If you take any pictures with a story accompanying, they will make very interesting reading. We need illustrations in our magazine. This means you! George is dead and buried, so don't expect him to do it.

Success is largely made up of three ingredients: determination, persistency and hard work. And of these, the last is the most essential.—Hardware News.

Cultivated oats thrive in the hot sun, but wild oats flourish most under the influence of moonshine.

Our Cover

Our cover this month is in tribute to, and in memory of the Midwest employes who gave their lives in the recent war. The boys in the illustration are all employes of the Midwest Refining Company at the present time and served with our colors. The three distinct branches of the service are herein represented,—Army, Navy, and Marines. Mr. Wayne Upson of the Casper office force represents the Army; Mr. John W. Parker, Chief Clerk of the Casper Field Garage, the Navy; and Mr. Edwin J. Kass, in charge of the drilling tool warehouse at Salt Creek, represents the Marines. We herewith print a brief sketch of the service record of each man:

Wayne F. Upson, U. S. Army.

Mr. W. F. Upson entered the employ of the Midwest Refining Company September 1, 1920, and is now located in the Accounting Department of the Casper office. He enlisted in Casper, his home, on July 25, 1917, in Company "L," Third Wyoming Infantry, and after a few days in camp at the local fair grounds, the regiment was sent to Cheyenne where they remained about one month, and from there went to Camp Green, North Carolina. At Camp Green the old 3rd Wyoming was divided up into two parts, making the 148th Field Artillery and the 116th Ammunition Train. Mr. Upson was assigned to the Field Artillery Unit.

On about the 25th of October of that year the 148th entrained for Camp Mills and was there during one of the severe storms which broke up their camping equipment and necessitated their removal to Camp Merritt, where they arrived about the first of December. On January 18th they sailed on the U. S. S. Baltic for

(Continued on Page 13)

Baseball Outlook

Fans of the National Sport located at Salt Creek, Big Muddy or Casper, should not have to suffer this summer for the want of a game to see. Salt Creek is coming through with three teams, one from each department, Producing, Pipe Line and Gas Plant. It looks now as though the Gas Plant would have the strongest team of the three.

The Producing Department at Big Muddy will put a good team in the field with the assistance of some of the boys from the Ohio Camp. The Storage Yard, Field Garage and Machine Shop in Casper expect to have a team that will make others sit up and take notice.

The Department of Industrial Relations is attempting to form a Midwest League, and if successful a very interesting contest may result. A better schedule could be arranged with six teams, but by using only five the odd team would have a chance to schedule games with outside teams on their open dates.

A league of this kind would give the employes of Salt Creek, Big Muddy and Casper a baseball game practically every Sunday throughout the season.

If you are in favor of this plan get behind your team and boost for it. A definite objective, namely, the top of the league will keep the teams together and create much more baseball interest than a season with no definite plan or schedule.

Father of Well Known Salt Creek Man Passes Away

The sad news reached John S. McCleary, Pump Foreman for the Midwest at Salt Creek, of the death of his father at Hotchkiss, Colorado, near the end of last month.

Mr. and Mrs. McCleary and their son left immediately for Hotchkiss where the funeral was held.

Mr. McCleary is one of the best known Midwest men in the Salt Creek Field, one of the real pioneers, and his wide circle of friends all through the Midwest Company join in extending their sincere sympathy.

A. W. Peake, Gen. Superintendent

The following Bulletin speaks for itself:

Casper, Wyoming, May 8, 1922.

To All Superintendents:

Effective May 1, 1922, Mr. A. W. Peake has been appointed General Superintendent of the Producing Department. Hereafter all instructions directly covering operations of this department will be issued through him.

Also, in future, all payrolls, requisitions, invoices, reports, statements and other records at present sent to General Manager, should be addressed to General Superintendent.

Mr. A. G. Fidel, my assistant, will continue to hold the same position in relation to him, and in the absence of Mr. Peake, all matters can be taken up with Mr. Fidel as heretofore.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) N. S. WILSON,
General Manager.

(Signed) R. S. ELLISON,
Vice President.

We are all glad to see Mr. Peake promoted to the General Superintendency of the Field Department, and wish him every success possible.

Helpful Hint

Jones—"I want to do something big and clean before I die."

Bones—"Wash an elephant."—Purple Cow.

Ambrose Hemingway in Tennessee

Mr. Hemingway and Children

Ambrose Hemingway, formerly resident engineer and later consulting engineer with the Midwest Refining Company, has spent the past year in Tennessee attending Lebanon University, taking a law course. In January of this year he was admitted to the bar in Tennessee, and now is a full fledged lawyer. Mr. Hemingway expects to return with his family to Casper in June. The attached picture is of Mr. Hemingway and his two children, taken on the porch of their Tennessee home a short time ago. Roses begin to bloom early down there, as is evidenced by the vines over the porch.

There is unemployment, of course, but the search for go-getters was never so intense as it is right now.—Ex.

All the Elements Turned Loose

Somewhere a button was pressed, the calendar turned over and we were back in the throes of real winter, and the wind blew and the snow fell; the wind redoubled and more snow came. The night of May 9th was wild enough for anything, and when Wednesday, the 10th, dawned cloudy and cold, everything had happened. At Salt Creek, the telephone and light wires all over the field were crossed, recrossed and grounded, poles down and all semblance of orderly precedure was thrown to the four winds. Connection gangs, bull gangs as well as electricians and foremen a-plenty were all on the job trying to straighten out the mess. The roads were impassable as well as all territory between roads. With few exceptions, all drilling wells were shut down and "hurry-up wagons" and trucks were stuck as surely as they ventured out.

All communication with the outside world was lost. Teapot and Number 1 Stations had to be shut down because gauges and reports on oil runs could not be checked. Wednesday only, started the process of recuperation and it was not until late Saturday night that communication with Casper and other points was established.

The cold, wet, intermittent, flurrying weather continued all week so that even on the following Monday the roads were almost impassable and cars and trucks by the dozen had to be rescued from various mudholes and impossible situations.

Responsibility for the storm has been credited by Salt Creekers to Mr. Barton A. Myers, Superintendent of the Carter oil interests in the field, who had issued invitations to an open air dance at the Carter Camp on the day of the storm. The elements were evidently far from pleased with his audacity and called the turn, back into their own hands. Mr. Myers has been forgiven but with the caution, never again to challenge so openly the whims and vagaries of Wyoming's Big Weather Chiefs.

Are you a better manager today than you were yesterday? If not, you are a poor one.—Upper Cuts.

If the salary is correctly reported, the movies will make Hays while the stars shine.

The Baseball Hop

Top Row—Helen Davis, Ann Bradison, Mabel Davidson, Alice James. Lower Row—Alice Hubbell, Louise Anderson, Arminto Mooney, Ninette Davis, Mildred Fehlman.

The announcement of the Benefit Dance for the Big Muddy Baseball Team was received with exclamations of joy by the girls of the Casper Office, who immediately set about making plans to attend, and on the afternoon of Saturday, April 29th, the day of the dance, two cars loaded with office girls headed in the direction of the festivities which were held in Glenrock. The threatening weather which developed in the afternoon dampened the roads but not the spirits of the girls who left Casper in a downpour, arriving in Big Muddy at about 4:30 p. m. with the sun shining. They were welcomed by Henry Humphrey, Chief Clerk of the Field.

The "Deep Test" hole, about which we have heard and read so much, was visited by the girls, many of whom had never been inside of an oil rig before. Drilling was in operation when the girls arrived, and they stayed long enough to see the tools pulled and the bailer dropped, after which they all returned to the "Bachelors' Quarters" and danced to the music of the phonograph until the supper gong rang. A stampede was then made for the dining hall. Considerable could be said concerning the conduct of the young ladies while at the supper table, but discretion is the better part of valor, and therefore we hesitate to incriminate any particular individual. A certain "chauffer," however, made himself very conspicuous because of the quantity of food consumed, and it was only by the combined efforts of all present that he was finally extricated from his place at the table and forced into the open. Others were conspicuous in the manner in which they manipulated the pigs' feet, and the extraordinary will power manifested by one in her refusal to eat the wonderful pastry set before her. The only reason which we know of that could account for this is that the young lady is on a "diet" and someone told her that sweet stuffs were fat producing; she is somewhat "chubby" at present and abhors the idea of being "fat."

After a most excellent dinner, for which

(Continued on Page 14)

Salt Creek Hospital Has New Addition

The Midwest Hospital at Salt Creek is a busy place. The pictures show one of the new additions and a wing of equal size has been added to the other side. Another big addition to the hospital equipment has been the acquiring of a splendid new X-ray machine.

Dr. J. F. Roach has been the Midwest doctor at Salt Creek for over two years, and has established a wide circle of friends. The hospital is well equipped to handle almost any sort of emergency work. It will accommodate twenty patients.

Dr. Roach and Gregory S. Powell, assistant director of industrial relations, are shown in one of the pictures.

Make Application for Benefits Promptly

If you are injured or disabled from illness, you should file your application for benefits just as soon as you know that you will be disabled for a period of seven days or more. If you do not know to whom you should apply, see your foreman or any clerk in the office of the location wherein you are employed.

If you fail to make application for benefits, don't blame the secretary when you do not receive your check. No benefits are paid until application is made.

Foster in Douglas (?)

Mr. E. H. Foster of the Legal Department was supposed to be in Douglas on business about the middle of the month. We have heard rumors, however, that he went to Golden, Colorado, to take unto himself a bride. How about it, E. H.?

Wanted—Free Passage to Denver

Anyone shipping livestock to Denver the 30th of May requiring a boy to water and feed same see F. J. Keleher or M. E. Edwards, as times are hard and they have been trying to get a free passage to Denver.

The Big Muddy Deep Test

By Clarence M. Rader

For several years there has been a great deal of speculation in the Big Muddy Field relative to the productivity, in this locality, of the Second Wall Creek Sand (Salt Creek's great producer). It was, therefore, decided in the fall of 1919 to start a "deep test" with this sand as the objective.

Despite the fact that the Ohio Oil Company had driven a hole to what they considered the Second Wall Creek Sand on the Carlin Lease, in the NW¼SW¼ Sec. 16-T33-R76, and had abandoned it, with nothing but a showing of water, the Midwest officials were not satisfied, so on August 10, 1919, Well No. 50 on the R. B. Whiteside Lease, in the NE¼ Sec. 9-T33-R76, was "spudded in" as a "deep test." After months of work it had to be abandoned as a test when a short distance below the First Wall Creek Sand, due to pipe and hole trouble.

Another site was immediately chosen and the present test well, No. 32 on the A. E. Humphrey Lease, in the SW¼NE¼ Sec. 8-T33-R76, was "spudded in" on May 10, 1920, with a 20 inch hole, using a standard tools.

The 20-inch casing was carried to a depth of 187 feet and there set to shut off the surface water. Due to excessive cavings, drilling was greatly retarded from then on and progress was slow. However, the 15½-inch casing was set with no mishap at 975 feet. Equal luck was not experienced with the 12½-inch, for at a depth of 1400 feet it was discovered that the lower joint was "bad," thereby necessitating the pulling of the string and replacing the defective joint. The entire string was subsequently landed at 1,967 feet, and a 10-inch string started. Length by length was added to keep back the cavings until the unusually long string was landed and cemented at 3040 feet with no mishap.

Drilling through the First Wall Creek sand was a slow, tedious job, as from ten to twelve hundred feet of water was necessary in the hole to hold back the oil and gas flow.

A ripped seam in the 8¼-inch casing necessitated the pulling of that when at a depth of 3065 feet, and on rerunning, "freezing" difficulty was had at 3205 feet, so that it was necessary to pull the string again and prepare the hole with 10-inch tools, after which it was successfully landed and cemented at 3473 feet.

At an approximate depth of 3308 feet a seven-foot band of gray sand was encountered, and another similar band, four feet in thickness, at 3410 feet, both with a showing of oil of small importance, which were cemented off by the 8¼-inch casing.

Still another showing of oil was had at an approximate depth of 3490 feet, but this time in a black sandy shale, which was immediately followed by thirteen feet of dry sand.

A comparatively small amount of trouble was experienced from then on until it was discovered, at a depth of 4040 feet, that the collars of the 6¼-inch string were too weak, one having parted, and it was necessary to pull and replace this with another string. During this operation the hole filled back to 3740 feet, causing further delay. The 6¼-inch finally "froze" at 4031 feet, and a 4½-inch liner was introduced but without success.

Later, at 4160 feet, the misfortune of dropping a set of 4½-inch jars in the hole caused a great deal of trouble, due to inability to fish them out or to satisfactorily sidetrack them, and it was decided to land the 4½-inch casing a bit prematurely at 4280 feet.

At 4298 feet it began to look as though all efforts had been rewarded, for after drilling into a four foot bed of sand, a 100 barrel flow of a good grade oil (36.4 Baume) was encountered.

This amount of production was encouraging, but hardly sufficient to make the well a commercial success, so it was decided to drill in to the Lakota Sand.

Below the Dakota Sand a cavy shale was encountered, which made it necessary to run a 3-inch liner, and to reduce the hole

(Continued on page 14)

Salt Creek Public Schools

By William M. Sinclair, Principal

"That which you would have to appear in the life of your community, your city, your state or your nation, you must put first into your public schools." Very few of these institutions rise much above the sentiment and sense found in the teaching of the common schools of the people. In the common schools is found the hopes of the country.

A recent editorial in The Casper *Tribune*, quoting from a distinguished educator of Ohio, says: "Too much importance cannot be attached to what is accomplished in the public schools. University and college students, who failed to realize their ambitions, solely because their early education had been neglected, and not because they fail to apply themselves while in college, are numerous.

"It should be borne in mind by every one that the education obtained in the public school, is more important than that of the university, and it should necessarily follow that the public schools should be brought up to the highest possible standard. In no other way can the nation expect to produce thoroughly educated men and women."

The controlling and directing school authorities at Casper, ably assisted by the teachers and patrons of the Salt Creek public schools, have made a long step toward placing the schools of Salt Creek on the educational map of the state. Two excellent school buildings, modern and sanitary in every respect, well equipped with the most modern appliances and devices in lighting and heating; modern sittings, books, magazines, papers, etc.

A corps of well trained teachers, experienced and efficient, is instructed to make each individual unit contribute toward one hundred per cent efficiency as much as is possible. In the new school building, there are four rooms, comprising seven grades, and enrolling one hundred and sixty pupils; in the high school building are to be found three grades, eighth, ninth, and tenth, with an enrollment of forty. The school year consists of thirty-eight weeks of five days each. We can truly say that very few places in Wyoming are able to show better facilities for effective school work than Salt Creek.

In the fiftieth anniversary issue of The Popular Science Monthly for May, Thomas A. Edison says: "Education must be intensified at earlier ages. Ninety per cent of our education should be attained between the ages of six and fourteen years. Because, between the ages of six and fourteen years, a large percentage have strong imagination, but our system of education allows it to atrophy. After fourteen, if imaginative organs have atrophied, the boy is hopeless."

The Salt Creek School Children

MacFarlane Passes On

Martin R. MacFarlane, employed at the Salt Creek Gas Plant since May, 1920, answered the final summons on May 10th, after a losing fight with peritonitis, following an operation on a ruptured appendix.

Mac was a very likable fellow and had many friends at the Gas Plant who mourn his loss. So far as we are able to learn he is survived only by a mother, whose home is in Beacon, N. Y., where his remains have been shipped for interment.

Down in the mouth and feelin' blue
Bereft of joy and light?
Remember Jonah—he was too,
But he came out all right.

Salt Creek Memorial Day Tribute

The Orin Snyder Post of the American Legion will pay fitting tribute to the memory of the first Salt Creek man to make the supreme sacrifice in the World War. On Memorial day the Post, accompanied by a large part of the Salt Creek Midwest Band and with friends and immediate relatives, will go to Casper and taking up a line of march will proceed to the resting place of Orin Snyder, where a memorial stone and tablet will be dedicated.

A firing squad and bugler will be supplied by the George Vroman Post, and all efforts will be made to carry out in the fullest way possible the service of loving, respectful tribute. Orin Snyder was connected with the Midwest Refining Company prior to the war and leaving among the first was killed in action on the French front in the heavy fighting, late in the summer of '18.

On the evening of May 30th, at Salt Creek Hall, a Decoration Day Service will be held, directed by the American Legion.

This day, crowded so full of memories, and the Day more than any other when a full realization comes home to us of the sacrifice and loyal patriotism of those who passed on by giving all they had for our country, its flag and ideals, will be fittingly recognized and carried out at Salt Creek.

Nowhere could there be found a truer, more all-American community than the Salt Creek Field with its hundreds of ex-service men and relatives and friends, all having proved more than once their devotion.

And on Decoration Day with all other communities in this country, we are sending our prayer of appreciation and tribute, and with minds and hearts consecrated we pledge you:

"Our Salutations calling from afar,
From our ignobler plane,
And undistinction of our lesser parts.
Hail, Brothers, and farewell: you are
Twice blest, brave hearts.
Double your glory is who perished thus,
For you have died in France and vindicated us."

New Club House for Salt Creek

At last the much talked-of Club House at Salt Creek is assured and is part of the summer's building program. It will replace the present Pool Hall shack, but will be two stories high and with the basement will give more than three times the floor space of the present pool hall.

The main floor will be 42 x 72 feet, having a pool room to accommodate six tables, lunch counter and refreshment stand; also a barber shop and lavatory.

The basement will have two bowling alleys, a small assembly room 28 x 50 feet, to be used as a Boy Scout room or for any other purpose for which it may be desired. A room for the storage of apparatus, etc., and a lavatory will also be located in the basement.

The second floor will have a large room to be used as either lodge, card, or assembly room. It will also contain a good sized reading and writing room, a conference room, an office for the Club House Manager, and a lavatory.

As this article is written from the rough plans only, it is quite likely that a few changes may be made as to detail.

The new Club House will fill a long felt want, as the present Pool Hall has long since been inadequate. For some time past, the Midwest officials have realized the need, but it has so happened that other things of greater importance have continually interfered with its construction; so in planning the season's building program they were determined to have the new Club House contained in the plans. The fund created from the profits of the old Pool Hall will be used in purchasing the new equipment.

Salt Creek is rapidly becoming a very desirable place in which to live.

New Athletic Field and Baseball Diamond

A splendid new baseball diamond and athletic field has been built, with the exception of a few finishing touches, on the Salt Creek bottom just south of Home Camp.

Baseball for this season, with the added incentive of the new field, is causing much interest and enthusiasm. Home and Gas Plant have teams already well organized, and Teapot and Consolidated, as well as Kasoming and Carter Camp, have organizations in various stages of development.

A baseball meeting was held at the Gas Plant about the middle of the month, when tentative plans were made for a Field League and a "get-together" was decided on, when representatives of all teams could be present and work out details and a schedule.

$40,000 Haydite Plant for Salt Creek

A forty-thousand dollar Haydite Plant to create all the aggregate necessary to be used with cement in concrete work, from shale hills, is planned by the Midwest Refining Company for the immediate future in Salt Creek Field.

Great quantities of shale are available on the surface, and under the method of the Haydite Process, this would be blasted out, crushed and burned in long, revolving cylinders. The result of this heating process is the material known as Haydite, a cinder, clinker-like substance. This Haydite is then crushed and classified by sifting processes into three or more grades according to size. This will result in the assembling of materials that will take the place of rock, gravel, and sand. As a filler for concrete work the Haydite not only takes the place of but for many kinds of work is an improvement on the sand, gravel and rock usually used.

When the fact that most sand and filler for concrete must, at present, be trucked out from Casper is considered, the real significance of this new plant will be realized. It is a tremendously important move and will play a big part in the future construction in the Field. Experiments will probably be made with the use of Haydite in road work. The plant is to be located on Section 26, west and south of Salt Creek Home Camp.

A New Government Camp to Be Built in Salt Creek Field

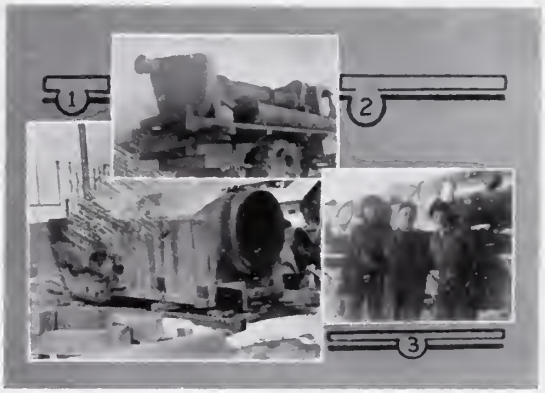
A group of Bureau of Mines Officials were in Salt Creek Field early in the month and decided on the location for a new Government Field Camp. At present use is being made of a Midwest building at Home Camp. The site for this new group of buildings is just north of the Midwest Pipe Line Department.

The camp will consist of an office building, built bungalow style; two five-room bungalows for homes; two buildings to contain quarters for single men in the employ of the Government; a boarding house, and a large garage built to house several cars.

Plans for the new camp are pending final approval at Washington and will probably be released within the next few weeks, and work subsequent will be rushed to completion as rapidly as possible.

Transportation Heavies

The new addition to the Salt Creek Gas Plant has caused the Transportation Department to exert itself to the nth degree. The heavy type of machinery which has been installed has taxed the capacity of the trucks to the limit and it has been necessary to transport a large number of pieces by supporting only part of their weight on the truck and the balance on trailers. The extreme was reached in the transportation of the huge stills described and illustrated in another article of this issue.



In the accompanying illustrations, No. 1 is part of a large engine base, weighing 27,000 pounds, and was transported on a five-ton White truck which is shown in illustration No. 2, carrying one of the huge drive shafts, which made a ten-ton load. No. 3 is a view of another part of the engine bed, loaded on a truck and ready for its forty-five mile journey to Salt Creek. Charles Kear, on the right, "Packy" McFarland, in the center, and their helper on the left, made up the team which did the transporting of these heavy castings.

During a railroad journey, a traveling salesman engaged in conversation with Dr. Neilson, president of Smith College, and began by remarking: "What's your line? Mine's skirts." "So is mine," replied Dr. Neilson.

How to Steer Clear of Worthless Oil Stocks

By R. V. Sykes

(Courtesy of Forbes Magazine)

An oil producing concern is primarily a liquidating proposition. It is rather doubtful if security holders, in many instances, fully understand the significance of this fact and appreciate the fundamental difference, insofar as permanent investment merits are concerned, between an oil stock and a railroad, public utility, or industrial issue.

Participants in an oil producing enterprise wager that the investment of so much capital in land, equipment, and labor will result in enough oil being obtained to replace the original outlay and show a satisfactory profit for the use of the funds and the risk assumed. Thus, theoretically, when a well or a group of wells have become extinct, sufficient oil should have been produced and marketed to have completely paid back the whole capital investment plus interest.

Two policies are followed in accomplishing this end. A successful company either pays out all its earnings above operating expenses in dividends and returns the investment as rapidly as it is recovered, or, more conservatively, pays moderate dividends and builds up a reserve against depletion which can be used to redeem the capital issues if the company dissolves when its wells are exhausted, or to acquire additional property if the activities of the company are to be continued.

There are two elements which should be examined carefully by the oil stockholder: first, the bookkeeping methods, to determine whether or not due allowance has been made for depletion, and, second, the prospects for continuation of production. The income account of an oil company is of little value in determining its position, as costs of new wells are rarely charged to operating expense.

It is generally argued that each new well adds so much to the value of the property and increases earning power and should hence be charged as a capital expenditure. But for each new well an old well is approaching exhaustion; so that in the long run the net producing capacity is likely to be little changed.

One must turn to the balance sheet for a more exact appraisal. Has a company which consistently writes up its property account over a period of years, also added to its reserves out of earnings, an amount equal to the cost of new wells; or, if production has actually increased, has it set aside an amount equal to the depletion of the old wells? If not, the capital structure has a hollow base.

The valuation which an oil company puts upon its property and leaseholds also will often bear looking into. Is a field which has but a short life still carried at the appraisal given it when its resources were merely tapped?

It is not a bad idea for a stockholder occasionally to figure out the market valuation of his company by multiplying the number of shares outstanding by the current price, and comparing the result with the book value, less reserves.

Approximation of the resources of any raw material is likely to go wide of the mark, and in the case of crude oil it is hazardous, to say the least. As careful an estimate as permitted places the life of the oil producing industry in this country at twenty years on the present basis of production (400,000,000 barrels annually). This is taken as an average for the entire country, the older fields in the East being already seriously depleted, while some of the newer fields in the West have only a small percentage of their total so far touched.

Production statistics can be obtained from the United States Geological Survey and deductions can be drawn from these as to what is taking place in the respective fields.

During the industrial depression of the last several months demand for crude oil and its derivatives declined so sharply that Pennsylvania crude reacted from $6.10 a barrel to $3.25 a barrel, but crude oil production reached its highest daily average under the lower price. The query naturally arises, why do not oil producers retard production under unfavorable mar-

ket conditions for their commodity, instead of depleting their resources when operating expenses are scarcely being met? The answer is that there are approximately 15,000 oil producing companies in the United States, the majority of whom hold widely scattered leases of small size. One producer cannot close down his wells, because oil is a mobile substance, and he is faced with the prospect of having his supply drained away by the wells nearby, owned by another concern. The number of independent producers makes organization and co-ordination unfeasible. Thus, under existing conditions, production must be maintained at a maximum regardless of demand if complete loss of the investment is to be avoided.

The oil producing industry is a remarkable commercial enterprise and has been highly profitable as a whole in the past, but a time has come when discrimination should be exercised by the wise investor in oil securities.

Salt Creek Boy Scouts Winners

Salt Creek Boy Scouts

Salt Creek has one of the best troops of Boy Scouts in Natrona County. They are up and coming, very much interested in their troop and every one of them is anxions to be a good one-hundred-per-cent scout. The scoutmaster is Gregory S. Powell, and he has the full good will and hearty support of the troop and of the community.

Another Tragedy on the Salt Creek Road

An accident which resulted in the death of one, and the painful injury of another, occurred on the Salt Creek road on May 8th, when a Dodge touring car, driven by H. A. Yost, Welder Foreman on the new four-inch Gasoline Pipe Line under construction between Salt Creek and Casper, tipped over.

Foreman Yost and William T. Bowen, Welder's Helper, were en route to Casper from the Pipe Line Camp about fifteen miles out. They had traveled only a short distance on the highway when the front wheels of the car ran into a soft spot in the road, probably left by recent grading operations, which caused the wheels to cramp to one side and overturn the car. Mr. Bowen met instant death, his head being crushed between the car and the road. Mr. Yost was also pinned under the car and knocked unconscious, remaining so for probably ten or fifteen minutes. When he regained consciousness, he managed to extricate Bowen from the debris, but saw that life had become extinct. Soon after, Dave Scott, Midwest Scout, came along the road in his Dodge roadster, en route to Casper, and brought Mr. Yost in to the hospital where he received treatment for his bruises, and examination for possible fractures or internal injuries. The examinations revealed, however, that there was nothing of a serious nature, and he was confined in the hospital for only a few days to recover from the shock and bruises.

Mr. Bowen is survived by a mother, sister and brother. His remains have been shipped to Mobile, Alabama, for interment.

New Haven reports a change in the cut of men's hair: something new in Yale locks.

MAKE
APPLICATION
FOR
BENEFITS
ON THE
SEVENTH DAY
OF
DISIBILITY

A Shirt Tale

A member of the Field Engineering Department, while on a trip to Denver the fore part of this year, left an order for some very fine shirts to be mailed to him at the Casper office. In March, he was assigned to the service of the Midwest-Wyoming Gas Company at Basin, and some time after he left, the package of shirts arrived at the Casper Office in a very dilapidated condition. The temptation was too great for some of the boys, and they removed one of the finest and substituted a dirty shirt in its place, carefully folding and pinning it up in the same manner that the new shirts were prepared, tied the package up as best they could and forwarded them to him at Basin. His consternation, when receiving the package and finding a dirty shirt in the place of one for which he had paid his hard earned cash, may readily be imagined. He therefore wrote the following letter to his friend of the Casper office, in whom he had placed the trust of forwarding his mail:

April 5, 1922.

Dear Friend:

Received shirts and mail forwarded today. Thanks to you.

Keep everything in mail line as fast as it comes in to me here please—as it looks as if I was parked for 60 or 90 days.

Did you notice when that bundle of shirts came in if they had been tampered with? Some mail clerk evidently traded one with me, putting back an old second hand or used shirt in the package—think it happened between Casper and Basin. Have another package of shirts coming, and so when they arrive please have mail clerk insure them.

Thanks for the mail, and keep it moving on to this joint please, and with best wishes,

(Signed) ————————

P.S.—I looked at wrapper this A. M. on shirt package and I find same was insured, but as it would be a hard job to figure out where the shirt was stolen—I won't put claim in against the Post Office—that is, unless you had shirts open and saw that three shirts were in (new ones). So if you noticed—let me know please.

P.S.S.—The dam'd janitor might have traded while they were laying around there—or maybe a mail clerk into Casper or out of Casper—So it sure would be a hard job to locate the real thief.

P.S.S.S.—You might open up the next package of shirts and see if there are three new ones, and then see they are securely tied up before you forward them. I'm sure making you a lot of grief but I'll give you one or two honest to goodness drinks some day. Thanks now anyhow.

One of the other boys in the office was inspired to write the following letter:

Casper, Wyoming, April 7, 1922.

Mi dere sir:

My wife got a hold of your package of shirts and she thot she would take one for me. Now I do not like to have my wife take other peoples things as she put in one of my good shirt now your

(Continued on Page 23)

Our Cover

(Continued from Page 1)

Liverpool, England, going by the way of Halifax, Nova Scotia, where the ill-fated Tuscania joined their fleet and was torpedoed off the coast of Ireland at 6:15 p. m., February 6, 1918. The Baltic docked at Liverpool on February 7th. The 148th then proceeded to South Hampton, and from there to La Havre, France. The regiment then went on to Castillon where they entered into intensive artillery training, leaving for the front on July 3rd. Their first action was in the Aisne-Marne Defensive, covering a period from July 7th to 17th inclusive, at which time the Aisne-Marne Offensive began, and lasted until August 12th.

Transfer was then made by convoy to the St. Mihiel Sector where the 148th saw continuous action until about September 20th, at which time they proceeded on to the Argonne, and remained in action there until the Armistice on November 11th.

The 148th Field Artillery, equipped with 6-inch rifles having a range of 17 kilometers, was made up largely of Wyoming boys, and commanded by Burke H. Sinclair of Casper. After the Armistice was signed the regiment was sent back to Blercourt, France, for repairs and renewal of equipment. They were made part of the 3rd Army of Occupation and proceeded to Germany, arriving there about the middle of December and remaining until May 26, 1919, when they received orders to return home. They sailed from St. Nazarre, France, the following June, returning directly to Casper, and received a discharge on June 26th, at Ft. D. A. Russell, Cheyenne.

John W. Parker, U. S. Navy.

We asked Mr. Parker to write a little story of his service record, and feel that we cannot improve it in its composition so we give it to our readers just as he gave it to us:

On February 10, 1917, I joined what was then known as the Chicago Yachtmen's Naval Auxiliary Reserve. I signed a paper which stated that in case of war I would enlist in the United States Naval Reserve Force. I had training in the art of signaling, in ordnance and gunnery. After the declaration of war I was called to the colors, and on June 4, 1917, took the oath and proceeded on a short training cruise on the U. S. S. Gopher, which ended at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. After six weeks of parade ground and mess hall I was transferred to an iron ore boat on the Great Lakes, running between Cleveland, Ohio, and Duluth, Minnesota, for a period of two months. From this I went to the Municipal Pier in Chicago for intensive study of navigation, etc., which lasted through the winter of 1917. I was then transferred to the Officers' School at Pelham Bay, N. Y., where I received my commission as Ensign, U. S. N., R. F. My first sea duty was on the transport U. S. S. Great Northern. I made five trips on this ship, as junior watch officer, to Brest, France, and saw nary a submarine. I then made a trip to St. Nazarre, France, on the U. S. S. Westmount, which was a cargo ship, as senior watch officer, and arrived there the day the Armistice was signed.

Upon our return to the States, we took on a cargo of flour and canned milk for the relief of the Armenians. We sailed by way of Gibraltar, Island of Malta, through the Azean Sea, the Dardanelles, Sea of Marmora, and thence to Constantinople. We stopped there for two days to get charts of the mine fields of the Black Sea, and on to Batum, Russia, the terminal of the oil pipe lines which lead over the Caucasus Mountains from Baku by way of Tiflis. Our cargo was discharged and in its place we took on licorice root at Batum, and tobacco at Samsoun, Turkey.

We returned home after a four months' trip and I was relieved from active duty May 29, 1918, at the Philadelphia Navy Yards.

Edwin J. Kass, U. S. Marines.

Mr. Edwin J. Kass entered the employ of the Midwest Refining Company on January 15, 1921. He enlisted at Spokane, Washington, which was his home at that time, on February 21, 1918, and was tentatively accepted for service in the Marines and dispatched to Mare Island, Cal., where he underwent his final examination and was accepted for service, ordered to Newport News, and was assigned to the U. S. S. South Carolina, which was at that

time in the Atlantic Fleet Detachment and on convoy service.

Mr. Kass was detailed to one of the 5-inch gun crews, and while on board that ship made two trips to France.

In July of 1918 the South Carolina was changed over to transport service and used for transporting army nurses to France. He was then transferred to the Ninth Regiment of the U. S. Marines, located at Galveston, Texas, where the organization was being recruited to war strength, and was discharged from the Marines at that location on the 6th of February, 1919.

Baseball Hop

(Continued from Page 4)

the young ladies are very grateful to the Boarding House management, they departed for Glenrock. Arriving there considerably ahead of the zero hour, the party attended en masse the one Movie Theatre of that metropolis, and but for the fact that the nervousness of a certain individual caused considerable uneasiness to the party, the picture would have been greatly enjoyed. Several packages of gum were consumed, which also added to the sweetness of the occasion.

After the picture show, the descent, or rather, ascent, was made upon the great occasion of the evening. Any fears which the young ladies might have had concerning the possibility of their becoming "wall flowers" were soon driven away, as no sooner had they entered the hall than they were besieged with invitations to dance, and the boys from Big Muddy and Glenrock kept them busy from then on until the strains of "Home Sweet Home" announced that the dance was over.

The Baseball Team is to be congratulated upon the great success of the occasion, both in point of numbers in attendance and the good time which everyone had.

The party returned about 2:30 a. m. So far as we know, everyone was on the job the following Monday morning, none the worse for wear, having had a day of rest to recuperate their vitality for the arduous business duties which they have to perform.

Big Muddy Deep Test

(Continned from Page 6)

to 2 inches. A string of 2-inch tools at the end of a 4300 foot cable sounds like a joke, but we made a hole with them, and at 4358 reached the top of the Lakota Sand. The upper few feet of the sand contained enough oil to cause a considerable increase in the production of the well, but the further the hole penetrated the sand, the more water appeared, and by the time we reached the bottom of the sand at 4405, our oil well had become a water well.

At 4413, in shale formation, drilling stopped, and we are now endeavoring to plug back and shut off the water so that production may be resumed from the oil-bearing portions of the same.

Credit is due in part to the following drillers who have carried on the actual work successfully: J. D. Kelly and J. O. Dart, who carried it through the early stages, and W. T. Gifford and Jay Cochrane, who put in the last few "miles."

"Safety First"

All too frequently someone pays the price of poor roads or too much gas, and the Safety Department wishes to caution every Midwest employe who is entrusted with the driving of an automobile with the need of SAFETY FIRST. Lives are more precious than time, and whenever any driver exceeds a safety speed he is taking chances and may never reach his destination. The more urgent the call, the greater the need of safety, for when the safety speed is exceeded the destination may never be reached. Safe speed is purely relative and may be 40 miles an hour on one road and 10 miles an hour on another, but the good driver knows and should never exceed it.

May 30th Picnic

Mr. F. J. Keleher and Company wish to advise that a mistake had been made regarding the May 30th picnic which was to take place at DENVER, but will NOW take place at Garden Creek Falls under Keleher and Company's supervision. We will furnish all the cars and eats. Anyone that hasn't had an invitation is cordially invited. *See Mr. Keleher for further information.*

KELEHER & COMPANY.

OFFICE and FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Denver Office

Just a Word

Friends, have you noticed the great improvement in your magazine during the last few months. Sure you have. Our hats are off to Col. Sinclair and Tracy Shaw for the decided improvement, "zip" and "pep" that they have put in the appearance of the Review since they have taken an active hand in editing it. But, folks, just a word. We don't want the Denver Office column to lag behind a bit. We have got to keep up the stride with the rest. We have been doing our "derndest" to gather, beg, steal and borrow every speck of news that can be raked together in this office. It is a good sized job, and, incidentally, it takes a little time. However, we would like your help and cooperation. If you know a bit of news—and what is news—why anything with a human-interest touch in it—send it in. You don't know to whom to give it? Either hand it to "Bill" Miller who is Contributing Editor from this province, or to Al, "Doc" Russell, who composes the reporters' staff at present. If you do not, or think you cannot write it, we'll do our best for you. Pictures, cartoons, and the like are especially sought. Now, up and at 'em and keep it going for future issues.

Wax and Lubricating Department to Chicago

On and after May first in the year of 1922 A. D., L. C. Welsh and his assistants consisting of the Misses Gegg and Litmer, and L. G. Campbell, will be found at 910 South Michigan Avenue, City of Chicago, County of Cook, State of Illinois.

Having tired of our sunshine and desiring to bask in the shadows of the White Sox ball park, Mr. Welch and his department packed their bag and baggage, including all samples and departed at various times during the month of April, but all aiming to report for duty at the above mentioned time and place. They have been with us ever since the Wax Plant was started, and we hated to see them go, but our best wishes went with them, and that will have to be "bastante" as the Spanish say.

A Modern Saint Patrick

As old St. Patrick ridded Ireland of snakes and deported them all to the State of Wyoming, so is one of our employes of the Traffic Division endeavoring to rid his district on the South Side of the vermin known as rats. Hearing a terrible noise one night in the rear of his home, our hero arose from his downy cot, and glancing out of the kitchen window beheld five of the largest rats ever seen by man. The mysterious animal of Patagonia wasn't in it, and said employe never touches bootleg or home-brew—his cellar isn't large enough. Instead of calling the fire department or the state constabulary as might have been expected in such a case, he waited until dawn, and hied himself to a local dispensary and purchased a large quantity of Churchill's Double-Strength Rough-on-Rats. After distributing this lotion thoroughly about his premises, he awaited the results, and was justly rewarded when the next day, the second day after the first appearance of the rats, he found the five victims resting placidly on his back lawn, their souls having departed for Rat Heaven. It is also rumored that their bodies were sold to a local bootlegger for a fabulous sum. The name of the hero of this tale is omitted through discretion and the desire for self-preservation.

Milton Khan
alias
"KUBLA"

In Xandu did Milton Khan
A stately tin garage decree,
Where Alf, the silly sewer ran,
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to the bloomin' sea.
—Samuel Taylor Oil Tank.

Sparks from the Bull Pen

Larkin to Muehler: "Muehler, have you seen anything of a Journal Voucher made by Greiner charging Crude?"

Muehler: "No. Haven't seen it since noon yesterday."

Larkin: "Well, it's only been missing since last night."

Parsons: "Tell him to clean his spark plugs if it's missing."

Larkin: "It didn't go out to spark."

Telephone Company Employes Entertain Denver Office

On Friday afternoon, April 14th, the employes of the Mountain States Telephone Company put on a very delightful and instructive entertainment in the large Accounting Room on the eighth floor. The entertainment started at four o'clock and lasted almost an hour. Many of the employes were fortunate enough to be able to witness this interesting show, but most of the employes of the Traffic and Sales Accounting Division were unable to avail themselves of the opportunity, as the afternoon hours are among the busiest in the day for these departments. It is suggested that in the future such entertainments be held at an hour more available for all.

Fire Threatens Sales Accounting Division

The destruction of the old Club building and several adjoining buildings on April 18th by fire will not be the only conflagrations remembered by members of the Sales Accounting Division on that date. At noon hour while one of our employes was endeavoring to catch up some of the work, the Burroughs Adding Machine upon which he was working caught fire from a short circuit in the motor. After a couple of good douses of water the flames were extinguished, and a good sized job was ready for the Burroughs' repair man.

Book Agent on Barnes' Trail

A book salesman for a law publishing house in this city was endeavoring to interest our Hon. A. K. Barnes in a particular book of legal forms.

All was going fine, until the salesman casually mentioned the price of the book as $18. A. K. exploded on the spot, exclaiming: "I'll see you in hades before I'll give you $18!"

Like a flash the salesman replied: "Why wait so long?"

Midwest White-Hope Operated On

Bill Grommett better known in the squared-circle as Bill Smith, D. A. C. aspirant, had his tonsils removed a few days ago. At the present writing, Bill will beat the count.

Arthur Hughes Weds

April 20th, 1922, will long remain an eventful day in Arthur Hughes' memory, because at nine-thirty in the morning of this day, he struck out before the speed and curves of Dan Cupid, and married Miss Gertrude Conkling, daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. E. Conkling of this city. His bride is an Eastern girl, having resided in this city for the last two and a half years. The Conklings formerly lived in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Arthur Hughes is a popular employe of the Cost Accounting Division, and was captain of our baseball team in 1921. He attended North Denver High School, and has had a wide business experience in this city, is a veteran of the World War, having served one year in France with 115th Engineers Headquarters Detachment, and is also a member of the Percy Preston Post of the American Legion. Miss Hilda Larsen acted as bridesmaid, while Art's brother, Harry, who was formerly an employe of this company, was best man. The couple journeyed to Colorado Springs on a short honeymoon.

In order to help the newlyweds get started right, the employes of the Denver Office presented them with a floor lamp and smoking set. Our best wishes for a long and happy married life are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Hughes.

Sportsmen, Attention!

A local paper announces that this will be a great year for crapshooters, and more will be engaged in the game than ever before. While the paper is doubtless correct, we have an idea it meant "trapshooters."—R. K. M.

Gleanings

McAlpine, who challenges Illius, as a fisherman, says early in the season the fish don't bite worth a Continental "DQ." You stand a better chance with a few rocks, than with a line and hook. Evidently, he has never heard of Sweetwater Dam. Eh, Huegli!

A. L. Merritt has returned from a business trip to Wyoming. Speaking of wind at Casper, he says you have got to hand it to them, for when the wind whistles, it whistles "jazz."

Herb. Dailey and A. W. Peake were in Denver for a few days last week.

Rath and his assistants departed for "location" the early part of May.

Jake Bohmann is still confined to his home. He has been suffering from heart-trouble and rheumatism. It is hoped that he will soon be about again.

More Movies

R. D. Brooks and Kent Whitford have occupied the office left vacant by the removal of the Wax & Lubricating Department to Chicago. Mr. Carpenter has moved to Whitford's old room No. 901, aud "Les." Thompson now occupies Mr. Carpenter's old room on the ninth floor.

Denver Employes With Sunday Baseball Teams

Since the discontinuance of baseball in Denver, several of the boys have lined up with Sunday teams. Roy Johnson is playing second base with the Craig-Baker nine. McNicholas is managing and playing with the St. Joseph H. N. S. team, while Ray Hamilton is pitching for the same team. "Spin" Stebenne is playing short for the St. Francis H. N. S. team.

Life's little complexities continue to increase. For instance, in free Ireland it is proposed to restore the Gaelic name for Queenstown, in the county of Cork, said Gaelic name being "Cobh," which is pronounced "Cove." Oh, very well, Belfast, we suppose will be something like "Woopf," pronounced "Ouch," and so on. But please feed the world these changes a few at a time.—Chicago Daily News.

Perpetual Motion

Kahn: (in his Reo) "We've got it at last."
Grant; "G-got w-what?"
Kahn: "Perpetual motion—I can't stop."

Bretschneider Has a Birthday

Mrs. H. C. Bretschneider surpriesd her husband with a party on his birthday recently. Among the members of the Midwest Family present were Messrs. and Mesdames A. K. Barnes, J. D. Clark, A. L. Merritt, and T. A. Pedley.

Herb Naylor to Run in Big Race

On May 20th at Fort Collins several of the fastest men who ever wore the spiked shoe in this state will compete in the century and two-twenty when the colleges of the Rocky Mountain Conference meet in their annual track meet. One of these contestants will be Herb. Naylor, son of "Bert" Naylor, our Traffic Manager. Herb will carry the colors of University of Colorado, and we are all hoping that he will carry the Silver and Gold to victory. This or these will be his last races for his Alma Mater, as he will graduate before another season is here.

Old Employes Visit Office

Mrs. Bowhay who was formerly in charge of the Stock Division of this Company some years ago, visited some of her old friends in the office while in Denver some weeks ago. She and her husband who will be remembered by the "old guard" are now located in Texas.

Hugh Webber, formerly employed in the Traffic Division, dropped in the office to say "goodbye" to his friends. He left May first for Los Angeles, California, to make his home with his mother who now resides in that city.

On April 30th Arthur Johns of the Sales Accounting Division rang-up another year, and crossed the twenty-first barrier of life which now entitles him to the full rights of being a man, chief of which is the ballot. He received a fine watch from his mother as one of the honors of the day.

Elmo K. Ballard, the David Harem of the Traffic Division, has made another trade whereby he now travels in a Hudson Super-Six instead of a Dodge.

Joyce de la Gardie has just gotten his Buick together after its Spring knock-down. Much to his disappointment he did not have enough left over to construct another car.

Roy Johnson and his folks expect to move into their new home on South Clarkson about the first of June.

Old Employes Back

Miss Doris Ahring who was forced to quit her work on account of eye trouble some months ago, has resumed her duties in the Traffic Department.

"Wild Bill" Elliott, the peerless billing clerk, has been reinstated in the Sales Accounting Division, which was necessitated by the increase of business during the past few months.

New Hours in Effect

Monday, May 15th, the new hours for summer were put into effect. It will now be necessary for the boys and girls to be present at eight bells in the morning, but they will ring out at four-thirty. How long these hours will last depends greatly upon the enthusiasm and punctuality with which they are accepted.

A. L. Clark on Vacation

A. L. Clark, who bosses the Cost Accounting Division, has been on an extended vacation, visiting his old haunts in Chicago, Illinois, and Columbia City, Indiana. It was rumored that he had "gone and done it," but upon investigation, we have been unable to get the desired proof, so will have to rest assured that he is still in the throes of single-blessedness.

I think this will be the last snow this season, don't you?

Some people commit suicide by "blowing out" the gas, and others by "stepping on" it.

Casper Office

THE FOLLOWING EXPRESSIONS ARE HEARD DAILY IN THE CASPER OFFICE

Mr. Heerlein: "Hello, Ladies! Everybody happy?"
Mabel Davidson: "She's too persnickedy."
Ann Bradyson: "Oh, My Dear!"
Bertha Kaylor: "Come down to earth."
Mildred Fehlman: "Oh, Your Foot!"
Myrtle Duncan: "Ain't that Cutie!"
Mr. Gibbs. "Gee whiz!"
Mr. Heugli: "Goodnight."
Buck: "S-h-u-r-e."
Mr. Rutz: "Oh, Daddy."

Mr. Keleher isn't always as smiling as he appears. The other evening someone was in the candy store when he entered. He stood at the counter where the almonds and pecans were on display, and after waiting ten minutes for a clerk to appear, he yelled: "Here! here! who waits on the nuts?" Instantly a girl shouted back at him: "I'll wait on you in just a minute."

When the eyes are shut the hearing becomes more acute, says a medical authority. We have noticed people trying this experiment in the office. ? ? ?

In the springtime a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. We are wondering just which girl it is, that has succeeded in vamping Mr. Heugli, in room 533. Speak up, girls.

More Air Castles

The girls of the Stenographic and "Comptometric" Departments were all packing their suitcases and giving their noses a final dab of powder, just before getting onto the train for Denver on the 27th, when someone came along and kicked the props from under their air castle and, blewey, it went up in smoke. Kelly and Eddie no longer are welcome in either of these departments.

A Memorial

The news had spread around the floors,
Jumped as fast as a scared cat;
The Company was to run a special train
To old Denver on the Platte.

Some even set the date and price,
Expectation sharp as a picket,
But none so happy as F. J. Kelly.
Who could go for half-fare ticket.

Letters were written, and wires sent
Informing the folks far away,
That tickets were good to start return
Right after Memorial Day.

But sad to say their hopes fell flat,
And armed with broom and poker,
They now are guarding all exits;
And sure will beat the joker.

Now Kelly sits close by his desk,
And erstwhile takes a snooze?
He wishes that he really was,
Just now in "Stoney's" shoes.

Mabel bought a brand new "sport suit."
Miss Duncan wired mamma.
Mrs. Elison teased hubby to consent.
Anne and Helen went to look at clothes.
Mildred bought a new pair of satin dancing pumps.
Bertha immediately proceeded to go crazy.
Miss Anderson went to look at hats.
Kelly and Eddie are hunting cover.

She Retains Her "Youthful" Appearance

Mabel likes to dance but since the enforcement of the curfew law she must be chaperoned.

Puzzle—Find Huegli

There was a young feller from Duluth,
Bought part of a flivver in his youth;
When he stepped on the gas, Say boy, 'twas some class,
Barney Oldfield wasn't there, its the truth.

Our Assistant Auditor, W. G. Heerlein, received a wire on Tuesday, May 9th, advising that his father had died on Saturday, May 6th, at Corry, Pennsylvania. Death resulted from a stroke. Interment was made in Pine Grove Cemetery, Corry, Pa., on the 9th.

Big Muddy Notes

Ernest F. Krueger who has been working in Muddy for some time was married a few days ago to Miss Bernice Reid. The couple journeyed to Douglas, evidently with the intention of being married quietly, instead of which they discovered they had selected a day when the Traders convention was taking place.

The committee learning the facts decided that the young couple should become part of the program, to which decision the couple consented, the bride mounted the platform on the arm of Governor Carey to the strains of the Wedding March played by the Douglas Band. The ceremony was performed by Justice of the Peace, J. E. Ryan, the Governor, and Mayor Le Bar kissed the bride.

Governor Carey gave the young couple a wedding present of a check for $50.00 and the Mayor and Mrs. Le Bar a set of silver teaspoons, and the convention committee a set of dishes.

Mr. and Mrs. Kreuger will reside in that part of Muddy Oil Field known as "Sage City."

Tom Herman who has been working for some time past in the connection gang, has left the service of the Midwest, going to Davenport, Iowa, where he will make his future location.

Roy Gurley was admitted into the Casper Hospital a few days ago suffering from bruises of the back and strained ligaments sustained while he was unloading casing. Although the injuries are not serious it is expected he will not be able to resume his duties for at least a week.

Tom Fitzgerald, fireman at Whiteside boiler house, narrowly escaped serious injury while making his regular rounds, an explosion occuring in one of the boilers caused through the accumulation of gas which had been turned on by accident. The gas ignited, breaking away brickwork and damaging the front part of the boiler. The flames caused a bad blister on Tom's face, but after receiving first aid treatment he was able to resume work.

On Saturday, April 29th, the Muddy baseball team held a dance at Glenrock. The occasion was a great success, a large attendance being present. The field appreciated the support tendered by the Casperites. T. N. Shaw of the Industrial Relations was represented by a good delegation of girls from the Casper office, who expressed themselves as having a good time. The orchestra was made up of the players in the Parkerton Band. We were fortunate in being able to enlist the services of these players, as a great saving in expense was effected by not having to hire a special orchestra, consequently the treasury of the baseball team benefited.

George Koogle, who has been on the office staff for about two years, has now severed his connection with the Midwest. We understand that George is going into business with his father who takes contracts for drilling water wells. Our best wishes go to George in his new venture.

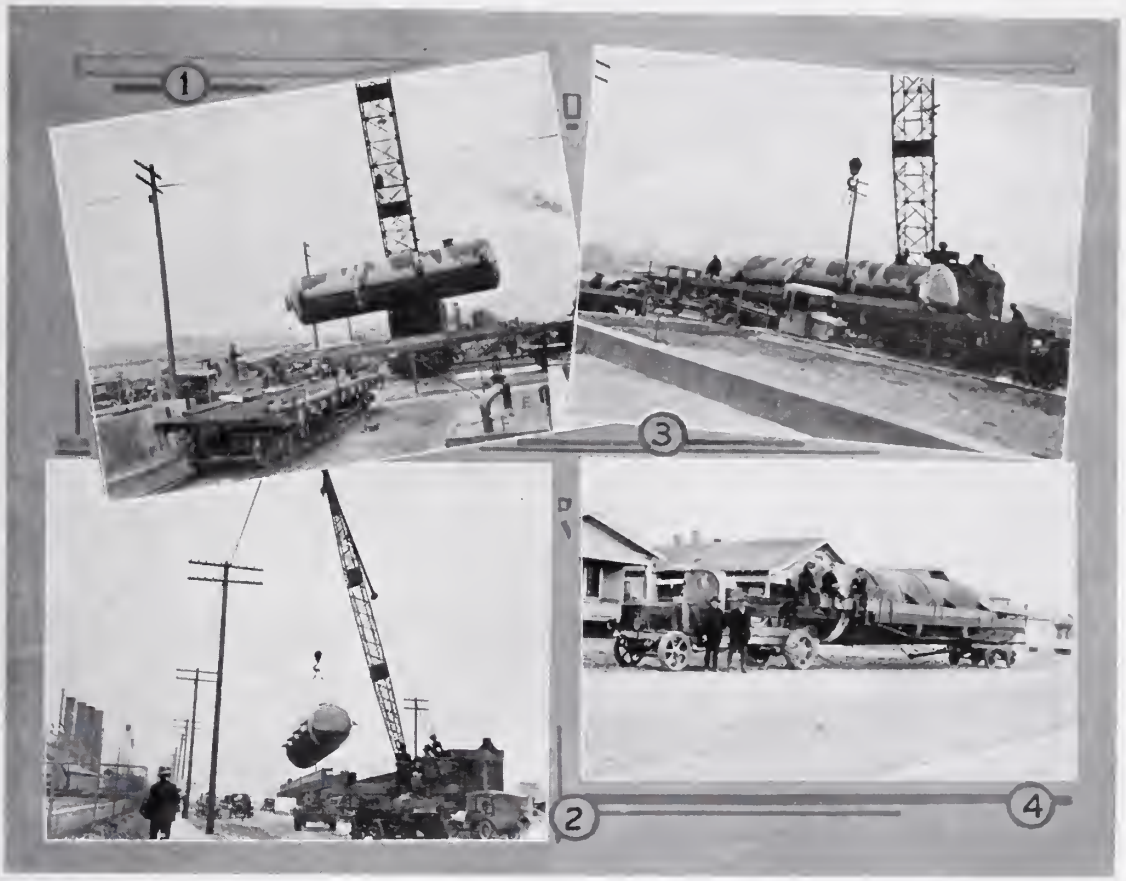
We learn that Jack Nelms, our garage man, has received a message from the Casper Hospital that his wife had presented him with a bouncing baby girl. Jack had been making several trips to Casper on account of his wife's condition, but now that the anxious time is over Jack is full of smiles. Congratulations are extended to both.

The adverse weather conditions during the last week or more have prevented the baseball team getting into full swing. A schedule of games is being arranged and we expect our first game on Sunday, May 14th, with the American Legion team of Casper. On May 21st the Standard Oil Company's team is due to play at Muddy. In consideration of the fact that George Stephenson of Kansas will be on our pitching staff, coming to us with a reputation, we are expecting our team to make a favorable showing with the local teams.

ARE YOU
SUPPLYING
YOUR
FAIR SHARE OF?

A little more kindness and a little less creed;
A little more giving and a little less greed;
A little more smile and a little less frown;
A little less kicking a man when he's down;
A little more "we" and a little less "I";
A little more laugh and a little less cry;
A little more flowers on the pathway of Life;
And fewer on graves at the end of the strife.

Casper Storage Yard



Sheriff Takes Notice

One of the largest stills ever transported from one place to another, was moved the other day. A large crowd witnessed the act and moving the still was done without police or the sheriff's protection. The crowd was very orderly and no excitement was evident.

The size of the still is thirty-five feet long by a trifle over eight feet in diameter, and weighed 36,500 pounds. Most stills are moved on Fords or other small cars, but this still required a 5-ton White, a 5-ton trailer and an extra heavy rigging. That the trailer would not leave the road two men were placed on it to steer it. The trip was made in eight hours.

The job of loading was but a few moments. The railroad crane of the Standard Oil Company carried the still from its former position on the north side of the river to the Yellowstone Highway and there let the still on to the rigging, which was constructed on 12x12 40's, and after it was chained in place the long grind to Salt Creek began. The weather of Wyoming, for once, was favorable, and the trip was made without mishap.

T. S. Clayton left on Saturday, May 6th, for Fresno, California. Mr. Clayton received word that his sister was very ill, and he is making this journey to be with her during her illness. We wish his sister a speedy recovery and an early return of Mr. Clayton.

A number of the truck drivers journeyed to Glenrock to enjoy the festivities of the dance, and from all reports "a good time was had by all." We need more of these get-together affairs.

The employes of the Casper Field Carpenter Shop, Casper Field Garage, Central Machine Shop, and Casper Storage Yard were called into conference on the night of May 4th. The reason for the conference was very important, the subject being BASEBALL. It was decided to organize a team, and L. A. Robinson was elected manager. The boys have been practising very faithfully and should have a very good team. As soon as a team is selected we will announce the lineup.

Mr. Cooney is very popular with the brokers (he claims they have him broke now), as he receives telegrams and letters announcing the best buys on the market.

H. E. Yard left the employ of the company

on May 10th. This was in accordance with the doctor's orders, who advised that indoor work was detrimental to Mr. Yard's health. We hope that the new work that Mr. Yard took up will improve his health and that he will have great success therein.

It has been said that in "spring time a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love." We disagree with that prophet, as according to our observation a young man's thoughts turn toward gas wagons. There have been cars and rumors of more cars for the last few weeks. There must be a lot of folks who are going to see and enjoy the scenes of Wyoming and no doubt sense the staying qualities of Wyoming mud.

Mr. Counts has been taking a vacation and we hope that he enjoyed it.

C. A. Cooney will have left the employ of the company by the time that you read this item. He is leaving the state of wild winds and much mud—Wyoming—for the state of Montana. There, he claims that he will get on the outside of some home-cooked food, thereby putting on some weight. We are sorry to lose Mr. Cooney, but are glad that he is going to that best place—home.

Herein you behold "Packy" MacFarland, and "Shorty" Goodin with a good assortment of pretty girls. Packy says that he and Shorty are very fond of pretty girls but not flat tires. From the easy manner in which said flat tire is resting against the front wheel, it doesn't seem to bother Packy and Shorty much.

Here is another picture of Shorty with a part of the same bevy of pretty girls. If Packy hadn't had to take this picture you would have seen two truckdrivers on a one horsepower means of transportation. However, we think that this one-cylinder G-101 has an overload. Also for your information, we think that maybe the jostling hurt his front teeth as he has had to have said teeth extracted. We hope, Shorty, that the new teeth will be better than the old.

In checking up the great advantage of thrift, we find that a hundred dollars placed in a savings bank twenty years ago would amount to more than two hundred dollars now, and will buy almost as much today as the original hundred would have bought at the time it was deposited.

Notes From Osage

Osage having such a small personnel makes it rather difficult to furnish news which might interest the Review readers. However, the Midwest camp looks like a very active place these days. The Illinois Pipe Line Co. makes its headquarters here, having their bunkhouse, pipe rack, etc., adjoining the Midwest. At present they are installing a small gravity system to take care of the oil in what is termed the Deep Field. This will relieve the operators from pumping their oil from their storage tanks into the pipe line, and will surely be welcomed by the producers. The Midwest program at present consists of abandoning Well No. 4, W½NE¼ Sec. 24-46-64, and keeping the wells on the pump. One might wonder what keeps the office force and Supt. Guenin busy—just make a trip to Osage and you will be convinced that little loafing takes place on the Company's time.

Paul R. Pierce, former Tool Pusher, is back again in Osage and is at present drilling for Mississippi Delta Oil Company. We are sure pleased to see his smiling face again.

Mike Moyer declares that riding a Jit has broncho busting beat a mile. He ought to know, as he is the proud possessor of one that will make a mile in nothing. Divide a gallon of Osage crude between the radiator and gas tank and she's good for another 500 miles. 'Tis hard to believe.

Tell Him Now

If with pleasure you are viewing
Any work a man is doing,
If you like him or you love him,
Tell him now.
Don't withhold your approbation
Till the parson makes oration
And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow.

For, no matter how you shout it,
He won't really care about it;
He won't know how many teardrops you have shed.
If you think some praise is due him,
Now's the time to slip it to him,
For he cannot read the tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money
Is the comment kind and sunny,
And the hearty, warm approval of a friend;
For it gives to life a savor,
It makes you stronger, braver,
And it gives you heart and courage to the end.

If he earns your praise, bestow it;
If you like him, let him know it;
Let the words of true encouragement be said;
Do not wait till life is over
And he's underneath the clover,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

—Selected.

Salt Creek Midwest Band

A roll of the drums, the baton of Director Gibson comes down and the Salt Creek Midwest Band again jumps into prominence. The organization has length, breadth and thickness and a fourth dimension has been added in the form of new uniforms. Augmented by several new men and improved by continual practice, we claim the distinction of having the best band in the state right here in Salt Creek.

A concert will be given in the near future at the Salt Creek Hall and the program of covering the Field and Teapot Station in order to treat the outside camps to a musical evening, interrupted by the bad weather, will be carried through.

An open air bandstand is contemplated for a season of outdoor concerts at Home Camp. And some day in the near future this organization, backed by Salt Creek Boosters a-plenty, hopes to move in on Casper, and let that nearby city know that Salt Creek is alive and kicking, awake to her position, importance and responsibilities.

Doings in the Western States

The marriage of Miss Grace Gorman to Mr. William E. Ryan took place at St. Anthony's church on Tuesday morning, February 18th at 6 o'clock. The Rev. Snyder read the service in the presence of immediate friends and relatives. The couple were attended by Miss Genevieve Gorman, sister of the bride and Mr. Lester McGrath.

The bride is a daughter of Mrs. Ed Gorman of Casper. For the past two years she has been employed as stenographer in the purchasing department of the Western States Oil and Land Company.

The groom formerly lived at Thermopolis, but for the past year has been associated with the Midwest Refining Company.

Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served in the private dining room of the Henning Hotel. Immediately after the young people left for a short wedding trip to Thermopolis.

On February 8th, Mr. and Mrs. Ryan were very pleasantly surprised by the office force of the Western States Oil and Land Company. A picture, The Garden of Allah, was presented to the bride and groom. A very clever cartoon drawn by Hal Thompson acompanied the picture. Dancing and cards were enjoyed by the guests.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kilpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Hal Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Sharp, Miss Mildred McKendry, Miss Genevieve Gorman, Mrs. Ed Gorman, Mr. Peter F. Tang.

All had a very enjoyable evening and congratulations and best wishes for their continued happiness were extended by their many friends to Mr. and Mrs. Ryan.

Ode to the Core

By W. J. C., Field Garage

You have read without a doubt, manya tale of ancient lore,
But narya one I bet about the radiator core.
Now if wrecks are your specialty, or freezing-up your luck
You know, I reckon, don'tcha, huh? that they costya manya buck.
Now radiator cores aren't my line, nor poetry my whim,
But I got a tale to tellya 'bout the man as puts 'em in.

We had a man around the shop that the fellers all called Steve.
He got a little nervous when Flopper's mouse went up his sleeve.
Steve was very good on cores and soldering boilers, they all say,
But at singing grand operas and the like, he wouldn't win the day.
Steve could fix old radiators that were bent and wrecked for sure,
Till they'd stand right up and holler, "Let me live just six months more."

One fine day friend Steve was absent when us fellers all rung in,
And we looked and watched and waited six whole days for him.
Then Steve came down all fussed up, and says to us, "Boys, I'm all through."
So we gave friend Steve his time check; 'twas number three hundred sixty-two.
Steve eyed the battered cores, and says he with a broad'ning smile,
"Boys, you betcher life when I'm gone I'll never forget that pile."

The first man to heat the irons and to show the the skill of his fists
Was the daddy of the layout, better known as Ed Davis.
Wall, the next man to try his luck, to sing and to have some fun
Was a little welder feller, called Exio Kid Landon.
Then the boys got jealous, Donko asked for numbers—got in line
'Cause Salt Creek cores was all that's left and the first sure did work fine.

Now, fellers, I say, I don't know as to how, or why it be;
But I reckon as to how it's 'fact—been proved in history,
That fixin' cores just makes you smile and warble like a canary bird.

So Salt Creek, Muddy and the rest—send 'em in—the worst preferred.
They're all singin' now, singin' good, good as in some real big show,
And if they get real jobs—we'll turn out, 'sides the work—another Caruso.

In our shop there's a man called Flopp, and he puts out mighty straight stuff;
And if you try to get by with parts, he sure will call your bluff;
And he told me that John told him that Davis had said to the bunch:
"My name ain't Job, nor I ain't his son, but this I know for a cinch—
Boys, you may come and boys, you may go, may roam this old world o'er,
But, boys, sing and smile or 'tain't wuth while to fixa second-hand CORE."

Won't it be fun to see Dave Lewis and Dick Reiley on the parallel bars in the new Club House?

Wonder what Eddie will tell those girls next? Whatever it is, they'll fall for it.

Those Actress Ads

Actress—What beastly soap is this? Where on earth did you get it?

New Maid—Why, madame, I bought some because I saw an advertisement in which you said you were never happy without it.—London Daily Mail.

Alkaloid

Mamie often wondered why
Acids troubled alkali.
Mamie in a manner placid
Fed the cat boric acid.
Thereupon the cat grew frantic
Cutting many a curious antic.
"Ah!" said Mamie, overjoyed,
"Kitty is an alkaloid."

Probably Will Hays will find the Hollywood females a harder problem than he found the U. S. mails.

Nowadays the accident insurance companies want to know if it happened going up or down the cellar steps.

Tools Lost Again

A Shirt Tale

(Continued from Page 12)

shirt does not fit me and I would like to have back my shirt. My shirt is just as good as yours when clean if you will have my shirt washed and send it to me I will send you yours. I gave my wife hell for taking your shirt so I guess she will not do it again.

Just have your wife wash my shirt and send it to my post office box 1915 and I will send you yours.

Yours truly
Post Office Box 1915
Casper Wyo

P.S.—My is this not a big snow we have had in Casper.

P.S.S.—Send my shirt right away as I should have it before Sunday

Basin, April 9, 1922.

Dear Friend Jack:

Guess you know about losing of "my shirt" if ——— showed you letter I wrote him.

Enclosed find letter which I received forwarded from Casper yesterday—(That's sure good).

The other day I put in complaint to post office but since receiving this letter, it rather looks to me as if package had been rifled at Midwest Bldg. by one of the janitors—of course it is easy to run down as they give their Post Office box No. 1915.

Presume if that class of janitor is working there you want to run them down, as they might steal something else some day.

Then again on studying the matter over, I thought maybe you fellows in the office played a joke on me—so if it happens to be this way—everything O. K. as it is a good joke. But if my supposition is correct as to janitor of course I want to see them gotten.

I turned over this old shirt to the Post Office here—on arrival of shirts—and when I received this letter, thought it might be a joke, so am sending it to you—if it isn't and you can't find out anything, please return the letter and I will turn it over to the Post Office here.

Send the letter back anyhow—as I think it is rich and want to keep it for a souvenir.

Of course I want the shirt if I can get it—but I can't send the old one back as I turned it over to the Post Office here.

Let me know what you find out anyhow.

With best wishes

(Signed) ————.

Upon receipt of the letter the boys decided that he had suffered enough over the loss of his shirt, and carefully wrapped it in a box which contained, besides the shirt, two large-sized bricks, labeling them "Rimrocks," and expressed to him "charges collect." The bill was $1.89, and after receiving the package, he wrote the following letter to his Casper office friend:

Basin, Wyo. April 12, 1922.

Dear Friend:

Bricks received—and I'm saving them—going to get on top of the Midwest Building—and watch the door below—and when I see you coming out one is for you—and the other for Cleary. That won't be much of a test for a brick—dropping it on YOUR beans—but then they might give the desired result.

After that, I'm going to play the Good Samaritan—run to your rescue and inject (should I say inject, or will that be necessary?) a shot of moon—and then I'll proceed to get you piflicated—and then I might beat up on the two of you—(if I don't take any of the moon myself).

Now how will you like that kind of treatment? I think throwing the moon into you will be more than you deserve. But then I will, and any of the rest of the bunch that are in on that deal—on the Diehl—so you've all got me coming. You sure put that across pretty slick. I'll have to hand it to you.

Yes, and I apologize too, for calling you a janitor. Do anything just so you don't write home and tell the folks about it.

Well, you Big Simp—I can't make any further explanations or promises, and so will close with best wishes to all the gang—that includes all the cross-eyed, bow-legged, pigeon-toed, knock-kneed, bald-headed ones too.

(Signed) ————.

Thus endeth the tale of the shirt.

A Booster Man's Midsummer Night's Dream

Years ago when just a lad, 'bout fourteen years of age;
I read the history of old Wyoming, the land of the purple sage.
I read of its natural resources, of its rivers and mountains high;
Of its wonderful plains where it never rains, 'neath a beautiful azure sky.

I studied the brand of Wyoming land, I studied its native soil,
And being a boy, great was my joy, when I learned they had drilled for oil.
I was often told 'twas a land of gold, that its mountains were rich in ore;
I had queer dreams, of its beautiful streams, with rainbow trout galore.

I was a happy guy when I said good-bye, and came to this promise land,
I tried to steer, to an Oil Career—course I did not understand.
I had never heard of Bull Gangs, where you only draw four "bucks,"
I had never heard of Boosters, with their Bessemers-De Luxe.

A lot of things I didn't know, to my sorrow and regret;
When I think of pangs of the old Bull Gangs, my hands are blistered yet.
'Twas a lesson dearly paid for, yet the price was not too high;
I used to wonder if I made a blunder, as the weeks were passing by.

Tonight as I pen these weary lines, in Bessemer-Booster 1,
In looking forward to seven-thirty—to the rising of the sun.
'Tis then I'm off of Graveyard, for another thirty days.
And life will be more pleasant, in a hundred different ways.

Seems like a fellow gets the blues, while doing the Graveyard grind,
Your engines buck and you're out of luck, you're a mile and a half behind.
And it seems the gas gets heavy, keeps the engines working hard,
Pulling fourteen inches Vacuum, with an (0) atmosphere discharge.

The scrubbers are sure to fill with oil, it's enough to get one's goat,
And you got to blow the ——— ——— sump, not even a chance to smoke.
But just the same, I like the game, at least I've got no kick,
Just three square feeds and three-fifteen—but I guess, by gosh, I'll stick.

(Blackie) R. C. GARDNER.

The Sulkers

The world's too busy now to pause
To listen to a whiner's cause;
It has no time to stop and pet
The sulker in a peevish fret,
Who wails he'll neither work nor play
Because things haven't gone his way.

The world keeps plodding right along
And gives its favors right or wrong
To all who have the grit to work
Regardless of the fool or shirk;
The world says this to every man:
"Go out and do the best you can."

The world's too busy to implore
The beaten one to try once more;
'Twill help him if he wants to rise,
And boost him if he bravely tries,
And shows determination grim;
But it won't stop to baby him.

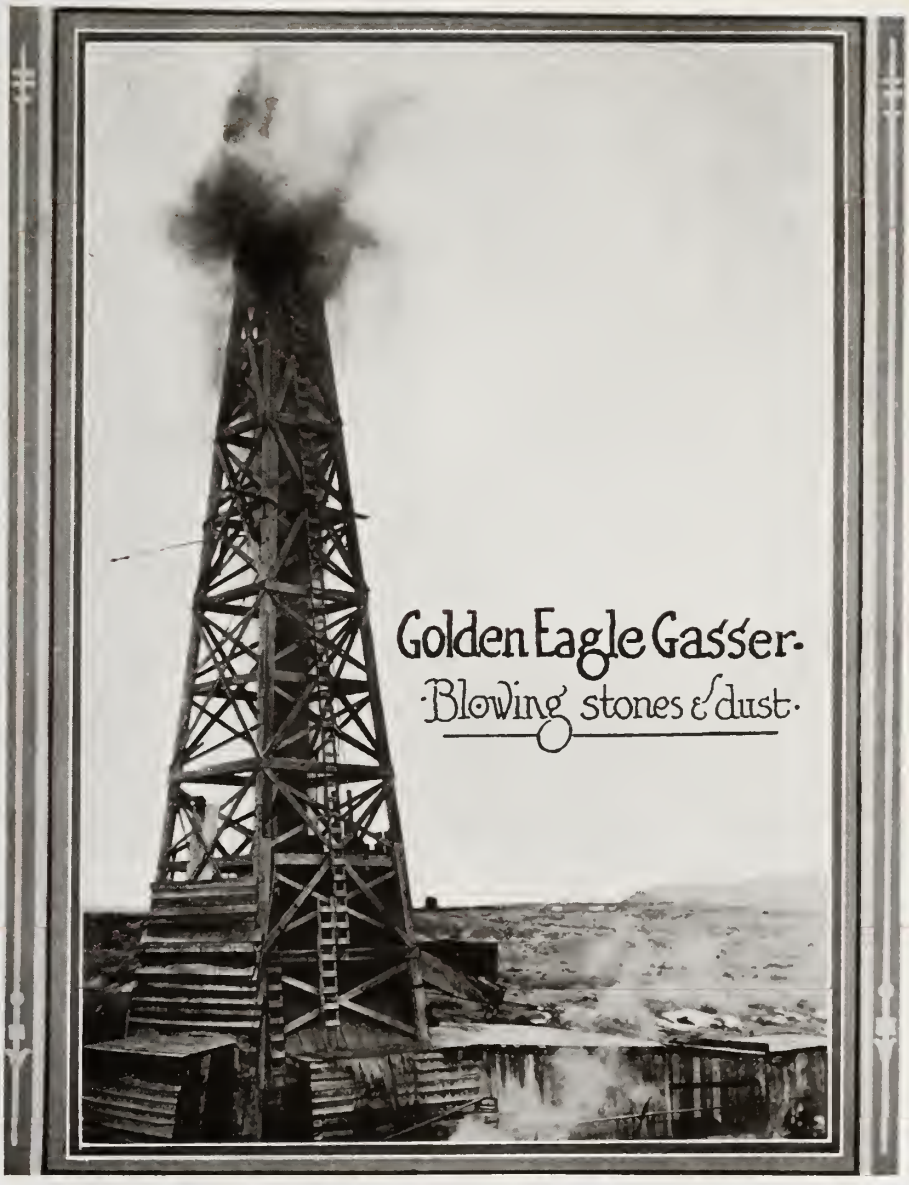
The world is occupied with men
Who fall but quickly rise again;
But those who whine because they're hit
And step aside to sulk a bit
Are doomed some day to wake and find
The world has left them far behind.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Post Luncheon
Smiles
THE LEADER
WOMEN'S & CHILDREN'S WEAR
MAIN FLOOR

The MIDWEST REVIEW

·Vol·3· June·1922 ·No·6·



Golden Eagle Gasser·
·Blowing stones & dust·

Published for
The Midwest Family
by THE MIDWEST REFINING CO.

IF happiness ha'e
not her seat
And center in the
breast,
We may be wise,
or rich, or great,
But never can be
blest.

—*Robert Burns.*

The Midwest Review

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About the time you get this issue, you will be preparing to shoot your annual quota of fireworks; or will be about to take the Fourth of July fishing trip, or picnic with the family. But to our way of thinking there is one duty which might well be performed about this season of the year by every American citizen in the employ of the Midwest. And that is to seek out the man who may be working next to you or at least in the same field, and who may not be a naturalized American citizen. It is your personal and individual duty to talk with that man, and try and urge him to get in line and become one of Uncle Sam's patriots.

It has come to be a nation-wide precept that if this country is good enough to work in, and earn a living and amass a fortune in, then it is good enough to swear allegiance to. The practice of the last hundred years, of foreign born citizens coming to the United States, making a comfortable sum of money and then streaking it back to the old country somewhere to spend it, has fallen somewhat into disrepute in the last few years, especially since the big war.

The Midwest Refining Company is fortunate in that there are very few men or women working for it in various capacities who are not either native born or naturalized citizens. But there are a few scattered around over the organization who have not as yet taken out their first papers, or have not completed their citizenship. It therefore is the duty, the civic, patriotic duty, of every member of the Midwest Family to try and help make the organization one hundred per cent American, and we know of no better time to look after this piece of business than the Fourth of July.

The Department of Industrial Relations has the past month started on their travels again, the Midwest Traveling Libraries and these books will be circulated among the principal field points, where reading matter is more or less scarce and hard to get. We should like to call particular attention to the fact that there are some splendid books in each library, in addition to the usual collection of up-to-date and first class fiction. There are two sets of books in particular which we want to commend to the employes in the various camps. One is the set of Historical Tales, two or three volumes of which are in each library. These tales are the salient points in history in each of the countries of the world. The big historical events are told in story form making them most delightfully readable and giving the reader a splendid knowledge of the history of that country. They are very much worth reading. The second set is the set of North American history from the discovery by Columbus down to the present day. There are twenty of these volumes, three in each library, excepting one, where there are but two copies. This is one of the finest histories ever printed and will give a liberal education to the reader, insofar as his own country is concerned. These books should be read carefully and conscientiously, not with a view to killing time, but with a view to learning something. Look them over.

By the way, is your life insured through the Midwest plan? If it isn't look into the matter at once. See your superintendent or other superior, if you haven't as yet made application. It costs you nothing and might be the means of saving your family considerable financial worry in case the crown block falls on you or the crown sheet burns out.

Achievements of the Salt Creek Council

Salt Creek Industrial Council, Left to right; Jake Hale, George Sullivan, A. G. Fidel, Frank Dailey, Chester Borsch, Harry Traylor, Lysle Garner, A. S. Andrews and Burke H. Sinclair.

Since the Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council was organized in July, 1920, it has had a very busy career, taking up a great many questions of major and minor interest and importance to the Salt Creek Camp, and disposing of them in a business-like fashion.

Many people do not know just the extent and the scope of the council's work, and it is the purpose of this brief article to sketch out just what of importance has been done by the council in its two years of life.

The first meeting was held on July 10, 1920, with a full membership present, and immediately got down to business. Since that date, meetings have been held at least once a month, and questions of all sorts have been put up to the body and disposed of. A great many matters of minor importance, such as the settling of individual grievances, suggesting small improvements in living and working conditions have come up from time to time and been disposed of. Some of the more important things, and things which stand out, may be related briefly as follows:

Regulation of Commissary prices.

Took steps which resulted in the securing of a partial High School course for the Salt Creek schools, and also in the building of a fine new school house.

Secured a minister for the Salt Creek camp and initiated a plan for getting a church building.

Procured a reduction in the Salt Creek bus fares.

Sponsored Salt Creek Boy Scouts.

Recommended and secured the building of a club house at Teapot station.

Secured the building of a new bath house at Salt Creek.

Secured the establishment of a resident Assistant Director of Industrial Relations in Salt Creek.

Secured the enlargement of the Salt Creek Hospital.

Secured the purchase of a new X-Ray machine for the Salt Creek Hospital.

At each session of the council, a great deal of discussion of a general nature is indulged in, most of which results in minor movements for the improvement of all sorts of matters. The members of the council are very much interested in their work, and handle each question that comes up promptly and with the most careful consideration.

Gasser Blowing Strong

Our front cover picture this month shows what a real he-gas well can do in the way of blowing itself into the world. This picture is one of the big gas well drilled in at Golden Eagle, near Grass Creek, some time ago by the Midwest. The well blew a cloud of stones and dust and dirt into the air for a long period. Then it began to blow water, which froze all through the rig, making a veritable derrick of ice which had to be cut out with steam.

Changes in Casper Office

A number of changes in locations have recently taken place in the Casper office The Industrial Relations Department has moved to the Fifth floor, occupying rooms 509, 510 and 511, with entrance to the office at 510.

The Legal Department has moved into the offices vacated by the Industrial Relations Department on the Fourth floor, occupying rooms 427, 428, 429, 430 and 431 with entrance at 429.

The Purchasing Department has moved into the offices vacated by the Legal Department, occupying rooms 501, 502, 503 504, 505 and 533, with entrance at room 533.

The Land Department has vacated room 511 and now occupies rooms 506, 507 and 508, with entrance at room 507.

A Disputed Question

The Scotch minister knocked at a house from which came a considerable noise of upturning furniture, blows and high voices.

"Might I speak with the head of the house?" he inquired when admitted.

"Sit yersel' doon, mon. We're just trying to settle that noo," said the man inside.

Stearns-Davidson

On June 3rd Miss Mabel Davidson of the Stenographic Department sprung a surprise on her friends in the office by marrying Mr. Fred Davis Stearns of the National Bank of Commerce, the ceremony taking place at St. Anthony's Rectory at 7:15 p. m., the Right Reverend Schneider officiating. They were attended at the ceremony by Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Kaylor and a few other intimate friends and relatives. The bride and groom left on the 8:35 train for Rapid City, S.D., where they will spend a two weeks' honeymoon.

J. H. Jordan Operated On

James H. Jordan, Cook at the Northwestern Camp at Salt Creek Field, was admitted to the County Hospital in Casper for an appendicitis operation on June 6th, and at the time the paper went to press his condition was reported as very favorable, and a complete and speedy recovery is anticipated.

Fifty Years in Oil Game

John Lee, production foreman for the Midwest at Elk Basin, has been in the oil game for fifty years, celebrating that anniversary on April 10 of this year.

Uncle John, as he is affectionately called by his friends and fellow workers, began back in the east, and has worked in Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Oklahoma and Wyoming, and has been with the Midwest for the past six years. He has spent the most of his time with the company at the Elk Basin and Grass Creek fields.

Casper office Girls, Miss Burnett at left, Miss Harrington in center and Miss Bradeson at right on a mountain hike with attendants.

The Big Muddy Deep Test

By Clarence M. Rader

For several years there has been a great deal of speculation in the Big Muddy Field relative to the productivity, in this locality, of the Second Wall Creek Sand (Salt Creek's great producer.) It was, therefore, decided in the fall of 1919 to start a "deep test" with this sand as the objective.

Despite the fact that the Ohio Oil Company had driven a hole to what they considered the Second Wall Creek Sand on the Carlin lease, in the NW¼SW¼ Sec. 16-T33-R76, and had abandoned it, with nothing but a showing of water, the Midwest officials were not satisfied, so on August 10, 1919, Well No. 50 on the R. B. Whiteside Lease, in the NE¼ Sec. 9-T33-R76, was "spudded in" as a "deep test." After months of work it had to be abandoned as a test when a short distance below the First Wall Creek Sand, due to pipe and hole trouble.

Another site was immediately chosen and the present test well, No. 32 on the A. E. Humphrey Lease, in the SW¼NE¼ Sec. 8-T33-R76, was "spudded in" on May 10, 1920, with a 20 inch hole, using standard tools.

The 20 inch casing was carried to a depth of 187 feet and there set to shut off the surface water. Due to excessive cavings, drilling was greatly retarded from then on and progress was slow. However, the 15½ inch casing was set with no mishap at 975 feet. Equal luck was not experienced with the 12½ inch, for at a depth of 1,400 feet it was discovered that the lower joint was "bad," thereby necessitating the pulling of the string and replacing the defective joint. The entire string was subsequently landed at 1967 feet, and a 10 inch string started. Length by length was added to keep back the cavings until the unusually long string was landed and cemented at 3,040 feet with no mishap.

Drilling through the First Wall Creek Sand was a slow, tedious job, as from ten to twelve hundred feet of water was necessary in the hole to hold back the oil and gas flow.

A ripped seam in the 8¼ inch casing necessitated the pulling of that when at a depth of 3,065 feet, and on rerunning "freezing" difficulty was had at 3,205 feet, so it was necessary to pull the string again and prepare the hole with 10 inch tools, after which it was successfully landed and cemented at 3,473 feet.

At an approximate depth of 3,308 feet a seven foot band of gray sand was encountered, and another similar band, four feet in thickness, at 3,410 feet, both with a showing of oil of small importance, which were cemented off by the 8¼ inch casing.

Still another showing of oil was had at an approximate depth of 3,490 feet, but this time in a black sandy shale, which was immediately followed by thirteen feet of dry sand.

A comparatively small amount of trouble was experienced from then on until it was discovered, at a depth of 4,040 feet, that the collars of the 6¼ inch string were too weak, one having parted, and it was necessary to pull and replace this with another string. During this operation the hole filled back to 3,740 feet, causing further delay. The 6¼ inch finally "froze" at 4,031 feet, and a 4½ inch liner was introduced but without success.

Later, at 4,160 feet, the misfortune of dropping a set of 4½ inch jars in the hole caused a great deal of trouble, due to inability to fish them out or to satisfactorily sidetrack them, and it was decided to land the 4½ inch casing a bit prematurely at 4,280 feet.

At 4,298 feet it began to look as though all efforts had been rewarded, for after drilling into a four foot bed of sand, a 100 barrel flow of a good grade oil (36.4 Baumé) was encountered.

This amount of production was encouraging, but hardly sufficient to make the well a commercial success, so it was decided to drill into the Lakota Sand.

Below the Lakota Sand a cavy shale was encountered, which made it necessary to run a 3 inch liner, and to reduce the hole to 2 inches. A string of 2 inch tools at the end of a 4,300 foot cable sounds like a joke, but we made a hole with them, and at 4,358 feet, reached the top of the Lakota Sand. The upper few feet of the sand contained enough oil to cause a considerable increase

in the production of the well, but the further the hole penetrated the sand, the more water appeared, and by the time we reached the bottom of the sand at 4,405, our oil well had become a water well.

At 4,413, in shale formation, drilling stopped, and we are now endeavoring to plug back and shut off the water so that production may be resumed from the oil-bearing portions of the same.

Credit is due in part to the following drillers who have carried on the actual work successfully: J. D. Kelly and J. O. Dart, who carried it through the early stages, and W. T. Gifford and Jay Cochrane, who put in the last few "miles."

Uncle Toby was aghast at finding a strange darky with his arm around Mandy's waist. "Mandy, tell dat man to take his ahm 'way from 'round yo' waist," he indignantly commanded.

"Tell him yo'self," said Mandy, haughtily, "he's a puffect stranger to me."

Noah did not wait for his ship to come in. He built it.

Initiative is doing the right thing without being told. Ability is doing the right thing when told once.

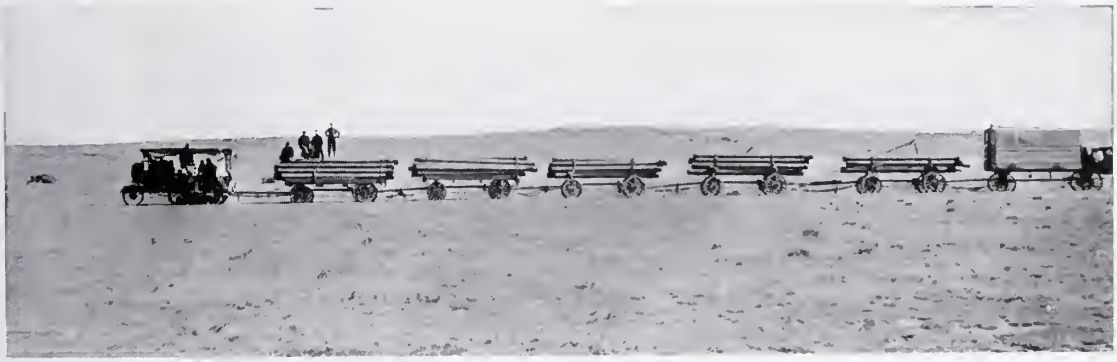
They Keep 'Em Running

It is quite a man-sized job—or rather several men's sized jobs, to keep the trucks and cars running out in the big Salt Creek field. Roads are not always the best, but it

Left to right; Joe Young, Neal Washabaugh and Oak Grimm

is necessary that loads be kept moving, and that cars be kept in shape to get the foremen and superintendents out over the job. Attached hereto is a picture of three of the men who labor at this important task.

They Haul 'Em Faster These Days



Above is a picture of how they used to haul big rush shipments of casing from Casper to Salt Creek, back in the dim dark ages, five years ago.

N. S. Wilson, now general manager of production, was superintendent out at Salt Creek in those days. One time he wanted a lot of ten-inch casing quickly and all in one batch. So the Casper bunch rustled 'round got a tractor of the old fashioned type as shown above, hitched onto it five wagon loads of casing weighing 57,000 pounds, tacked on a cook wagon to care for the crew, and started the outfit out under charge of Ed S. Murray, now with the Salt Creek Gas Plant. It took the train just seven days to go from Casper to Salt Creek. The above picture was taken on the bench just above Casper, on the Salt Creek road.

Elk Basin—Its Place In The Sun

By E. S. B.

Geographically, we are 'way up on the northern boundary of the state, in fact a portion of us laps over into Montana.

We are so far away from headquarters that only once in a long while are we favored with visitors from the Big Town, and when they do come, they linger but a little while, then flit. We are considering putting up a sign at the top of Mormon Hill to the effect, "Stranger Always Welcome." It might help; you never can tell.

Topographically, we occupy a basin hemmed in on the north, east and south by an escarpment of Eagle Sandstone. To the west there is a gradual dropping away to Clark's Fork River, beyond which looms the Bear Tooth Mountains, and in that direction lies enchantment. Long after the summer heat, with its dust storms and "sich" has "cotched" us, the snow is still in sight on the mountains and while too far away for us to feel the cooling influence, still the sight is soothing and we know that given the opportunity, we can in a few hours reach the cooling environment of clear streams and whispering pines and that reconciles us to much.

Now you know where we are, how we look and how we feel, in the summer time; in winter it is different, quite different. The winds blow hereabouts and the snow drifts. The roads are often impassable and life is no longer one glad song. Water lines, gas lines and oil lines freeze—we freeze, everything freezes, in the winter. The burning heat, the suffocating dust, everything is forgotten then. All we know and all we care is that we are deuced uncomfortable, if you know what I mean. And that is that.

With warm weather again on tap, the local inhabitant is busy with the old bus. Doc. Thixton, he of the ample girth, in coveralls, is under his Marmon, tightening her up and getting her in shape for that long trip. Bach is giving the "Goat" a coat of shine and dressing her up for the tourist season. Loren Lee put one over; he acquired him a new Buick 4 and is as proud as Punch and "she" is all smiles. Summer time, moonlight and her—any old place. John Miller's Elizabeth is a'raring to go; Ormston's Henry is all ready to enter society and there are others. Soon the smell of the gas will be abroad in the land and we will hear how she took it in high.

Later the tune will change. Isaac will a'fishing go and his name is legion and various. We have so many enthusiasts that to name them would be superfluous and unnecessary. We all love it and honors are even when it comes to describing the big one that got away. But we are not all frivolous; there's John Lee. John eats, sleeps and dreams in terms of barrels. PRODUCTION, all in capitals, is his only thought, for which he lives and has his being. Gain a few and he is all smiles, the world is fair. Drop off a little and life's a vapor, full of woe. But he can't help it. He is built that way. The busiest of all is Col. Eddy. He is here, there, everywhere and like the Dutchman's flea, when you put your hand on him, he ain't there. What with the big gas well which is so too-obstreperous, with its 1,000 pounds rock pressure, the cleaning out and working for results all down the line, getting ready for a drilling campaign and other and various duties, he is one busy man. There is quite a lot to be done in an oil field after all.

Paul Hardie, the Gas Plant Man, also has his cut out for him. What with the price of gas advancing, it is most necessary that costs be kept down and he is on the job and does it. Snyder and the pups are temporarily transferred to Frannie where he can hear and see the choo-choo cars come and go;—and the ghost walks twice a month, for which we are duly thankful. We have our hopes and fears, our happiness and trials, but with them all,

Elk Basin Sits in the Sun.

Thoughts are things with airy wings
Swifter than carrier doves;
They follow the laws of the universe
Each thing must produce its kind:
They fly o'er the track and bring you back
Whatever goes out from your mind.
—William Hodge.

"What is the first ship the world heard about?"

"Courtship, of course. Next?"

Some new bits of Elk Basin
Elk Basin Main St.
After a snow storm
They catch some fish near Elk Basin
Taking a snow foot bath
Looking West in Elk Basin
Bear Tooth Mts. in the distance
Dr. Thixtun-The Camp Doctor- is a fine figure of a man with his hospital ambulance.

Safety Bulletins

The National Safety Council on January 1, 1922, began a new regime in Safety Bulletins. Heretofore, each subscriber to membership in the Council received the same bulletins. Under the new plan the bulletins are published each month in the National Safety News, the official organ of the Council, and from this publication selections of bulletins are made which are appropriate to the various industries for which the bulletins are selected, and we wish to call the attention of all Midwest employes to these bulletins, and believe that the ground which they cover is so broad and comprehensive that if anyone follows the suggestions which they contain they will not only practice Safety First, thereby keeping free from accidents, but will also maintain their good health. These bulletins are not published merely as a matter of pictorial decoration, but for a definite purpose, and a close observer will find that each and every one of them contains a carefully worked out thought which if put into execution, is bound to get results. The best brains of the land are now, and have been for some time past working to decrease accidents and promote good health. When passing the place where new bulletins are on display, you should not merely glance at them but stop and look them over and let the thought sink in.

The results attained through the activities of the National Safety Council are so positive and definite that no one can question the worthwhileness of these bulletins. The employe who treats them lightly and with little or no consideration, is the loser. They are put where they are for your benefit, to keep you out of trouble and out of the hospital. Make use of them.

Retired to Clubhouse

The batter didn't like the way the Umpire called them.

"Where's your dog?" he said to the umps.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, you're the first blind man I've ever seen without a dog."

School Houses Named

With appropriate ceremony, the High School building and the new grade school at Salt Creek Home camp, were named The N. S. Wilson and the D. W. Lewis Schools, after the two big Midwest men who have been the largest factors in the growth, development and community welfare and education of the great oil field center. The christening of the buildings was made a part of the Commencement program at the schools on the last Friday afternoon of May.

Mr. N. S. Wilson was Superintendent of the Midwest at Salt Creek for years and was instrumental in securing the first school at that point. The first building burned down and Mr. Wilson rushed the provision for a second, which still stands and is used as the High School building now.

Mr. D. W. Lewis, present Superintendent at Salt Creek has ever the welfare and good interests of the grown folks and children at heart and when need of a second large school developed, directly concerned himself in the situation and as a result a splendid four room, modern building stands, completed shortly after the first of the year.

It has been particularly fitting to call the two buildings used as schools at Salt Creek after these two men. They were both Pioneers and have been builders, builders not only in material things but in the basic social, economic and educational growth and development of a tremendous potential community. Theirs has been and is a big work, and this recognition of the accomplishments and influence of the men who have had most to do with Salt Creek, will stand in time to come and will be a fitting remembrance.

Another Fishing Trip

By One Who Knows

Shortly after dinner, Saturday, May 20th, found a number of Casper office employes trailing along the dusty Alcova road west of Casper, on their way to the head of Bates Creek. Had Teddy Huegli led the way with his "Underslung Spitfire" the road would not have been so dusty, as he carried with him a street sprinkler, more widely known as a radiator. Every few hundred yards found Teddy with his "Sprinkler" lying to one side of the road, and he industriously applying the hammer, while Phil Korn was earnestly endeavoring to keep his shirt on in obeying the snappy commands of Teddy. Rags and dirt were finally used to remedy the trouble and the caravan proceeded.

They were sadly disappointed when they reached Dickerson's ranch and found that the water was too high to cross. However, they "had to be shown," so Langworthy, who is considered a "Past Master" in the art of driving a Dodge, put his skill to the test and plunged forward into the creek. When he had been stranded for about fifteen minutes in the middle of the stream, which was better than three feet deep, he gave up the ship. The result was that the boys had to throw him a rope and pull the Dodge back to dry land.

Fishing did not look good to them at this spot so they decided to go farther up the stream. The second stop was at Korn's ranch where the water was still too raging to cross. By this time it was almost dark, so a fire was built, and soon the order to "come and get it" brought prompt response.

Supper was soon over and then "fireside tales" were heard from Mudgett, Warren and Tucker. When their line of bunk ran out and Warren had filled his air cushion they all scrambled for the hay. Among them was the boy with the Marcelle wave, known among the office bunch as Eddy. "You fellows aren't going to roll in with your clothes on?" came the slow drawled out question from Eddy. "Certainly", responded Jack, "you're not stopping at the Waldorf-Astoria."

Of course it rained, but who cared, with the tarp overhead? Daybreak found the

boys stringing up their fishing poles and hiking off in the opposite directions from camp, each seeking to catch the "poor fish", that is, all but Eddy who volunteered to guard the eats while the rest of the bunch fished.

The sun was far up in the sky when the weary, dirty and hungry bunch returned to camp for breakfast, to find to their amazement Eddy sitting in the coupe "Sawing Wood" while the rancher's skinny bear hounds were greedily devouring the eats.

They were very fortunate in having with them a real cook in the person of Langworthy, who lost no time in frying pancakes for the bunch, as pancake flour and canned pork and beans were all that could be found in the grub box after the hounds had departed.

In spite of the high water, the party brought back thirty-eight mighty nice trout for their families. Teddy swore he would never again venture out with his sprinkler in that condition, and needless to say, Eddy is no longer a volunteer grub guard.

Editor's Note: Eddie, suspicioning that this article had been offered for publication in the Midwest Review, made a special visit to the Department of Industrial Relations and deliberately, willfully, and with malice aforethought, offered to bribe the editor to stop publication, but our duty is to inform the members of the Midwest Family of the news concerning other members of the Midwest Family. His offer was therefore spurned.

But, Eddie opened his mouth and put his foot in it, as we have more than one Eddie in the Casper office, and it never occurred to us that Eddie with the "marcelle wave" would think of such a thing as going fishing. His hobby is more in the poultry line; so had he not informed us that he was the one who slept so soundly while the hounds ate the food, this story would have been told on the other Eddie, and he of the curly locks would have been able to walk down the streets of Casper with head high and above suspicion.

The early robin does his stunt,
And finds not one objector.
What is that bit of red in front?
Why, that's his chest protector.

An automobile is very apt to heat up, but a locomotive won't run unless it is coaled.

We saw a young lady yesterday. No, there's nothing unusual in that—but she had on a long skirt. She was two months old.
—Motor Mention.

He's a Hard Worker

It's perfectly proper to sing "Hail, hail the gang's all here," when the man in the attached snapshot comes into sight, as this is Jake Hale, production foreman for the

Salt Creek field. Jake is a mighty busy man. He is, in addition to his other duties management representative on the Salt Creek Joint Council.

He Had Her Number

A newcomer wished to talk with his wife, so he removed the receiver and said:
"Ay vant to talk to my vife."
"Number, please," came Central's voice.
"Oh," he replied, "she bane my second vun."
—Legion Weekly.

Customer—"Can you furnish a safe for my residence?"
Clerk—"Yes, sir, we've just gotten in some beauties in the four-quart, home size."

The Salt Creek Pipeliners

1—Pipe Line Field connection gang showing their mascot "Blue" lying on roof of cab, Truckdriver "Cappy" Stratman is seen in the cab window and Foreman Joe Shanks standing by front wheel. "Blue," the mascot of this gang is regarded as a part of the gang inasmuch as he has been with them every day on the truck for three years.

2—Field connection gang (Pipe Line) at work laying pipe, Left to right; Dunigan, Keenan, Smith, Wiggins, Cromwell, Sullivan, Laabs, Jenkins, K. C. Smith, Arner, Whitney and Foreman Joe Shanks.

3—Pipe Line Warehouse Force, Left to right; G. F. Neal, O. S. Dresher, H. J. Benson, Fred Brown, W. W. Runkle, warehouseman.

4—Left to right; Harry Holmes, Truck Driver at Teapot; Clark Willey, Truck Driver at Salt Creek; Glenn Powell, Mechanic; Earnest Simmons, Asst. Ditch Mach. Operator; Lem W. Wolfe, Shop Foreman; C. W. Anderson, Mechanic.

5—Crew of Main Pipe Line at No. 1 Station; Left to right; Scott, Kossar, C. W. Murphy, VanNess, Woodring, Erichson, Coash, Chief Engineer Ed Hubbell, Parkinson, Shepherd, J. Murphy, Hal Hubbell, The two men in white overalls are painters temporarily at the station.

There is one bunch of good hard working Midwestians out at Salt Creek that you do not hear a great deal about. They have a multitude of activities, and put in their time sawing wood, figuratively speaking, and gathering up the oil as Dave Lewis and his crew coax it from the ground, and pumping it down to Casper to be refined. This is the Pipeline crowd, and they are a good wholesome bunch of huskies.

As everyone knows, the big boss of the outfit is George M. Vandeveer, in Casper, pipeline superintendent. He has a first class right hand out at Salt Creek in Harry A Chandler, assistant superintendent. Chandler is the man on the job and is always there.

The Pipeline department has its own separate and distinct organization, and generally speaking, inhabits the northern part of the town of Salt Creek The offices are located there, and the department warehouse is one of the busy places nearby. Then the department has several crews of busy connection men at work; it has the big No. 1 pump station, where the oil is collected and forced down to the Casper Refinery through the pipelines; and it has a busy little force at Teapot Station in charge of Chief Engineer I. L. Stewart, where the oil is "boosted" by means of big Diesel engines.

A STUDY IN STORAGE YARD PHYSIOGNOMY

ED. TREGLOWN
CHIEF CLERK

J.M. SAUNDERS
LUMBER FOREMAN

HARRY M. MOSS
CLERK

J.R. DUNBAR
SUPERINTENDENT

R.C. BOWMAN
YARD MAN

TOM
THE YARD MASCOT

LEE HALE
FIREMAN

FRANK EVENSIZER

TOM CLAYTON
TIMEKEEPER

T.S. DALEY
WAREHOUSEMAN

ROBERT O'BRYAN

TOM VIRGNE
LOADING FOREMAN

Keeping Salt Creek Supplied

To keep the stream of thousands of barrels of oil coming from the Salt Creek field, it is necessary to keep a stream of thousands of tons of material and supplies going to Salt Creek, and without a railway, this duty must devolve upon motor trucks. And when the material reaches the other end, it must be cared for, and this in turn necessitates a competent warehouse force and plenty of warehouse space.

The Midwest has a fleet of trucks on the move all the time, and it is a mighty bad road or a very severe storm which stops a truck driver with his load. Casing, pipe, tubing, machinery, timbers, ropes and wire lines, drilling tools, groceries—everything must be trucked out, and it is no wonder that the roads get deep and rutty in time.

In view of the great amount of stuff that is hauled out, it is marvelous how few the accidents, what good shape the trucks are kept in, and how little breakage there is to a load. The accompanying pictures show something of the trucks and the drivers, and also of the warehouse force which handles the stuff when it reaches the warehouse.

Just remember, the rest of you Midwest folks, that Salt Creek is forty-five miles from the railway, and that this trip is made every day that the roads will permit, and that the men driving these trucks are out in all kinds of weather. They have a real job, and they are right on that job all the time.

Pat—"An' what did your ould woman say when ye came in at three o'clock this morning?"

Mike—"Sure, the darlint soul never said a wurred. An' I was goin' to have them two front teeth pulled anyways."

1—The warehouse force; Left to right—Top row, G. A. Gatewood, warehouseman; C. A. Wright, field transferman; bottom row, R. S. Clary, J. E. Mayes, G. W. Windle, R L. O'Hara, C. R. Gatewood and C. F. Gross.

2—Midwest trucks at Salt Creek during the noon hour.

3—Truck drivers and swampers just before manning their ships at Salt Creek. Foreman Lue Gibson is seventh from the left in the standing row. Gibson is also director of the Salt Creek band.

Entering the Home Camp

The picture herewith shows the long approach to the bridge over Salt Creek, just as you enter the Salt Creek Home Camp This is part of the new road that was eon-

strueted under the supervision of Superintendent Dave Lewis last year. This pieture was made at the moment that Bob Laws of the main pipe gang was moving a big pump from the field to the warehouse at Salt Creek.

"The stork has brought a little peach!"
Said the nurse with delighted air.
"I'm mighty glad." the father said,
"That it didn't bring a pair!"

Jim: "How much did the assessor tax you on your automobile?"

George: "Nothing. When I took him out to the garage and showed him the car, he took out his pocketbook and gave me ten dollars."

Salt Creek Home Camp Office Men

The accompanying picture of the office force at the Salt Creek Home Camp is a rare one, for the reason that it is hard to get enough of 'em to light all at the same time to make a good picture. These chaps keep pretty much on the go, though they are office men. Smith, Powell, Nowels and Wil-

Left to right—R. H. Davis, Fred Koehler, Bernard Bass, Chester Borsch, W. J. Portis (Chief clerk), T. Welsh Harrison, G. S. Powell, George Smith, Kenneth Nowels and Haines Williams

liams are hard to get your finger on, because of their run-around duties. However, here they are, and it might be incidentally remarked that they are all a busy bunch.

Libraries on Their Travels Again

The Midwest Traveling Libraries, circulated by the Department of Industrial Relations, were again sent out on their travels this month. Restocked with brand new books, they were sent one each to Salt Creek, Salt Creek Gas Plant, Teapot Station, Big Muddy, Cat Creek, Montana, Elk Basin and Grass Creek.

There are about fifty books in each of these libraries. The very latest and best of fiction is in them, besides sets of well known authors such as O. Henry, Conan Doyle, Arthur B. Reeve, Mary Roberts Rinehart, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Ian Hay Jules Verne, etc. In addition to this there are books on history, travel, engineering electricity, radio and oil field technical works.

OFFICE AND FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Denver Office News

If we were twins or had a staff of reporters worthy of a metropolitan daily, it might be possible for us to gather every available piece of news within the confines of this office. But the heck of it is, we're not. By using every trick within the scope of our journalistic knowledge, we have gathered most all of the "dope" which has been printed in this column during the last few months. But we are not infallible to mistakes nor omissions. So when some fellow employe comes up to us and says, "Why in the name of Fiji Islanders was not such and such in the magazine last time"; we replied in the name of the North Sea Cannibals, "why didn't you tell us". Then he says, "why I thought everybody knew such and such". On investigation we found out that many did know it, but why in the name of suffering gold fish didn't someone tell us about it. THIS IS YOUR MAGAZINE AND YOUR COLUMN, AND IT IS UP TO YOU TO MAKE IT WHAT IT IS AS WELL AS THE EDITOR AND HIS HELPERS. No one is barred from contributing, and the more the merrier. In order to cover the ground more thoroughly, changes have been made in the Denver Office Contributing staff. Al. "Doc" Russell will act as Contributing Editor relieving Mr. Miller whose other duties require most of his time. Paul Werth will cover the Traffic Division, and Bill Larkin and Bill Nicoll the eighth floor. However, as stated above no one else is barred from contributing. Shoot your stuff, tips, pictures, or any other magazine material into Al. Russell, Room 923, Platte River, let'er snow!

NEW MEMBERS OF THE MIDWEST FAMILY

Hoot Mon! Billy, Junior, tipped the scales at eight pounds ringside—St. Luke's Hospital—March 27, 1922. Now, the three months old son of Mr. and Mrs. "Billy" Nicoll. "Billy" Senior is in charge of the Purchasing Division in this office, and his mother was formerly Miss Hamilton and an employe of this office. His daddy says that he is the keenest youngster this side of the Mississippi, and he wants the whole Midwest Family to know it. Congratulations, Billy.

Robert Edward Kaup, born the following day, March 28th, to Mr. and Mrs. Chester L. Kaup, and is now likewise three months old. Mr. Kaup is connected with the General Accounting Division, and is one of the "old-timers" among the employes although young in years. Likewise, congratulations.

Summer is Here

"Whether we look, or whether we listen." It wasn't necessary for anyone to point it out on the calendar and proclaim that warm weather was due, for on the 24th day of May, our own Lem Jones ambled to the vaults and proceeded to dig out of the moth balls, some thirty-five electric fans, which he impartially distributed about the offices, much to the relief of the gratified employes.

Miss Bremmerman in Robin Hood Cast

Miss Gretchen Bremmerman who dexterously handles the telephone switchboard in the Denver Office gained additional fame by taking part in the production of Robin Hood at the Municipal Auditorium during Music Week.

Stevens with United Oil Company

Mr. F. F. Stevens who has been with the Midwest for several years, and who was one of the leading lights in handling the picnic last year, has left this company, and is now holding down a lucrative position with United Oil Company.

Mr. Naylor Builds Home

Mr. H. G. Naylor, our genial Traffic Manager, has broken ground for a residence at 627 Franklin street, which is on the brow of the hill overlooking the Country Club. He has a dandy location.

Just Golf

Floyd Curran says that there is just 19,999,998 persons in the world playing golf besides "Billy" Nicoll and himself.

Billy Nicoll turned in a record on May 21st when he went out in the morning to play nine holes, but ended up with an all day struggle of thirty-six holes which he finally won. Hoot Mon, but the Scotch are good golfers.

Bob Champion, who the old-timers in this company will remember as once a member of this family, is rapidly becoming one of the best players at the Country Club. He did a seventy-seven the other day which is a good score for that course. Bob was a good man on the cinder-path as well as on the diamond, and ought to make good at golf.

Saabd Doings

"Gene" Illius, believing the old slogan that the early bird catches the worm (or fish), went fishing on the 27th of May near Cheeseman Dam, but the record of his catch was small—exceedingly small. "Gene" says the water was ice cold, and he does not believe that any Eskimo fish (not pie) live in the South Platte.

Tom May has stepped into society—exclusive if you please—and joined the "13" Club.

Several members of the Sales Accounting Division attended the Annual Spring Review of

the Gladys Moore Dancers. Miss Caroline Helbig, sister-in-law of Arthur Johns, was a member of the class this year, and was one of the stars of the performance.

Jake Bohmann, who has been seriously ill most of the Spring, was down to the office for a few days before starting on his vacation. He has now returned from his vacation well rested and recuperated.

One fine noon during the month of May Mr. Craig, father of "Bob" Craig, took several of the boys of the Sales Accounting Division for a motor ride over the boulevards. The boys returned full of pep and ready to hit the ball hard.

Roy Johnson suggests as a good slogan to stimulate travel: "Cheese it, the cops!"

Olaf Mauldin has left for his vacation which he will spend with his sister at La Veta, Colorado.

Joyce de la Gardie will leave the 19th of June on his vacation which he will spend on the Western Slope. "Rick" McNicholas, the Roger Hornsby of the office will leave on the same date for his vacation which he expects to spend in or around Chicago.

"Spin" Stebenne has become a rival of Frank Newhouse's this year in that he is handling the indicator on Sundays at corner-lot ball games. He is giving satisfaction and is creating a good "rep."

Mr. Illius speaking to AFR's dog: "Lay down, doggie. Lay down like a nice puppy." Al: "You'll have to say lie down, he's a Boston Terrier."

Elmo Ballard of super six fame, from all indications is leading the agriculturalists of this community. He says his stuff is growing so fast that it is going to seed, and if it keeps on he expects to have all of South Denver under cultivation at an early date.

The annual summer circus has been playing in "Gene" Illius' front yard.

Midwest Man Scores in Vocal Contest

Harry Kessler, a member of the Cost Accounting Division, took second place in the annual medal contest of Wolcott Conservatory of Music for vocal competition. He received a season ticket for either the Slack or Oberfelder series next winter. Harry has a fine voice, and all the members of the Midwest Family would like to see him succeed in all his efforts. May you take first place next time, Harry.

Travelers

Mr. R. D. Brooks has returned from California where he has been sojourning during the winter.

Mr. Leonard Davey, formerly assistant auditor for this company, is now in England visiting his old home and his folks.

Mr. Bretschneider has been in Utah for several weeks.

Mr. L. G. Truby spent considerable time in Montana during the month of May, but has now returned, and is ready to try his luck any time at casting for the elusive trout.

Mort Parsons Buys a Car

Not wishing to be outdone by his partner in the "bull pen," Mort Parsons has stepped into the elite class of automobile owners. Note we say automobiles not Fords. Mort has purchased himself a Chandler, and now expects to burn up the road, gasoline, et al, as well he may. Honk your horn and keep to the right!

Walking

Did you ever feel peppery in the early morning, and feel like you could out distance the fastest man that ever raised a spiked-shoe. You start out down the line and spot some onnery looking bird ahead of you as a goal to pass up. You pass him after a couple of blocks, and you feel pretty spunky, when low and behold you look out of the corner of your eye and lamp a young miss who is setting a pace that is equal to the best of 'em. She makes you hump to keep in the wake of her dust. Then when you arrive at the First National Bank Building you find that she is a member of the Midwest Family. What we are driving at, is if any of you birds want a good setting up exercise, try keeping up with Miss Elizabeth Roach about 7:55 any morning in her travels down Seventeenth Street.

"Special Cases"

Blessing on thee, little dame,
Bareback girl with knees the same;
With thy rolled down woolen hose,
And thy short transparent clothes;
With the makeup on thy face,
And thy bobbed hair's jaunty grace,
From my heart I give thee joy
Glad that I was born a boy.

—Selected

Geological Division Notes:

Mr. E. L. Estabrook, Petroleum Production Engineer for the Midwest Refining Company, delivered a fine address on "Oil Field Problems" at Guggenheim Hall at Golden, Colorado, last Thursday. Prof. Kirby was instrumental in bringing Mr. Estabrook here, and has the thanks of those that attended the lecture for his wise selection. Mr. Estabrook gave the "to-be-oil-experts" some good advice. His talk on the whole was very practical and brought out the problems with which Petroleum Engineers are confronted. About two hundred students listened to the talk, and all were of the opinion that the lecture was a valuable adjunct to the Petroleum Engineering Course. —From the Colorado School of Mines "Oredigger."

Morley Transferred to Denver

Mr. H. T. Morley who has been connected with the Geological Division of this Company at Casper for a number of years was trans-

ferred to the Denver Office about two months ago.

Rath Receives LLD.

Mr. Charles M. Rath of the Geological Division recently entered the class now occupied by Grant, McAlpin, Johnson and others, when he served his time at jury duty during the month of May.

Bretschneider Travels

Mr. Herman C. Bretschneider, President of the Western States Oil & Land Company, recently made an extended business trip to the State of Utah where his company has holdings.

John D. Clark Speaks

Mr. John D. Clark, Vice-president and General Counsel for the Midwest Refining Company, recently made a visit to his old home town, Cheyenne, Wyoming, and while there addressed the leading business men of that community. Mr. Clark is a "native son" of this thriving little city of Wyoming, as are several other employes of this Company, and we know that Cheyenne is proud of him.

Residue

It has been rumored that members of the General Accounting Division are wondering when Miss Marion Stevens is going automobile riding and with whom.

Russell Holmsted has recently commenced his duties with the Midwest Refining Company as assistant to Dallas Osborn in the Mailing Division. He replaces Joe Smith who is leaving the company.

"Gene" Illius and Wade Casey journeyed to Baileys, Colorado, on June 10th to fish for trout. "Gene's" last trip was not very successful in regards to catch, but he is hoping that it now being full moon time that the fish will become "moonstruck" and take the "bait" he offers them.

"Billy" Nichol is competing this afternoon at the City Park Golf Course for the Tyro Trophy Championship.

Mr. Ralph D. Brooks, formerly vice-president of this Company, has recently donated $5,500 to the Colorado School of Mines to aid them in the construction of their new athletic field at Golden, Colorado.

To correct an error in our last issue regarding a certain employe as driving a Hudson Super-Six. We wish to amend same by striking out the words "Hudson" and "Super" and substituting "Winton."

Joe Gaiser and C. Gibbs were visitors in the Denver Office on May 29th. It was their first known offense since going to Casper last August. We were glad to see them and hope they will drop in and say "hello" whenever they are in our vicinity.

Glen Vickrey and "Shorty" Hanlin were in to see their old mates during the month of May.

Leo Marriott a former Car Tracer in the Traffic Division, is now selling high powered Fords.

Expert Testimony

Expert testimony may be valuable from a scientific point of view, but McNicholas of the Denver Office says that there are cheaper ways of establishing a certainty, as the following shows:

Mac entered a local drug store near his home and, drawing a paper bag from his pocket, poured on the counter a number of very sticky and unattractive-looking pieces of candy.

"Can ye examine this candy?" asked Mac.

"It looks queer. What's the matter with it?" the druggist asked.

"Pizen, Oi'm thinkin'. Did ye iver see such stuff? Dinnis McGuire gave them to me nephew and Dinnis is no friend of mine."

"Well, I can make an analysis."

"All right. Oi'll come in tomorrow on my way from work."

Mac reached the door and suddenly stopped.

"How much will this be costin'." he inquired.

"Five dollars." was the answer.

Mac walked over to the counter and swept the candy into the bag, which he replaced in his pocket, "Never mind," he said, "Oi'll feed wan to the cat."

Miss Blake Weds

Miss Ruth Blake, who has been a stenographer for the last two years in the Legal Department in the Denver Office, was married to Leland I. Gulich at St. John's Episcopal Cathedral in Denver, Wednesday, June 14th, 1922. Miss Blake is a girl of pleasing personality, and the Denver Office and especially the Legal Department will miss her. Mr. Gulich is Manager of the Casper branch of the Charles E. Wells Music Company. The bride and groom spent their honeymoon at Colorado Springs. They will make their home in Casper. Denver's loss is Casper's gain, and the Midwest Family wishes the newlyweds all the happiness and prosperity that can be, in their new adventure.

Traffic Department Items

Business Trips:

Mr. H. G. Naylor to Omaha and Chicago May 22nd; returned June 10th.

Pleasure Trips:

(a) Mr. "Kubla" Kahn and Mr. M. A. Dietler to Ft. Collins May 20th; returned the same day. Trip made in Mr. Kahn's Willys-Knight, but Mr. Dietler drove as Kubla is a devil with the wimmin and he required the whole rear seat and all his arms to prove it.

(b) Same two gentlemen, same equipment, to Walden, Colo. on May 27th; returned 28th. Mr. Kahn on this trip regaled himself with three blow-outs and distinguished himself further by helping a fellow-traveler out of a mud hole, for which service pleased traveler rewarded our hero with (hic!) grape juice. It is reported that Mr. Kahn became very jovial shortly thereafter and remained so for the rest of the

trip. As is known by all his friends, Mr. Kahn eats but sparingly as a general thing (particularly when sleeping) but when a repast was placed before him prepared under the guiding hand of a Norseman cook, Mr. Kahn desired to go on record as saying that Scandinavian cooks were the boys for him, and that it was after a meal prepared by Scandinavian cooks Lord Nelson fought his famous battle with the pirates in the Carrabean Sea, out-numbered fifteen to one. As the mouse said after imbibing of the post-Volstead juice: Now show me that—cat!

Painful Trips:

Miss Ella Curtz to dentist.

Roy Johnson to Police Station.

Miss Doris Ahring around corner, corridor 9th floor—nose-on collision with Ray Hamilton.

Ray Hamilton, around corner, corridor 9th floor—a week later. Tried to repeat but missed connections.

Miscellaneous Trips:

The narrator of these chronicles—when the air fleet from Ft. Sill, Okla. was in town and he didn't quite make the grade over a projecting slab of cement in the sidewalk.

Miss Dorothy Kirkland left on her vacation on June 3rd to spend several weeks in that state of sunshiny happiness—matrimony?—heck no! California.

Ho—Hum!

Oh, a coal-man came at half past seven
Unloading of his coal,
And disturbed the sleep of Milton Kahn,
Who cursed the coal-man's soul.
A little past eight when Kahn arrived.
All tired for lack of sleep,
At the office, down to his desk he sank
and thus did feebly peep:
"Oh, why can't the coal-man haul his coal
In the small hours of the night,
If he'd haul from twelve till half past two
'T would suit his nibs all right.
"When a man gets home at four A. M.
And tries his level best
To get repose before breakfast time
Why can't they let him rest."

Notes from Greybull—Torchlight

Mr. E. L. Estabrook spent a day with us last month and gave us some interesting and valuable information on evaporation losses and the advantages of gas-tight tanks.

Now that the fishing season is beginning to get good the boys are anxiously awaiting their vacations. Carlson, has filed his "Notice of Intention" to bring home more trout than all the other boys combined. All he awaits is the fly season.

Benedict, Larson and Rooth are sporting Ford "Coops" and all the roads in this neck of the country are being scoured for likely fishing holes.

Mr. A. W. Peake paid a speedy visit to Greybull last week. In fact, it was so speedy that it took Carlson to say "Here he comes" and Benedict "There he goes". Come again when you can stay longer.

We got all stirred up recently when it was reported that the Ashland-Wyoming had brought in a big well in the Tensleep sand. Investigation proved that they had a show of oil above the Tensleep, but would have to shut off the water from the Embar. They have since cased and are now preparing to drill into the Tensleep. Here's hoping.

At a recent land sale in Buffalo (Wyo.) some pieces of government land were sold to outside parties so we probably will have a revival of life in the Greybull field for a time. As yet no operations have been started.

We are thankful for warm weather for it looked like winter never was going to leave. Even now he tries to throw a scare into us by sending a nice cold wind this way. But our lawns and gardens are taking a lease on life and the world looks brighter.

Osage Notes

Once again Osage is showing signs of activity. Sinclair is getting ready to drill a couple more wells, and several of the other companies are drilling the required offsets. The Midwest, however, is the center of attraction. All eyes seem to turn to the deep test, which the company is drilling. We are all praying for great gobs of oil from the lower sand. We are naturally doing lots of praying as the snow may be a little deeper the coming winter, and beans hard to find. The well being deepened is located on NE¼ Sec. 24-46-64 it being one of the exhausted gassers. We hope that Sinclair has the "right dope" both on NE 24 and Skull Creek, and that Salt Creek will have to take a back seat. If they are failures, the dry farmers will sure have lots of room to work.

Sup't. Guenin and Mr. Knickerbocker drove over to Rapid City on business.

H. E. Walling sustained a very bad bruise on the hand while working on machine at location 24 Northeast 24-46-64.

Casper Office News

J. G. Crosskill, cashier in the Casper office was called to Denver recently by the death of his younger brother. Mr. Crosskill made the trip down in his car, leaving Casper at 4:30 o'clock in the morning and reaching Denver at 4:30 in the afternoon, making the trip in almost record breaking time.

Miss Verna Burnett, employed for the past two years in N. S. Wilson's office, has resigned her position and purchased the public stenographer's stand in the Henning Hotel.

F. L. Work, for over a year employed as a bookkeeper in J. G. Crosskill's office, has resigned his position and gone to California where he will remain indefinitely with his parents.

L. A. Reed spent the first part of June in

California, attending the Rotary Club convention at Los Angeles and the Shriner's reunion in San Francisco.

A Radio Bug

The June bug has the golden wing,
The lightning bug the flame,
The bed bug has no wings at all,
But he gets there just the same.

Editor: Kindly advise best method of taking Rust out of a flivver—M. D.

M. D. Suggest you throw him out.—Ed.

Why did Stone climb on the water wagon?
So he could see the moon shine better, s'pose.

Eddie does not even have to look into the crystal ball, he gives 'em the once over, and names 'em out to the Sunshine Gang.

Big Muddy Notes

Spring time is here as the poets have it, and so many of us in Wyoming this season are almost an unknown quantity but anyhow this season has or is not passing without incident. In the case of R. S. Vidler—better known to all of us as Bob, whose thoughts have turned to love, much speculation existed for a while by his sudden disappearance from the Bachelor Quarters where Bob has been closely confined of late, having more than once emphasized his bachelor instincts, but the vernal conditions have evidently changed this by various visits to a popular young lady. We have heard indirectly certain statements which satisfy us that this lady possesses the essential qualifications which go to make up man's ideal of the gentler sex. At the time of the writing the young lady in question and her mother have left, and apprehensions are ripe as to a return. Bob anxiously anticipating their return ventured to inquire at one of the last meetings, which incidentally, but yet naturally, were touched with sadness, as to the probable return to Wyoming—the emphatic retaliation came from the mother—NO! NEVER!!!

After all this may be a blessing in disguise in so far as Bob is concerned enabling him to take a rest from the necessity of so many changes of wardrobe upon the red letter days when her mother saw fit that the lovelorn couple (for we take it that the feeling was mutual) should visit under the strict surveillance of the parental eye.

As love and hope spring eternal in the human breast, cease not to hope Bob—but take solace from the fact which history has given us, that the course of true love never did run smooth. We do not advise, to cease to love, only in cases where the malady has not advanced to the extreme stages—both this fact and the truth that advice in this case would be idle keep us from thus delivering ourselves.

Floyd Detwiler and his wife are motoring to California where he hopes to cure himself of the hay fever which has been prevalent with Floyd for some little time past.

Donald Henderson former head roustabout under Bobpe is leaving for Modesto, California where he intends visiting his sister before locating permanently.

Mrs. Marshall and son Jack have taken a trip to Montana where they expect to remain for several months visiting old friends and relations.

Charlie Scott and Robt. Marshall have invested in Studebakers. Times are evidently prosperous for Charlie and Bob, both of whom announce a series of fishing trips this season.

Mrs. C. S. Porter, wife of our toolie has left with her two small children to Greybull for a two months visit.

Roy Gurley who has been confined in the Casper Hospital, we are glad to announce, has returned to work in the field.

A fine baby boy weighing nine and three-quarters pounds was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Hesler a few days ago. Both mother and baby are doing nicely.

Mrs. Jim Lawson, wife of our gauger has departed with her son to Cheyenne and Denver where she expects to visit on an extended vacation.

Since sending in our last contribution to the

Midwest Review, on the possibilities of the Big Muddy baseball team for the coming season, the home team have met several rivals.

Big Muddy and the Standard Polarines met in a practice game on May 21st which resulted in a victory for the latter team in a score of 8-5. Ben Hunt pitched the first two innings; but did not meet with much success as 6 runs were scored off of him. Stephenson then went into the box for Muddy and he succeeded in holding the visitors down to two scores, which prevented them obtaining a greater advantage. This game, the first of the season was arranged for the purpose of getting a lineup on the players, but since this date the team has been strengthened as is shown by the two recent victories.

On May 28th a return game took place with the Standard team when Big Muddy journeyed to Casper. The contest waged hot, with much enthusiasm prevailing and the game was on even ground until the ninth inning when the Muddy boys succeeded in scoring 4 runs which gave them an 11-8 victory and wiping out the defeat of a week previous. The feature of the game was the batting of Fleming who hit one home run, one three bagger and two singles out of five times at bat which performance added materially to the victory scored by Muddy. A large number of supporters from the home camp made the trip to Casper but a

feeling existed that the Casper people did not turn out to support the visiting team as was shown by the meager attendance.

On May 30th the Parkerton Band journeyed to Glenrock and gave a few selections outside of the opera house. A large crowd assembled and much applause was given the players for their excellent program. We understand that several engagements have been booked in Glenrock, one being for the Fourth of July celebration for which a good sum has been guaranteed.

Later in the evening a dance was given in the dance hall which realized a substantial sum toward defraying the cost of uniforms for the band.

Big Muddy received a visit from Salt Creek on June 4th when a fast and interesting game was engaged in. Ideal weather favored the meeting of our old rivals, who had on previous occasions been fortunate enough to carry home the bacon. This time however we have a different tale to tell, though at one time it looked like anybody's game. However in the ninth inning Big Muddy exhibited a high class grade of baseball, an onslaught followed on the Salt Creek pitcher and two runs were scored in the ninth which gave us the winning hit. The score being 7-6.

For this state of affairs we are indebted to Martin who made a two base hit at the critical moment and Stevenson who had pitched a great game for Muddy by striking out ten Salt Creek men, enthused the crowd by scorching a two bagger into center field bringing in Martin and tieing the score. Simons next up settled the business by scoring a hit and bringing in Stevenson.

After winning two successive games with teams of repute as the Standard Polarines and Salt Creek, both fast teams, Muddy can lay claim to having one of the fastest teams in the state.

F-i-e-l-d G-a-r-a-g-e News

By W. J. C.

F-rom field Office & Warehouse our work do come
I-n various shapes, forms, sizes "Oh don't we got fun"
E-ncircling G Motors with Knife Tommyhawk
L-ance and spear, doing the War Dance, nearer a walk
D-oin that easy if your feet don't (ifa know how) balk.
G-55 came in the shop limpin today
A-n order she carried for a regular stay.
R-e ad "Just Overhaul" Some job when you think of it,
A-nd I guess she needs it all, for she sures unfit.
G-one bad on the road, too much shimmy-alcohol and Jazz
'E's good truck tho, and soon will be back like her wazz.

Mechanic—"Get me a monkey wrench"

Helper—"Cutter out, yer had me huntin for a sky hook and a valve stretcher, and I'm wise now, I ain't goin out huntin for no "Monkey Ranch."

Oh Boy—some boy. Parker came down Tuesday morning May 16th with a big box of good cigars and we all smoked and thot some bird had paid a bad debt—it was a 10 lb boy instead and a dandy, John says—he never crys when John is at home. Keep up courage, John, he will some of these fine mornings. Parker doesn't look any older and his eyes haven't any rings so guess he must have a pretty good boy—takes after his mother I guess. Mrs. Parker and the boy are doin fine.

M1 and M2 were herded in from Big Muddy by Paulson and Hackett. They were in a heck of a shape, been doing heavy duty. The boys took 'em down and rebuilt them. Some job. They are in Salt Creek now and their names are H 60 and H 61 respectively. They sure were new animals when they left Casper. They were repainted and were hitting on all 4. Treat 'em nice Salt Creek.

Mechanic—"Get some kerosene and wash those parts."

Helper—"They're out of Kerosene, but the stockroom man says they have some good coal oil, will that do?"

Landon smoking a 25 cent cigar won from one of the boys on a little bet. "How do they make these cigars for a nickel?"

G 100 didn't suit the driver—too many bugs goin around so he took the cab and windshield off, and says it runs pretty fast now.

Midert took a vacation last week, drove his Buick down among the Ozarks and saw all the old folks and friends. He said that when he left the whole town was down to see him off and that they both had tears in their eyes.

We heard a queer noise outside the door, the other day and one of the boys opened the door about a foot and something green with a hump on its back crawled in. The boys gathered around as the hump crawled off and handed up a prescription written in the Storage Yard-ish Hand. It took some time for the boys to find a bottle the right size to put it up in, but they finally filled the prescription in good shape. We are sure that the prescription was written by the mighty hand of the Storage Yard for it carried the Storage Yard number 413 and its seal. The Hump after getting his prescription smiled crawled back on the green thing, it grunted and slowly backed out of the crack and was gone. The prescription was in favor of the CRAB. There must be some secret about the "Green Crab" we have not seen it since, and cannot get any dope on it. And as the Storage Yard is a part of our good Family we request that our whole family be taken into confidence concerning their grave secret about the Crab and the Hump, not later than the next issue. And if advisable be warned of its habits and of methods of defence against same; and if same is poisonous request a reward be offered for the capture of the Hump and the Crab.

Our warehouseman has plenty of chains—in his odd time they say he makes small ones out of big ones. Only about 400 more he says.

For some time it has been a big question around this neck of the woods just who is the best authority on fishing and just which one has the best secret place that only 400 friends know about. It was almost settled the other day when Davis got the old map down and he and several of the boys chased a big fish from Johnson to Carbon County; when asked why they had such a chase and final success they said it was because the roads were better on the map. It was very good as all the boys were getting pointers until Parker walked out on a log and threw his line with a mighty arm way out in Lake Michigan just off Sheridan Road and started having good luck. Flopp let a tear fall on the hard cement floor and the whistle blew just as John landed a big one. Dat boy sure has some arm. The question as to the best hunter was not settled until Campbell left then Donko holds a high place eating antelope, deer, and Prairie Dog. You'd be surprised at the questioning look some of the boys wear when the whistle blows; just like "awakening from a deep dream of peace." Eh boys?

From now on all fishing must be done in the State—See Wyoming first.

The Diary of a Stomach

10:00 A. M.—Oh, dear! Another warm day! Wonder if I'll be abused as I was yesterday. If I am, I am going to strike. Just disposed of a half-chewed breakfast. We ran for the train, which meant I was so jiggled about and so tired that it took me twice as long to do any work. Hope she gives me an hour or two of complete rest before anything else comes my way.

10:30 A. M.—Two glasses of ice water just arrived. It will take all the energy I can pump up in the next hour to warm me up to normal again.

10:50 A. M.—Half-chewed breakfast did not satisfy her and she bought some peanuts and started again.

12:00 M.—Peanuts have dribbled along ever since last entry Think she has finished them, though.

12:30 P. M.—Decided she wasn't very hungry and instead of a good solid dinner sent me down a cold eggnog, heavy with chocolate. Could have managed it all right if it hadn't been so cold; but that makes it terribly hard to deal with.

1:10 P. M.—More ice water.

1:30 P. M.—Was mistaken about the peanuts. She found another handful in the bottom of the bag, and now I have to tend them.

3:05 P. M.—More ice water.

3:10 P. M.—She has been lifting some heavy books and, as usual, used my muscles instead of her arm muscles, as she should have done; tired me more than getting a six-course dinner.

3:20—Some one has bought us a box of caramels and she started on that!

4:30 P. M.—Have received something like a half-pound of caramels since last entry. She just said: "Oh, dear! I don't feel a bit well. I know the milk in that eggnog must have been sour."

6:30 P. M.—We played a set of tennis before dinner, and here I am all tired out, and a dinner to handle.

6:50—We were invited out to have a soda before going home. Had a lemon phosphate, and then ran for the train.

7:00 P. M.—Fried potatoes, cucumbers, veal and canned blueberries. What do you know about that?

7:45 P. M.—We are going down for a chocolate walnut ice.

8:20 P. M.—Got home and found someone had made some lemonade. She drank two glasses—that on top of the chocolate ice settles it. I strike!

8:30 P. M.—Have sent back ice and lemonade.

8:40 P. M.—Returned the blueberries.

8:50 P. M.—And the veal.

9:10 P. M.—She sent for the doctor. Says the ice must have had something the matter with it. Her mother says it is probably the weak stomach she inherited from her father.

9:30 P. M.—Doctor says it is just a little upset, due to the weather. Good-night!

A Splendid Motto

The following motto is a good one and should be kept constantly before you.

SAFETY FIRST
ASSURES
FURTHER
ENJOYMENT
TO
YOUR
FAMILY AND FELLOW WORKERS
INSTEAD OF
REGRET,
SORROW AND
TEARS

—The Plant Review.

In the Groove

The cullud Babe Ruth was at bat with two men on the bases. The black demon on the mound put over one which the batter let pass.

"Two—" started the umpire, when the big slugger whirled around holding his bat as a weapon.

"Two WHAT?"

"Too high" finished the little umpire.

"A caller with a poem wants to see you, sir."

"The devil! What's his name?"

"It's a young lady, sir, an' she's a peach."

"Ah! Show her in. I'll be glad—ahem!—to look at her lines."

Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council

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Harry Traylor, Salt Creek Home Camp District

Lyle S. Garner, Salt Creek Home Camp District

Frank Dailey, Salt Creek Gas Plant

Chester Borsch, Secretary

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THE LITTLE BLACK HEN

.:Said:.
t h e little
r e d rooster:
"Gosh a l l h e m-
lock! ⊙ Things are tough.
$$ Seems that worms are get-
$ $ $ ting scarcer, and I cannot
$ find enough. What's
$ become of all those
$ fat ones is a mys-
$ tery to me. There
were thousands thru
that rainy spell—but now $
where can they be?" The old $$$
black hen who heard him didn't $$$$
grumble or complain. She had gone $$$$$$$
through lots of dry spells—she had lived $$$$$$$$
through floods of rain. She flew upon the grindstone, and she gave her claws a whet, as she said, "I've never seen the time there weren't worms to get." She picked a new and undug spot; the earth was hard and firm. The little rooster jeered: "New ground! That's no place for worms." The old black hen just spread her feet; she dug both fast and free. "I must go to the worms," she said. "The worms won't come to me." The rooster vainly spent his day through habit, by the ways, where fat round worms had passed in squads back in the rainy days. When nightfall found him supperless, he growled in accents rough, "I'm hungry as a fowl can be. Conditions sure are tough." He turned then to the old black hen and said "It's worse for you. For you're not only hungry but you must be tired, too. I rested while I watched for worms so I feel fairly perk; but how are you? Without worms, too, and after all that work!" The old black hen hopped to her perch and droop'd her eyes in sleep, and murmured in a drowsy tone: "Young man hear t h i s and
w e e p !
$$$$
$$$$
$$$
$$$$
$$$$ $$$$
$ $ $
My gizzard's filled to bursting, son, with worms both fat and thin,
The worms are there as always, but I had to dig like sin."

—The Go-Getter.

The MIDWEST REVIEW

·Vol·3· July··1922 ·No·7·

"GENE" ILLIUS OF THE DENVER OFFICE

Published for
The Midwest Family
by THE MIDWEST REFINING CO.

Do your best and let it go,
Take the failure and the blow;
Fight to win, but bear the cost,
Say you struggled hard and lost;
Do not whimper or complain,
Do not bitterly explain;
Why your battle went astray—
You may win some other day.
What if hard luck hits at you?
It shall hit your rival, too;
What if all your strength and skill,
Seem to fail you? Just keep still;
Shrug your shoulders and keep on,
Fighting till all hope is gone;
Stick and see the struggle thru—
Luck may turn and favor you.
Breaks against you? Now and then,
That's the common fate of men;
Things won't always go your way;
Best of plans have gone astray;
Best of men have met defeat;
Someone failure has to meet;
Only petty natures wail,
When it comes their day to fail.
Do your part and play the game,
Take your loss and bear the blame;
Don't recall the tricks of fate,
You can lose and still be great;
Play the man and not the boy,
Do not spoil the victors joy,
When defeat is yours to face—
Fight to win, but lose with grace.—*Ex.*

The Midwest Review

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To the members of the Midwest Family who are employed in Casper, either in the general offices, the Storage Yard, the Field Garage, the Machine shop; and to those employed at Teapot Station, the Salt Creek Gas Plant, and at Salt Creek, whether in the Pipeline or Production Departments, we want to call special attention to the Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council.

This council is made up of representatives elected in part by yourselves, and in part appointed by the management. This council exists for the purpose of assisting you in all your affairs so far as your living and working conditions are concerned. Whatever complaints you may have, whatever suggestions you may have for betterment, whatever may occur to you in the line of improvement in any direction in any matter, should be brought to the attention of the management through your representative. The council exists for that purpose, and you should make use of it.

In last month's Review, mention was made of the various matters which have been accomplished by the council. We think that that body did a lot of things. But we also think that a great deal more might have been accomplished if matters had been brought to the council's attention. Do not hesitate. If there is any reform that may be accomplished, any matter whatever that you want to get to the attention of the Company, take it to the council, and be assured of prompt, careful, honest consideration.

In another editorial in this edition, we have called attention to the fact that the Salt Creek Industrial Council exists for the purpose of taking care of living and working conditions of the Salt Creek and Casper workers of the Midwest Family. We want to say here, that the Industrial Relations Department in Casper, exists for the purpose of assisting the other members of the Midwest Family, in the same way. Not sufficient employes are gathered together in one locality for additional councils, so the Industrial Relations Department will act in that capacity for Elk Basin, Big Muddy, Grass Creek, Cat Creek, the Denver Office, Osage, or any other location where there are Midwest employes, either in small or comparatively large numbers. Drop the Department a line, or tell your troubles to the Department representatives the next time they are in your locality. The Director or one of his assistants gets around as often as possible, and they will always welcome the opportunity to hear your troubles or your suggestions. That is what they are for. Use them.

We want more material for the Review. Every employe of the Midwest can furnish a short item or two each month for the magazine, and we would certainly give the items a warm welcome. Write us and tell us what you know for publication. This is your magazine. Make it a good live one.

The old saying that lightning never strikes twice in the same place is somewhat disproved when you consider that last summer and this, it has struck the Casper tank farm no less than eight times.

About time to polish up the old fowling piece and turn from the trout stream to the sage brush with its crop of sage chickens. Midwesterners always get their share.

Be one hundred percent loyal to your country, your family and your company, and you will be a darned good citizen.

JUNE DRILLING ACTIVITIES

By A. G. Fidel

Salt Creek Field—Fifteen new producing second Wall Creek wells, or an average of one completion every two days, were finished by the Midwest Refining Company during the month of June. This included completions for the various companies at present being operated by our own concern—namely, Midwest Oil Co., Wyoming Oil Fields, Wyo. Assoc. Co., Boston-Wyoming, Mountain & Gulf, Salt Creek Consolidated, Utah Oil Refining Co., and Parkman Oil Co. This brings the total number of producing wells for The Midwest Refining Company up to 298, on July 1st, including second Wall Creek, first Wall Creek, and shale wells. As many were completed by outside companies during the same period, increasing the number of producing wells for the entire field to 436, and 112 of these wells were added to the completed list since last New Year's Day.

On July 1, 1922, we were drilling or carrying as locations issued for drilling, 81 wells. At present we are employing in the work of balancing offset completions and meeting Government lease and permit requirements, 42 strings of Company tools and 15 of drilling contractors.

With eleven of the older wells being repaired, drilled deeper, cleaned out and otherwise placed in the best possible operating condition, it can readily be perceived that Salt Creek Field is a veritable beehive of industry, with no time to be wasted on drones. The field department payroll alone for June carried over 850 names exclusive of the large forces also employed by the auxiliary pipe line and gas departments.

Big Muddy Field—With one new drilling well completed during June there were on July 1st, 131 wells being operated by the Company furnishing production from this field. This includes 81 1st Wall Creek, 42 Shannon, and eight stray sand wells.

It was conclusively proven through our deep test, A. E. Humphrey No. 32, completed May 13th last, and on test until June 10th, that the lower sands—namely, second Wall Creek, Muddy, Dakota, and Lakota—cannot profitably be produced, even with the fair showing and present production of high grade crude obtained in equal proportions in the two last named sands.

One completion here in June, Barber Well No. 20, at total depth of 3242 feet, testing 64.8 barrels, considerably smaller than initial production usually obtained from the 1st Wall Creek sand in the earlier and palmier days of the field.

On July 1st, ten wells were being carried on our drilling list, including four under way, and six others located in May to form a summer's drilling program intended to maintain present daily average production. With water slowly encroaching on the skirts of the field, 17 of the older wells now appear on the list of those decided to be abandoned. With the crews engaged on abandonment work and in well cleaning operations, Big Muddy Field activities are still being continued on a noticeably industrious basis.

Grass Creek Field—On July 1st, the Company had 118 wells in operation in this field, 34 of which we are operating for the Mutual Oil Company. Production in these wells is obtained from a series of sands and shales in the Frontier formation, which is known as the "Wall Creek Sands" in Salt Creek and Big Muddy, as well as in Elk Basin Field, where the two producing sands are termed "First" and "Second."

Three machines are now employed here in drilling deeper the wells that in the early history of the field penetrated but from three to six of the eight or nine separate sands later found to exist. On the outer flanks of the anticline the lower sands were not penetrated, production being taken from the first two or three only drilled through at the time. Something over a year ago, due to the findings and recommendations of our Petroleum Production Engineer, Mr. E. L. Estabrook, the Company started drilling the older wells down to the lower sands, with most gratifying results, increasing the then almost played out production in many wells from practically nothing to 200 barrels or more. One or more of the deeper sands thus penetrated is shot to

better loosen and stimulate the gathering of all the surrounding oil possible. Since this new work was started both the Ohio and the Midwest, the two companies operating the field, have carried on a consistent drilling deeper program, our company completing 26 wells through all productive sands, obtaining water in the sands of but a very few on the outer skirts of the structure.

Two new wells in the district surrounding Grass Creek Field, which is also under the supervision of the Field Superintendent there, were started during June. One of same, located on the SE¼, Section 11-45-97, Golden Eagle Dome, was located May 25th, and spudded in on June 21st. This is the third well being drilled by the Company on this structure, which is a proven gas field, and is being drilled to comply with Government permit requirements. The new well is being operated for account of Midwest Wyoming Gas Company, who contemplate eventually distributing the gas from this field if the proposed Buffalo Basin line is completed. Our company has one producing gas well here.

The other well, located on SW¼ Section 13-45-93, Nieber Dome, is the first test to be put down by us on this structure. The location was made June 14, rig completed July 1, and drilling is now in progress. This hole we expect to drill to around 3,000 feet, testing the Mesaverde formation and sands above, in which gas has been found at Golden Eagle.

Elk Basin Field—The wells we operate here now total 49 producing oil wells, and one immense gas well. The two Frontier sands furnishing production are thick, and have maintained a good average since the field was discovered in 1915. It has recently been decided to drill some of the wells stopped to take production from the First Sand, and from which the major part of the oil has been exhausted, down to the Second Sand, three of same having been selected for that purpose in May. We started deepening one of these early in June. Also, four new locations were issued on May 29th, which will be drilled to overcome the declining production and maintain the present daily field average.

The Ohio and Mutual Oil Companies operate about 75 more wells in Elk Basin, furnishing a good production.

Greybull-Torchlight Fields—These two fields are operated by the Company under the supervision of one Superintendent. These small fields each furnished several hundred barrels production for a long time after discovery in 1915. However, the Greybull, Kimball and Oeth Lonie sands and shale lenses which provided the crude, have gradually gone to water, and of the numerous wells drilled in each field but nine remain producing in Greybull, and ten in Torchlight at the present day. Until recently we carried fourteen wells on our operating list at Greybull, but in five of same, the crude being replaced by water lately, it was decided some two or three months ago to plug and abandon them, and with three plugged off by July 1st, there remains two wells to salvage, abandon and consider past history. The wells being small in these fields are pumped but a few hours every day or every other day, and conveyed by the Producing Department through its own lines direct to the Tank Farm at Greybull. The wells paraffine easily especially in Greybull Field, and they require considerable pulling to keep them producing at a maximum.

Osage Field—This is the latest field discovered in the State in which the Company is conducting any operations. The field was brought in in 1920, with the 40 or 50 wells rapidly drilled by various companies producing several hundred barrels for a time, but has been declining since the peak of production was reached in 1921. We are now operating eight small producing oil wells and one gas well on our own account. However, before the production is all taken off from the Muddy sand from where it is now coming, one of the present wells, No. 24 NW¼ Sec. 24-46-64, which was operated as a gas well for a number of months, will be drilled deeper to test the Dakota and Lakota sands, expected around 1,750 feet. This well was completed at 1,490 feet were cleaning out cavings near bottom and running a new string of pipe preparatory to drilling it down for a test of lower sands.

Wildcat or Test Wells.—The Midway

(Continued on page 15)

New Salt Creek Representatives Elected

George (Whitey) Hoffman

As a result of the semi-annual election for representatives on the Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council, Richard Pigg was elected to fill the place of Lyle Garner, Pipeline Representative, whose term expired in June, and George (Whitey) Hoffman was elected to fill the term of George Sullivan, Casper District representative, whose term expired in June. Messrs. Pigg and Hoffman took their seats at the first meeting in July.

Mr. Pigg is thirty-nine years of age and has been working for the Midwest Refining Company since September, 1920, in the Pipeline Department. He is a good versatile employe, as his record shows him to be qualified as a garage man, farmer, pipeline worker, carpenter, and school teacher. He has four sons.

Mr. Hoffman, who is better known among his fellow employes as "Whitey" has been employed in the Midwest Family since November, 1918, in the producing department. He is a truck driver out of the Storage Yard. He was born in 1886, and besides being a good truck driver is an accountant. He has one child, a boy.

Mr. Garner for the Pipeline Department, and Mr. Sullivan from the Field Garage, the two retiring representatives, proved to be splendid men on the Salt Creek Council, and they will be missed. Both men were always on the job, took a deep and active interest in the work of the council, and were instrumental in bringing many matters of importance before the council. They deserve a rousing vote of thanks from the Midwest Family under the jurisdiction of the Council.

The following tribute to Hoffman was handed in by the Storage Yard reporter for the Review:

As a councilman, Whitey makes a good representative to the Joint Industrial Council. At the annual nomination held June 26th, the two parties that took the lead were J. A. McBurney and G. F. Hoffman, commonly known as Whitey. When the eventful day dawned clear and warm, excitement was rife in this fair city. Whitey wanted to wear a white collar and shirt so that the boys could see how he would look dressed for a council meeting. But either his wife or the thought of driving old G-100 changed his mind, for he did not come to work so dressed.

As the returns started coming in from the various precincts, it was evident that Whitey was elected by a vast majority. The final count was G. F. Hoffman 102, J. A. McBurney 62.

Mr. Hoffman came to the Midwest Refining Company November 17, 1918. He was one of the first drivers the Midwest Refining Company had. He tells some wierd tales of the battles of Salt Creek road, and needless to say they are very interesting. He is very popular among the boys as the returns show, because "figures don't lie."

We feel that the employees of the Casper District have an able representative in Mr. Hoffman and doubtless will make his presence felt in the meeting. We wish you success "Whitey."

Herewith are shown two pictures of the Midwest's activities in Baxter Basin, near Rock Springs in the southern part of Wyoming. The well which is located ten miles southeast of Rock Springs came in not long ago with a fair showing of gas. About July 1, it caught fire and burned down. Major Henry D. Moore, formerly of Salt Creek is in charge of the camp and drilling operations.

L. A. Reed's Narrow Escape

L. A. Reed, the "grand old man" of the Midwest organization, had a narrow escape from injury or death during his recent trip to the Pacific Coast. Mr. Reed went to Los Angeles as a delegate to the Rotarian international convention, and to San Francisco to the Shrine convention. Returning home he was on board the Rio Grande train which was wrecked down in Colorado. The car in which he was riding left the track and fortunately did not roll over, but remained standing at an angle of forty-five degrees. Mr. Reed was active in helping care for the injured, and counts himself fortunate that he was not one of them.

Hemingway Is Home

Ambrose Hemingway, for many years connected with the Midwest Refining Company, has returned with his family from Lebanon, Tenn., where he spent the past year attending law school. Mr. Hemingway was graduated in June, was admitted to the bar in Tennessee in January last, and expects to hang out his shingle in Casper. He made the trip home in a new Buick car, coming a portion of the way by boat—that is, from Nashville to Evansville, Ind. He reports a very delightful though busy winter. He is again installed in his Casper home with his family.

Another Crude Tank Struck

For the fourth time this year, a big crude oil storage tank was struck by lightning on the Casper tank farm on June 28. This tank was a big eighty thousand barrel structure, and was full of oil. The lightning struck about 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon, and the flames and black smoke immediately mounted high in the air. The flames roared furiously for about forty-five minutes, when the Firefoam began to get in its work, and within a short time put the fire out. The tank was covered with a wooden top which added to the flames. The principal loss was this top, and a small amount of crude.

Standard and Midwest Officials Entertained

Splendid good will and cordiality was the keynote of a most delightful banquet given in Casper on June 26 by the Lions, Rotary and Kiwanis clubs, the guests of honor being certain officials of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana and the Midwest Refining Company.

The guests of honor were from the Midwest: Henry M. Blackmer, president; John D. Clark, R. S. Ellison, Thomas Dines and Myron Blackmer, vice presidents. From the Standard: Col. Robert A. Stewart, chairman of the board of directors; Dr. W. M. Burton, president; W. E. Warwick, vice president and general manager of manufacturing; Beaumont Parks, vice president; E. G. Seubert, vice president; E. J. Bullock, director of purchases; R. H. McElroy, traffic manager; B. L. Warren, manager at Greybull; T. S. Cooke, general manager for the Rocky Mountain district.

Ex-Governor Brooks of Casper acted as toastmaster. The dinner was held in the Henning Hotel. During the evening, a number of addresses were made, the principal ones being by Mr. Blackmer, president of the Midwest, and Col. Stewart, chairman of the Standard's board. Both gentlemen pointed out the fact that it was the policy of both companies to "stand 100 percent in the building up of Casper and Wyoming"; that the companies wanted to play fair and square with everyone concerned and do their part in the upbuilding of the community in every way.

Mr. Blackmer told of how the city of Casper and the state of Wyoming had always stood behind the Midwest, and had enabled the organization to become a great industry. He spoke of the misgivings many people had over the fact that a refinery was being established in a place that was more or less remote from the great consuming centers, and how it had always been believed that a refinery should be located in or near the centers of consumption. He stated that the growth of the big Casper institution had exploded this fallacy.

Col. Stewart spoke at length of the attitude of the Standard company toward its employes and toward the communities where the company had interests. He outlined the company's plan of improving its addition to the city of Casper and the plan to sell the lots to the employes on which to build their homes. He stated further that the idea that the Standard wanted to ship the Wyoming crude out of the state to be refined was "a million rows of apple trees off," and made it clear that the company desired to follow out the policy laid down by the Midwest of doing all its refining of Wyoming crude in this state. He said that the Standard made no unreasonable demands upon its employes, but expected to pay a day's wages for a full day's work.

The whole occasion was a splendid get together meeting of the business men of the Casper community with the principal officials of the biggest industrial concerns in the city, and was productive of a great deal of good feeling.

Casing Yard at Salt Creek Home Camp, giving some idea of the material it is necessary to keep on hand.

Midwesterners In Lions Club

Burke H. Sinclair, director of Industrial Relations, was elected president of the recently organized Lions Club in Casper, and John B. Barnes of the legal department was elected a vice president.

The club was organized a short time ago with a membership of thirty-five and is proving to be a strong factor in the civic club life of Casper.

Klahr New Muddy Head

W. E. Carrico has resigned as superintendent of Big Muddy Field and has become associated with the Sinclair and Mammoth Oil Companies for which concern he will undertake the drilling of a number of wells on the Teapot structure adjoining the Salt Creek Field. W. E. Carrico's departure after serving nearly two and a half years in Muddy was the occasion of a presentation consisting of a Howard watch contributed by the employees.

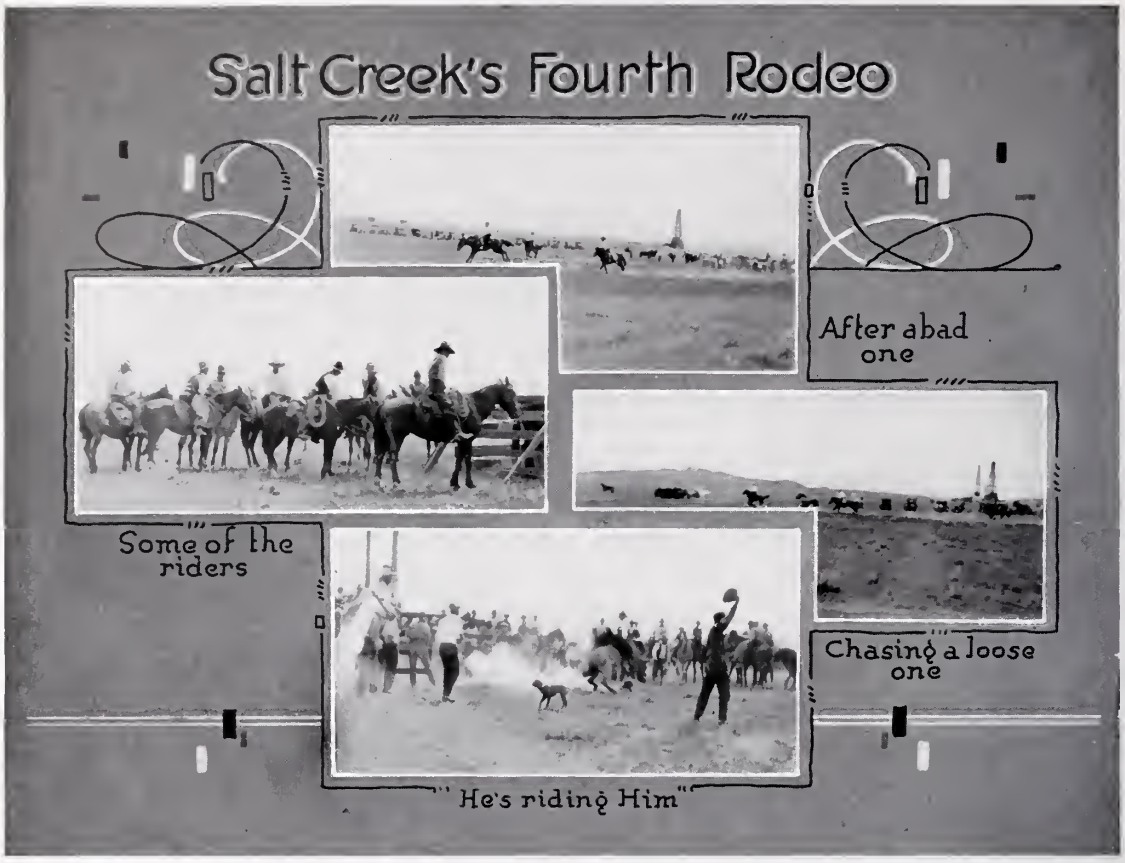
Elmer E. Klahr who has been our Head Production Foreman since 1918 has been appointed field superintendent to succeed Mr. Carrico.

Mr. Klahr has a very intimate knowledge of the conditions in Big Muddy Field besides having been linked up with the production end of the oil business for a period extending over thirty years with the Ohio Oil Co. in different parts of the country. Our best wishes are extended to Mr. Klahr for his success in the new duties which he has assumed.

Parkerton's Good Band

The Midwest men and employes of other camps in the Big Muddy field, have organized a first class band, and as a result, the people of that field, as well as at Glenrock, are enjoying good band music these days. The picture herewith shows what a classy appearing organization it is. The members are as follows:

FRONT ROW—Earl Shea, J. Baker, H. T. Adams, E. Harmon.
SECOND ROW—H. Treft, Earl Bayer, J. Hajny, G. Finger, R. E. Simon, Harrington, Paul Sheffer, T. W. Payne.
THIRD ROW—Jack Brady, N. W. Bevane, A. G. Sebring, Robt. Gross, Guy Winklebleck, Miles Winklebleck, Harry Coad, Griff Griffith, N. Cornelieson, Hays Daubenspeck.
BACK ROW—Al Harmon, Guy Ryerson, Frank Redick, C. E. Johnson.



Let 'er Buck

Salt Creek celebrated the Fourth in true western style with Rodeo, ball game and dancing.

The Rodeo was all that could be anticipated, with plenty of wild horses and excitement. The ball game was a match between the Home Camp and Gas Plant, the latter winning 6 to 2. Dancing on the "open air" variety of dance pavilion furnished amusement for the evening and closed another "big day" in Salt Creek history.

New Pipeline Loop

The Pipe Line Department is just finishing laying a nine mile loop on the Casper end of its 6 inch water line to Salt Creek. The pipe for this loop was taken up in June, from a stretch of dead line about 25 miles out. This loop will be of great benefit, especially during the winter months, as it will materially decrease pressure on this end of the line and for this, as well as other reasons will enable the Pipe Line Department to deliver water more regularly to Salt Creek. Just another instance of Midwest efficiency.

Supt. O'Donnell Now

Joe O'Donnell, who has been chief clerk for the Midwest Refining Co., in the Cat Creek field for the past eighteen months, has been promoted to the position of Field Superintendent, and given charge of the drilling of a test well for the Mid-Northern Oil Company in the Ringling anticline in Montana. Seven car loads of machinery have been shipped to the field; a camp will be built and activities pushed. Mr. O'Donnell is already on the job.

"Are you married?"
"No. I have been run over by an auto."

Studies from the Field
Garage
Ed. Davis
Superintendent
W. J. Corbridge
Order Clerk
George Sullivan
Blacksmith
Walter Sellers
Mechanic
Arnold Allen
Warehouseman
Ambrose Donko
Mechanic

Wyoming For Wyoming

Wyoming is a state of magnificent distances, unbounded resources and few people, having a population about equal to that of the city of Denver. Its citizenship is second to none in hospitality, earnestness of purpose, civic pride and ambition to grow in usefulness.

One of the principal factors in the process of developing a country is the building and maintaining of public highways. Wyoming with an area of 97,575 square miles, a large portion of which is mountainous, the remainder broken by deep rivers, canyons and flat topped hills or buttes, and a population of less than three persons to the square mile, can readily be seen as a serious and burdensome problem for road building.

Through the untiring efforts of our state officials, assisted by the Federal government and private financial aid, much has been done in the way of highway construction; all of which has demonstrated the benefits to be derived from good roads, and has created an earnest desire for further development along this line.

The question of what type of construction is best suited to the conditions that exist in various localities has been given much study and investigation in order that the best results may be obtained at the minimum cost to the tax payer.

The principle that "the cheapest is not necessarily the best" is just as true in selecting material for road construction as it is in purchasing a suit of clothes or a pair of shoes.

When the Almighty created this section of the earth, now known as Wyoming, he very generously placed an abundant supply of crude petroleum of various grades within the bounds of this commonwealth, to be used by man in furthering the development of his country and to contribute to his comfort and prosperity.

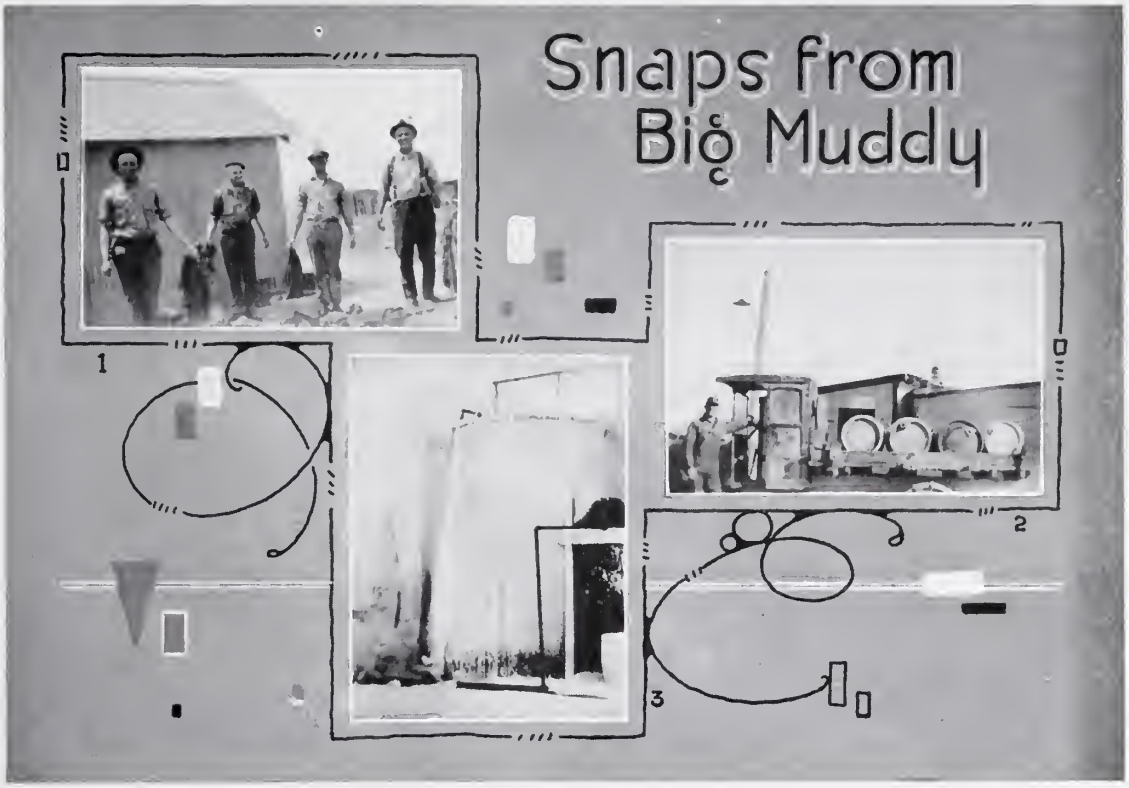
One of the results that may be obtained from this all-wise provision is the production of petroleum asphalt, which can be made from the black crude produced in this state. (Statistics show that asphalt as a road material is super-produced in this state.) Statistics show that asphalt as a road material is superior to all other substances used for that purpose, taking into consideration its durability, up-keep, wear on automobile tires and comfort in traveling. King Nebuchadnezzar used asphalt in paving the streets of Babylon; a brick taken from one of the streets of that ancient city bears an inscription that when translated describes the construction of pavement and concludes with the remark, "that his people might traverse these streets in joy." We might add that the king's asphalt was not made from Wyoming crude, but that by modern methods of refining a better article can be made right here in Casper than the contractor used in paving the city of Babylon.

Approximately 3,960 miles of asphalt pavement was laid in 1921; of this amount 1,750 miles was laid on city streets and 1,940 miles on public highways. With the knowledge of the efficiency and durability of asphalt as a paving material, together with the fact that it can be *produced in Wyoming*, is it not logical to use it in the construction of the highways of this state, in preference to road building material imported from a distance?

Is it not a fair proposition for Wyoming to use Wyoming products when and where possible and thereby help to develop the "Squarest State in the Union"—Commercially and Economically?

Wyoming for Wyoming.

The above is a view of the interior of the Salt Creek Postoffice where mail is now being received to be distributed to between forty-five hundred and five thousand people in Salt Creek Field. Over the star route mail and parcels-post is brought daily from Casper, and in bulk runs to a truck-load each day.



One of our good Midwesterners down at Big Muddy sends in the above pictures, and has these comments to make on them:

"No. 1 is wash day at the skimming plant. Left to right, Homer Stewart, Fred Whittington, Scotty Clark and Andy Diekman. No. 2, Mr. Earnest Krueger with a load of gasoline for the garage. No. 3, a little of dear old last winter. I sure wish it was spread out a little more. The picture puts me in mind of the colored gentleman at Thermop, wheeling a barrow full of brick on a good hot day. He set his wheelbarrow down, took his hat off and hauled out a big bandanna and wiped his brow, then looked up at the sun and says, "Whar wuz you-all last January?"

John Clary Ill

John Clary, well known member of the engineering department of the Casper office, was taken suddenly ill the last of June, was rushed to the hospital and a serious operation performed for an intestinal trouble. He was quite sick for some days but is well on the road to recovery. Mr. Clary is one of the old Midwest men and his absence from the office was noticed by everyone.

Rader Was Ill

Clarence M. Rader of the Geological Department, stationed at Big Muddy, recently suffered an acute attack of intestinal intoxication and was confined in the hospital at Casper for a few days. His recovery was complete and the last we saw of him he was headed for home, where he expected to celebrate the Fourth eating yellow legged chicken.

Williamson a Mason

Charles Williamson of the Salt Creek Gas Plant operating crew, recently went to Casper and took his first degree in the Masonic work. Mr. Williamson was elected to membership by the Masonic lodge in Stuttgart, Arkansas, his former home. He is a steam engineer by trade, and has charge of one shift in the power house at Salt Creek.

Denver Geological Department

Glimpses of the field parties on their way to work"
Enid Townley Hiking over some outcrops
Harriet Van Nostrand Hiking over some outcrops

The Geological Department of the Midwest Refining Company has its central office in Denver, in charge of Carroll H. Wegemann, Chief Geologist, who directs and supervises the geological investigations in the Rocky Mountain States.

Geological work in Wyoming and South Dakota is directed from Casper by E. G. Sinclair, Geologist in charge, who is assisted by D. E. Hageman and Hugh A. Stewart.

Geological work in Montana is directed from Billings by C. Max Bauer, Geologist in charge, assisted by L. O. Whyman, E. G. Robinson, Fred Hutton and R. G. Greene.

Geologist R. Clare Coffin directs the work in Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona, and is assisted by H. A. Aurand, E. S. Shaw, J. E. Redburn and Thos. H. Allan. These men reside in Denver as their work is conducted from Denver as headquarters. Lieutenant Colonel E. A. Froyd is kept busy at Salt Creek with subsurface and production problems.

The personnel of the Denver office includes, in addition to those named above, the following: C. B. Osborne, Assistant Chief Geologist; C. M. Rath, Office Geologist and Custodian of Records; H. T. Morley, Office Geologist and Production Statistician; Harriet Van Nostrand and Enid Townley, Office Geologists and Draftswomen; E. A. Hall, Geologist and Draftsman; Ada E. Mastbrook, Secretary; Enith Larson, Stenographer; S. B. Thomas, Draftsman and operator of the blueprint and photostat machines.

Concerning Cheeses

Prospectors, they may boast a bit;
  The engineer may crow;
The mill-man may with pride be lit;
  But did you ever know
The plain geologist to brag?
  Or claim to be THE CHEESE?
Or chew the metaphoric rag?
  No sir! And if you please,
Don't snicker, and pray do not laugh;
  For what I say is true—
Geologists must stand the gaff,
  For me, and them, and you!

Personals

In the June 24th issue of the Saturday Evening Post is a picture of a squirrel, drawn by Ralph Carlyle Prather, who was Chief Draftsman of the Denver office until February 1, 1922. He has had many such illustrations in the Post in the last year.

E. G. Sinclair, Geologist in Charge at Casper, visited the Denver Office in the latter part of June. When it comes to trading an old

Navajo Hogans

E. S. Shaw in the doorway

Two field parties starting for rough country

One of the parties well under way

Geologists Crossing Wolf Creek Pass. Posing on a log with their feet in snow in latter part of June

Rescuing a Buick from quicksand in a small creek

Characteristic Landscapes where field work was done

Buick for a new one Sinclair is the man "to talk to."

About May 1st, Harold T. Morley, formerly with the Geological and Production departments at Casper, took up appraisal and evaluation work in the Denver office, where his coming is most heartily welcomed although the principal attraction remained in Casper.

On June 15th Ellis A. Hall entered on his duties in the Denver office, within a few days after receiving a Masters Degree in geology at the University of Colorado.

Mr. C. H. Wegeman recently joined the field parties in the Southwest and indulged in a pack train journey over hot sands and dry areas, returning with a tanned countenance and some new stories.

The field men of the Denver office were all at headquarters for a few days over the Fourth of July. Four of them were away continuously for three months—long enough for two of them to start their mustaches. They brought back the customary set of stories of hard luck, hardship and privation, and some fun, as illustrated in the accompanying pictures.

When asked if they found any oil they said they didn't do any drilling—were too busy, looking for structures, and when asked about any new structures—well, you know how a geologist can change the subject.

J. M. Sickler, formerly at Denver and later with the Billings division, has resigned and is in private work in Montana. The official reports are to the effect that Jack is stepping out as an oil man.

T. B. Romine, formerly with the Denver office and later with the Billings division, is now employed by the Standard Oil Company of California at Billings, Montana.

On July 1st, Mr. C. B. Osborne resigned as Assistant Chief Geologist and will enter private work. Mr. Osborne has been connected with the department since October, 1918, and has become so popular that his pleasant smile and congeniality will be greatly missed.

About July 1st Miss Harriet Van Nostrand left the employ of the company after about a year and a half of faithful service. She will join her sister on a hiking trip from Denver to Glacier National Park. On July 15 Miss Enid Townley, who has been with the department since February 1st, resigned to accept a position as Instructor in Geology at Wellesley College. Both these young ladies are graduates of the University of Chicago and did post-graduate work in geology. The other employes will certainly miss these two charming and pleasant lady geologists.

"Listening In"

The Midwest always has a good representation at the bi-weekly luncheons of the Rocky Mountain Association of Petroleum Geologists. Some have intimated that it is Midwest controlled. The Midwest men can not see it that way but they know the Midwest men get their share of the work connected with it.

Coffin was busy at his desk, buried in books, papers, maps, slide rule, and figures. Redburn asked, "Are you in deep thought?" Coffin said, "Well now you may be right at that—I was thinking of a deep test, about 4000 feet to the first sand."

Osborne, Coffin and Rath recently had two weeks each on the jury, Criminal Division, West Side Court. Just ask anyone of them how it seems to be "locked up." If they don't care to discuss it just ask their wives what they think of it. Incidentally, they heard some jury stories. Would you care to hear this one? The jury filed in and took seats in the jury box. The foreman reported as follows: "We find the defendant guilty and sentence him to 35 years in prison." The Judge asked Rastus if he had anything to say. Rastus replied, "All I has to say is that you white gen'men am mighty cahlus wid udder people's time."

A fool there was, and he saved some rocks,
Even as you and I;
But he took them out of his old strong box,
When a salesman called with some fake oil stocks;
And the fool was stripped right down to his socks,
Even as you and I.

"It isn't the first cost that counts."

"That's right. You can get a marriage license for a dollar."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Snapped While Thinking

No folks, this isn't Harold Lloyd about to climb out on a steel girder, nor is it a large part of a tree-full of wise old owls. It is just Herb Ladd of the Casper Office bunch, snapped while in a very thoughtful mood. Rather an unusual picture of Herb, eh?

June Drilling Activities

(Continued from page 3)

December 23, 1920, and on July 1st, we Test Well No. 2, located on NE¼ Section 23-35-79 started February 5, 1921, after the first well was abandoned at 2447 feet, was 3,053 feet deep on July 1st, drilling in a wet hole with 8¼ in. casing being carried. This well is intended to test the first Wall Creek sand on this structure, expected at from 4,400 to 4,600 feet.

The Baxter Basin Test Well, located NE¼ Sec. 11-17-104, being drilled by us for account of Wyoming Oil Fields Company, was located July 4, 1921, and operations commenced a few days thereafter. This well is now 2,200 feet deep but an unfortunate accident occurred on the morning of July 1st, whereby the gas flowing from a sand in Frontier struck at 1,980; and making two million cubic feet, was ignited, and the rig totally destroyed by fire.

Our latest drilling well is Crowe Well No. 2 on NW¼ Section 19-37-85 Notches Field, located June 27th, and derrick was erected immediately, that a hole might be put down to the Embar sand. A well was drilled on this structure several years ago and good production of black oil was obtained. The well was later ruined by drilling into bottom water that could not be shut off. Recommendations have been made to put down another test, the field being considered to have great possibilities for black oil production. Work was under way and well started July 1st.

Jamison-Still

On June 27, at the home of the bride's parents in Salt Creek, Mr. Art G. Jamison and Miss Nellie Still were married. They left by auto for a honeymoon trip to Colorado points, and now are settled in their own home in Salt Creek. Mr. Jamison is the efficient foreman of the Midwest repair garage in Salt Creek, and is one of the best known and most popular of the Midwest family. The bride is the daughter of Ed Still, a well known pumper, who has recently gone to Canada to live. Congratulations have been extended to the popular couple on all sides.

Mrs. L. L. Gulich, nee Ruth Blake

Gulich-Blake

On the evening of June 14, Miss Ruth Blake, for two years a stenographer in the law department of the Midwest, in the Denver offices, was married to Mr. Leland L. Gulich, manager of the Casper branch of the Chas. E. Wells Music Company. After a honeymoon in Colorado Springs, the couple will live in Casper. Mrs. Gulich was a very popular girl in the Denver office and she will be missed.

Report Carcasses

Dr. O'Donnell, commissioner of health for Natrona County, requests Midwest employees report to him the location of the carcasses of any dead animals they may happen to observe in their travels along the highways of the county.

SALT CREEK'S NATURAL STADIUM

Two views of the Salt Creek baseball grounds and athletic field. The field is just across the creek from Home Camp, and is so situated that it offers a natural stadium, capable of seating a large number.

Dan Trudgeon Returns

Dan Trudgeon, who for about three years, was the efficient steward of the Big Muddy Boarding House, and who went out to California and Nevada last fall and spent the winter, has returned to the Midwest organization and has taken charge as steward of the Salt Creek Boarding House and hotel.

Mr. Trudgeon is one of the best boarding house stewards in the country and good "eats" and good management is assured to the boarders at Salt Creek. In addition, Dan is a good fellow and greatly interested in the Midwest Family, and will prove an acceptable member once more.

"Andy" Anderson, who rendered good service in charge of the Boarding House for several months, went to San Francisco to the Shriners convention, and upon his return home, resumed his old place in the office force at Salt Creek. "Andy" is a popular employe of the company, and they are all glad to see him back.

"I can't keep the visitors from coming up," said the office boy dejectedly, to the president. "When I say you're out, they simply say they must see you."

"Well," said the president, "just tell them that's what they all say."

That afternoon there called at the office a young lady. The boy assured her it was impossible to see the president.

"But I'm his wife," said the lady.

"Oh, that's what they all say," said the boy.

—Exchange.

Long Time Underground

The old bit shown in the pieture herewith was reeently fished out of the Unterzuber Well No. 2 at Greybull. The bit had been in the ground sinee 1916, but shows little effeets of its long sojourn in the dark. In fact, with a new pin it will be as good as new.

New Office Buildings at Salt Creek

The additional story being added to the Midwest Office at Home Camp is all on and there remains only some interior finishing before the rooms will be ready for occupaney. Six new offices are provided by this added story and these will go far toward relieving the congested status of the main offiee.

The new office building of the pipe line department is rapidly nearing completion and the move from the old quarters should have been effeeted by the middle of the month. This new building will house both the Pipeline office and the gauging force. Superintendent D. W. Lewis will have a fine new private office on the second floor of the Home Camp office, and Assistant Harry Boissert will also have a splendid new room. The other offices will be occupied by the geologists, engineers, telephone office, and the lower floor for the most part by the accounting department. Gregory S. Powell, assistant director of industrial relations, will have an office on the first floor.

In the new Pipeline office, Assistant Superintendent Harry Chandler will have a nice private office, and the other members of the gauging and office force will have quarters much more adequate than the old ones.

Salt Creek Midwesters Vacationing

Vacations have begun for the Midwest Folks at Salt Creek. Family cars are all renovated, fishing tackle and camping equipment have been hauled out, repaired, and are ready for business. Most of the week end rush as well as those departing for longer periods, head for the north country of the Big Horns and the various branches and creeks of the Powder River.

Many Midwest employees are also wending their way toward Yellowstone Park, and the lure of this National vacationland will probably be answered by more Salt Creek people this year than ever before. Still others are leaving for points in Colorado, called by the scenery and advantages of that beautiful state. Altogether, this promises to be the summer when, "It is being done," and there will be many of the Midwest Family in Salt Creek who will let cares and worries fall away and get back to nature for a real play time.

Did you know that books in our traveling libraries were read over four thousand times during their last tour of duty? The book read the most was "The Sleuth of St. James Square," by Melville Davisson Post, which was read seventy-two times.

It's hard to say, these days, what they talk of most out in Salt Creek—Salt Creek Production, the bubbling Teapot, baseball or fishing on Red Fork.

Bill Always Happy

The pieture herewith is that of Bill Powell, express and mail driver for the Midwest Casper office. Bill makes the rounds every day in his trusty Buick, distributing mail and express matter, hauling in gallons of fresh spring water to drink, and injecting a good brand of cheer into everyone. Bill was born within sight and sound of Big Ben, the old clock that keeps watch over the Houses of Parliament on the Thames, in London town, but is a thorough American now.

Foster-Cleveland

On July 12, Mr. E. H. Foster of the Casper Offiee Legal department, and Miss Jeanne Cleveland of Boulder, Colo., were married at the home of the bride's parents in Boulder. They have returned to Casper, and are at home in a pretty bungalow purchased by the groom on MeKinley Street. Mr. Foster has been connected with the Midwest's legal department for over a year, and is extremely popular. His bride is a eollege woman and prominent in soeial cireles in Boulder. Their many friends join in wishing them a long happy married life.

Harry Duncan Passes

Harry Duncan, Fordson tractor driver at the Salt Creek Gas Plant, died suddenly from heart tronble on July 5th, leaving a wife and two small ehildren.

The spirit of the Good Samaritan again manifested itself in the hearts of the people of Salt Creek, and as a result the little widow and her ehildren were able to go to her father's home in the state of Washington with the satisfaetion that the husband and father had made true friends, who looked after his interests after he was no longer able to do so himself.

Nurse—"Why, Bobby, you selfish little boy! Why didn't you give your sister a piece of your apple?"

Bobby—"I gave her the seeds. She can plant 'em and have a whole orchard."—Kingston Standard.

Snap of waste oil fire being burned at Salt Creek

DENVER OFFICE NEWS

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Joys of An Editor

The Denver office is becoming vitally interested in the Review. This is known to be true from the manner and form in which we get corrections, suggestions, and the like after the distribution of each number. Our June efforts were no different. All we can say in reply, is to slip it to us, that is what we are here for. We are going to submit for publication every bit of news, stories, anecdotes, and the like that is printable. We may err in regard to details, but the Lord help us if we ever call somebody's Marmon a Ford.

Since our June issue, we have made some changes and additions to our reporting staff. Mr. E. L. Muehler will hereafter handle the reportorial duties for the General Accounting Division and Eighth Floor. We will also hold William "Billy" Nicoll for his share. His specialty is golf. We are also hoping to get something from Mrs. Louise Revell regarding the ladies. We feel abashed that we have not been able to give "our girls" more space and publicity, and are trusting that "Louie" will do her share. Mr. Rath, in charge of the Geological Division, has promised to cover his territory. These in addition to our faithful helper, Paul Werth of the Traffic Division, should provide a "go-get-it" staff of dyed-in-the-wool reporters.

Mother Visiting Denver Man

Mr. A. L. Meade of the Oil Settlements Division is wearing a smile that won't come off, because his dear old Mother, who is seventy-six years of age, has journeyed all the way across our own United States from Geneva, N. Y., to visit her son, Alfred.

A Good One On Mr. A. L. Merritt

It is rather amazing when one stops to think of the different things that are done without any thought whatsoever. This one was handled from the beginning so unconsciously, unceremoniously, and unsolicited, that we can't refrain from relating it in the Review, because it is a good one.

It all happened one afternoon a short time ago while the honorable Mr. Merritt was clipping off the mile-posts on a typewriter that had Barney Oldfield in his auto backed off the boards.

Mr. Merritt was so busy that he didn't notice Mr. Tooker, who came into the room to see Mr. Kaup. It so happened—as stated in the first paragraph—that Mr. Merritt had his back turned from his machine while doing something at his desk that required about one thirty-second-thousandth part of a second, that Mr. Tooker blew a mouthful of smoke into the inner workings of the typewriter. Of course, upon Mr. Merritt's returning to use the typewriter it was smoking.

You can imagine the amazement it caused Mr. Merritt, and the laughter on the part of

Messrs. Kaup and Tooker.

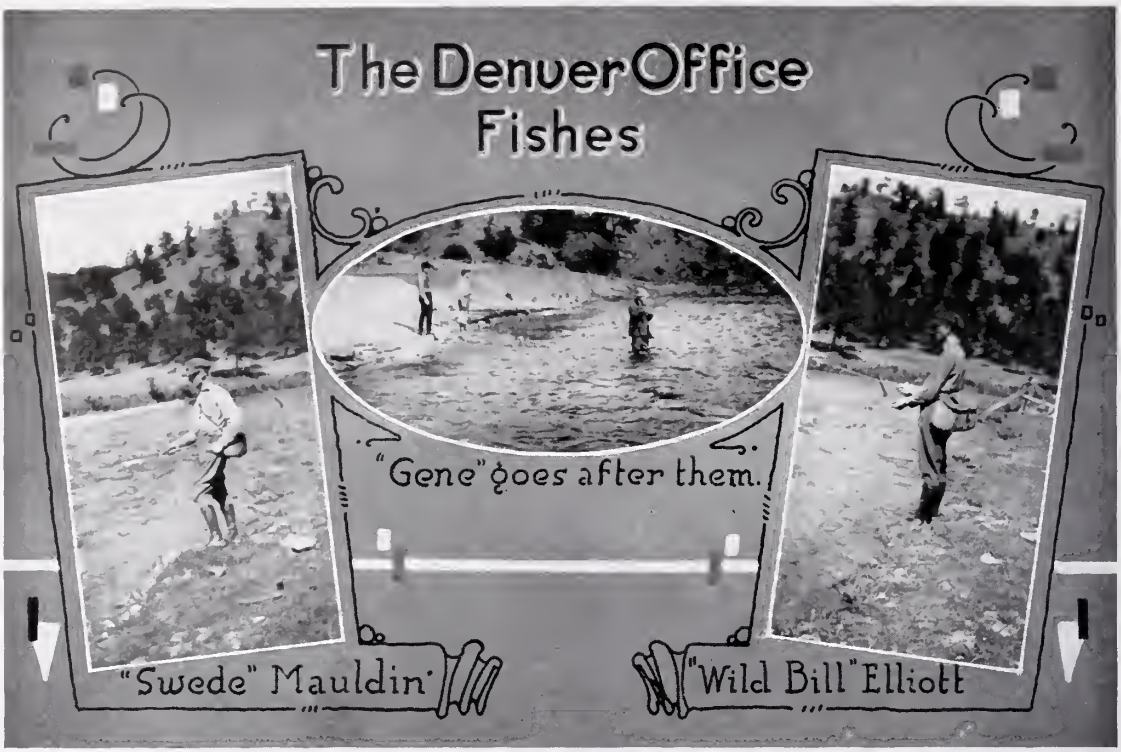
A hurried call was sent to the Denver Fire Department; but before they arrived, Mr. Merritt said, "Never mind the Fire Department. I can put it out myself; didn't I fight a fire while I was in Casper."

The First Aid Society was also called into play as it was feared that Mr. Merritt had burned his fingers both in speeding on the typewriter and in endeavoring to put out the fire.

Mr. Merritt's amazement was again aroused the next day when the repair man arrived to fix the typewriter and found that the main shaft had become warped from the heat as well as having burned out one of the bearings. "Well! That sure was a good one on me. Have a real smoke on me, boys." Whereupon he then passed the Camels to Kaup and Tooker, taking one himself.

A Correction

Mort Parsons wishes it to be known that he



Mr. Illius, Bill Elliott, Wade Casey, and Olaf Mauldin all journey to Deckers on the 17th of June in Olaf's high-powered Ford to enjoy a fishing trip. Mr. Illius was the only one to catch fish. However, "Bill" caught some good pictures which are submitted herewith.

purchased a "GARDNER" and not a Chandler as was noted in the June issue of the Review.

Fliverites

Mr. Stedman of the Production Division and Mr. Krause of the Accounts Receivable Division have recently added their names to the already and ever-growing list of Fliverites.

Just Had Her Picture "Took"

We have just noted that Miss Dorothy Coleman, that affable young lady in charge of the Reception Desk on the Eighth Floor, has accumulated enough nerve to have had her photograph taken. We would advise Miss Dorothy that the next time she undergoes this terrible ordeal, that she put on a little more smile—please—as though she were ready to go to the Midwest Picnic.

Cooperation Needed

Wouldn't it be far better if some of the employes on Eight would become a little more enthusiastic whenever the Company gives a Picnic or a Dance. They should not think of themselves so much; but be more broad-minded, and think of the entire list of employes. It is no small matter to arrange to take care of two hundred or more persons and try to please each and every individual. Let's all work together when we do get the opportunity to assist to make these affairs a hundred per cent success.

"Acclimation."

From all appearances it looks as though Messrs. Nugent, Peterson, and Stedman in moving back to Denver will have to become acclimated again to our good Denver climate and atmosphere. The first one to fall was Mr. Stedman who was confined to his bed, for several days, but is now back on the job again. We are informed that Mr. Nugent was also confined to his bed with an attack similar to Mr. Stedman's. "Pete" ought to profit by the experiences of these two, and prepare himself for an attack on him.

Riding Goats

During the last six months several members of the Denver Office have been fortunate or unfortunate enough to have had the pleasure of "riding goats," which seems to be quite a sport nowadays with both the members of the eighth and ninth floors.

Those who have already had the pleasure of riding said "goats" are Myron Dietler, Traffic Division; Harry Schwartzlose, Cost Accounting Division; and Chester L. Kaup from the division that embodies only the one man, but his

duties take him mostly, singularly and plurally into the General Accounting Division.

The next victim of the "goat" is the honorable Barney McCann, who will attempt to conquer the goat for the third time by riding him three times around the room. This, of course, will have taken place by the time the Review is printed, at which time Barney will have become a master in the art of "goat-riding."

Mr. Carl A. Peterson of the Oil Production Division is following Barney a very close second, and, no doubt, will also have become a master of riding goats by the time this issue of the Review is off the press.

Mr. H. C. Bretschneider, of the Western States Oil and Land Company, is also ambitious, but he is a hard one to tie down in Denver long enough to get the goat in proper trim for him. However, he has had one try, and as all are given three trials he has hopes of successfully becoming a master rider too. Never mind, Bret, we will get you when the snow lies high in the fields, and Denver will be your steady abode.

Vacationists

Mr. William T. Larkin of the Oil Settlements Division spent part of his vacation going to Casper with Mr. L. G. Truby and family. They motored both ways, and all report as having had a very enjoyable trip. It is intimated that "Billy" was used as ballast to hold down the back end of the car. We'll say that it was some animated ballast.

It was a business trip for Mr. Truby, but pleasure for Mr. Larkin. It was his first visit to the refineries, and he was so taken up with the sights that he returned rather late to the hotel.

The reporter for the Eighth Floor has been informed that Mrs. Frank S. Moore, and son, have gone to Meadville, Pa., for a visit, and that Mr. Moore will also make the trip back there about the middle of August. We hope that the entire Moore family will enjoy their trip and visit.

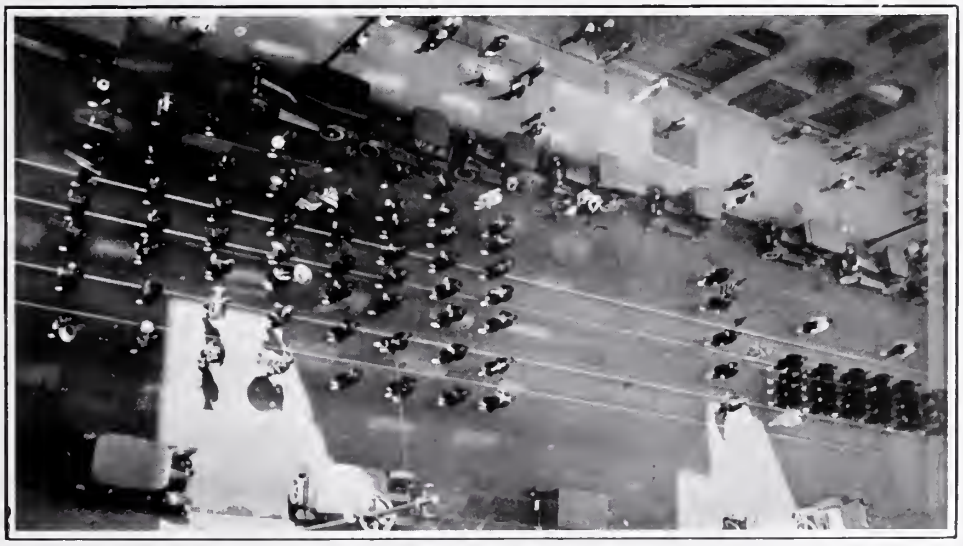
Some years ago, before Mr. Moore came to Colorado, Decoration Day fell on Tuesday, Frank asked his boss if he could have Monday off to go to Charleston, West Virginia, to transact some business. Mrs. Moore was visiting at Charleston at the time. We are wondering if Mr. Moore will have business to attend to this time.

Morton Parsons contemplates motoring to Blackfoot, Idaho, to visit his daughter and grand children. Of course, Mrs. Mort will accompany him. The trip will be made in their flying "GARDNER" which they have recently purchased. If the time will permit they expect also to make a tour of Yellowstone Park on their return from Blackfoot. Joy and good luck unto you both.

Stedman is No Fisherman

Mr. Stedman and his brother motored to Grand Lake via Estes Park and over the Fall River Road during the week of June 19th. They returned via Fraser, Berthoud Pass, and Idaho Springs. On his trip "Sted" put in only a half hour fishing. Evidently, he is not after any of Mr. Illius' laurels. However, he reports having had a fine time, and greatly enjoyed Colorado's wonderful scenery.

It was in Blackfoot last summer that Mort learned the art of driving a car. He said he



Shriners From Above

Several boys of the Denver Office belong to El Jebel Shrine, and will be interested in this picture taken from the ninth floor as Aladdin Temple was passing our building. Denver has been host to many Temples traveling to and from the Shrine Conclave at San Francisco this year. The Columbus, Ohio, Temple was one of the best outfits to pass through. This Temple boasts of President Harding's membership. As here photographed the band is leading followed by their crack patrol.

Glimpses in the Sales Accounting and Billing Division. Don't get jealous, we will be around to your division before many moons.

didn't want to learn in and around Denver for fear of having some of his friends on the spot at the time he might make a bobble by tieing up the Tramway lines by stalling his engine on said right of way. Such an incident would have caused him endless humiliation.

He did admit, though, that when he was learning in Blackfoot that he did try to put a few holes in some of the billboards, and also tried to put out a big window light in one store. Don't try to put out any more lights, Mort, for what we want is More Light.

Otto Wants Room For Auto

Elsewhere in our columns we have stated that Mr. Krause has become the owner of one high-powered Ford. The following telephone conversation recently took place between Otto and his landlady:

"Hello! hello! hello! Is this you Mrs.——. Well, this is Mr. Krause of Apartment No.——. I would like to know if you have another apartment for rent or a couple of spare rooms? I have just bought a lot of automobile accessories for my Ford Coupe, and would like to store them in the apartment until I can get time to instal them on my car." It is rumored that he bought a pair of bumpers, a spot-light, and a water pump.

Visitors

We have in our midst in the Accounting Di-

vision, Messrs. Gilbert G. Jones of Basin, Wyoming, and J. Earl Thomas, who hails from the little "burg" of Kansas City, Missou.

These gentlemen are in the service of Uncle Sam. They are working out of the Treasury Department of the Internal Revenue Service at Washington, D. C.

From all appearances they know what they are doing and seem to be a couple of very nice men. They are checking up the oil runs for the period of 1919 to 1921, inclusive.

H. J. Kessler, the sweet voiced tenor of the Cost Accounting Division, is on his vacation at the present writing. It was spent we are told, somewhere in the Mountains of Colorado where the Columbine is ever growing.

Mr. W. A. Miller, who is generally hailed as "Bill," spent two delightful weeks during the latter part of June with his family at their summer home at Pine, Colorado. "Bill" casts a wicked line, and has a keen knowledge of where all the fish lie in and around Pine.

Russell Palmer who was with us last summer as relief messenger, has again been employed to help out during the vacation period.

Miss Clara Garrett, one of our pleasant and accommodating office girls, is now on her vacation.

Notes From the Stenographic Department

The vacation season has come again, and it seems to be a welcome time for all concerned. A few have returned after very pleasant trips, and others are still anticipating.

Goldie Lovejoy Lutz and her husband spent nearly a week in Salt Lake City. She reports a wonderful time, but we have cause to suspect she hurried Al home, fearing the effect that a prolonged stay in the Mormon city might have upon him.

Ruth Partlow has returned from Springfield,

Tusko as Seen from The Denver Office

Who is there, who does not get the thrill of the circus. Certainly, they were never boys or girls. Circus season is open in Denver, and two large shows have visited us to date, with another on Deck.

Nine Stories Up

The ninth floor messenger service; right to left: Miss Clara Garrett, Miss Mildred Snyder, Homer Baker, Martin Thompson.

Colorado, where she spent two weeks with her mother. She prefers Denver as a residence.

Dorothy Hingley, in company with her father, mother and sister went by auto to Madrid, Iowa. They wanted to be there during the cherry season, and we hope they enjoyed the cherries and hot weather.

The next to leave for a well earned rest is Regina O'Neill. She hopes to spend a short time, at least, in Estes Park.

Mrs. Zella Baird is enjoying a new Dodge car. She is learning to drive, and thinks she could go over an embankment with the best of them, and she is most generous in inviting her friends to go along.

The latest acquisitions to our department are Elizabeth Johnson and Mrs. Janda.

Mysterious Disappearance

Great confusion reigned when on June 20th the Fair Sex of the Traffic Department made their customary noon-day rush for the Departmental Mirror, usually on duty at it's post and in great demand at that hour, and found it had absolutely went—disappeared—vanished from the face of the wall and all other faces.

Mr. Kahn, wiliest of all detectives, was assigned to this delicate case. It is a well known fact that Mr. Kahn has never in his long career forgotten a looking glass he has looked into, and for just cause. He was, therefore, peculiarly fitted for the difficult task assigned to him. Mr. Kahn works on the deductive method of detecting and after much thought and after many deep drags at his vile pipe, he presented the following solution of the problem:

1. Said mirror was a veteran of World War.
2. Was shell-shocked.
3. Hence afraid of powder.
4. Would seek seclusion and go into hiding in quietest spot he could find.

Working on this theory Mr. Kahn went down to the Accounting Department where he found mirror and restored it to the frantic femininity.

"Force of Habit"

A certain lady in the Purchasing Department has become so accustomed to writing wires to Casper and signing the name of the sender and

Chief Telegrapher Floyd Curran

When the messages are coming from Denver this is the man who is sending them. He is a good athlete, too. Golf is his latest offense in that line.

the time the message was sent, that the other day she was writing a letter to a very dear friend, and after using the utmost care in paragraphing, punctuating, and the careful selection of words—as we understand this was a *particular* friend—she finished the letter by signing "Nicoll—3:30 p. m." We have not been advised whether the friend was a gentleman or lady; but from the frantic efforts this lady made to catch this letter before it started on its journey, we are inclined to believe it was the former. How about it Miss Collett?

Gleanings Here and There

Miss Edith Hammond has taken Miss Ruth Blake's place in the Legal Department. Miss Blake has entered into the blessed sea of matrimony as chronicled in our June number. Miss Hammond was formerly employed in the Purchasing and Stenographic Divisions.

Many employes will recall Miss Irene McWhorter to mind as formerly a member of our large family. On June 14th she was graduated from the Colorado State Teachers' College at Greeley, and is now capable of acting as a full-fledged schoolma'am. Salt Creek please note, for here is your chance.

Miss Martha Thompson, secretary to Mr. Blackmer, has recently returned from her vacation. Miss Clara Johnson was acting in her place during her absence.

Miss Gretchen Bremmerman and her mother have recently moved into their new home on Bellaire Street.

Leslie A. Thompson, Jr., spent a very pleasant vacation in and around Los Angeles.

Frank Waltman, formerly employed in the General Accounting Division, is now connected with the Sommers Oil Company. He favored us with a visit during the month of June.

Tom May says that if the hot weather keeps up they will have to feed their chickens cracked ice to keep them from laying hard boiled eggs.

Almost A Veteran

Tom May

June 27th, 1922 marked the completion of Tom's sixth year in the services of the Company. He started in knee pants, and at jumping bells. After a short period he donned his first long ones, and was soon promoted to the Sales Accounting Division, where he has served as checker, billing clerk, and is now kept busy on the Sales Ledgers. He shortly passed his twenty-second birthday.

"Rick" McNicholas

Sport Doings

McNicholas and Hamilton, two mainstays of our former Denver Office team, are playing whirlwind ball for their team in the newly-organized H. N. S. League here. "Mac" is managing the St. Joe nine, and Ray is his star pitcher. Ray recently passed the twenty-one year mark on the 11th of June. He pitched a four-hit game that day, only to lose by a one-to-nothing score. Last Sunday he allowed only three hits, and struck out twenty-one batsmen. He bids fair to be heard from someday.

As Ring W. Lardner would say, no doubt, our readers, would, or rather, will be pained or pleased to hear that with the passing of the Denver Office Team, passes also our old playing field at Pearl and Alameda. Not only has an injunction been gotten out to stop playing thereon, but ground has been broken in right field for a garage, and in center for a double terrace. Oh, well, who cares a hundred years from now. That is what Arthur Brisbane would say.

"Speed-Boy" Hamilton

"Gene" Illius

When it comes to fishing and where to get 'em, "Gene" Illius, whose picture appears on the front cover of this issue, can pull them out of any stream that boasts of trout. He is, no doubt, the champion fisherman of the Denver Office, even including Truby, Miller, et al. Mr. Illius left on his vacation the first of July, and spent same in exploring the streams in and around Walden, Colorado. Mr. Illius is Chief Clerk of the Sales Accounting Division in the Denver Office, and commenced his services with this company over eight years ago. The boys of his division can attest to the statement that he is a champion fisherman, and a mighty fine boss.

Traffic Items

Miss Ella Curtz and Mr. Roy Johnson both leave on their vacations at the same time, August 7th. On this date also the moon is at its full.

Mr. Johnson is the owner of "Closer," a horse of renown. One day a little boy approached him and asked:

"Mr. Johnson, is your horse named 'Closer'?"

Roy hesitated, but curiosity prompted him to ask the boy why he thought the horse's name was "Closer."

"Because," answered the young hopeful, "the other night I seen you and a lady friend driving in the moonlight, and every once in a while I heard you say, "Get up Closer!—Get up Closer!"

Mr. Raymond Jones is a new member of the Traffic Department. He is the son of Mr. H. A. Jones, our former Treasurer—a likeable chap and very welcome in our midst.

"Bob" keeps his radiator cool
By drinking ginger ale—
And other stuff which must be drunk
Real fast, or it gets stale.

And now we will end these frivolous "Items" by a serious news note: Mr. H. G. Naylor left for Chicago on June 19th on a business trip to that city.

Ice—Cream—Suits

Have you ever buried yourself in a book written by our good Indiana contemporaries, Booth Tarkington or George Ade, and wandered in fancy back to some hot, small, Indiana town. The natives garbed in their linens, but "ice cream" suits are what the kids called them. The recent hot weather in our city brought forth its share of "ice cream" suits in the Denver office. Elmo Ballard, of the Traffic Division, we believe was the first so-called "robin," but was closely followed by our Mr. A. K. Barnes, and Mr. W. G. Greiner. Here's to you, boys. We always did want to wear one, but we never had the nerve.

Andres' Vacation

The ninth floor is always kept in good spirits

by our jovial janitor, Andrea Chillemi, who hails from Sunny Italy, but who now boasts of full American citizenship. A short time ago Andrea was missed. But Andrea had gone on a real vacation. No half-way stuff for him. Out in the country, oh, so many miles, that he could not count them, with a real live hunting dog, and a mighty shot gun, there Andrea hunted to his heart's content. He hated to come back he says, and would rather work than play. Most of us have the same failing, and who wouldn't with a real live hunting dog 'neverything.

Al. Grant: "What became of the miss in your engine, Kahn?"

Milt. Kahn: "The accelerator."

Memorial to Rattler

Mr. George Jenkinson, who makes his headquarters when in town in Room 937, was chief actor in a hair-raising incident in the Woody structure twenty miles southwest of Hardin, Montana, sometime ago. But let this clipping from the National Petroleum News tell the story:

"Because he stepped out of a motor car on top of a big rattlesnake, George Jenkinson decided to name the joint test of the Midwest, Mid-Northern, and Western States on the Woody structure, twenty miles southwest of Hardin, the "Rattlesnake Well." Jenkinson, accompanied by Engineer Sickler of the Mid-Northern and V. W. Shoemaker of the Western States, were out spotting a location. Jenkinson stepped out of the car and squarely on the head of a big yellow rattler.

"Fortunately the rattler was not coiled to strike because it was too cold for him to move quickly, and he was killed with little difficulty. The Woody test will be between the Soap Creek Field and Hardin."

Purchasing Division Puffs

"Just Golf"

"Billy" Nicoll put up a wonderful fight in the finals for the Tyro Trophy at City Park Links recently, but was defeated by B. L. O'Guin at the 34th hole, the match ending 3 to 2.

It was a hard fought contest. Considerable credit is due Mr. Nicoll for the showing he made, considering that he had to give his opponent ten strokes in eighteen holes, which was quite a handicap, especially when two men play about the same game. Better luck next time, Billy.

Appreciation

"Billy" Nicoll and his department have been cooperating nicely in aiding the Picnic Committee in their efforts to make this year's outing a big success.

"Is she very pretty?"

"Pretty! Say! When she gets on a street car the advertising is a total loss."—Boston Transcript.

Casper Storage Yard

Elmer Inman, an employee of the Casper Storage Yard for several years has taken unto himself a wife on July 5th. We wish to extend the congratulations of the entire personnel of the Storage Yard to both Mr. Inman and his newly acquired wife, and hope that bad luck will cease to pursue Elmer. It seems that in the past he was eternally being injured, and we hope that his troubles will now be over. Thanks for the cigars.

Mr. Moss says that he dresses according to the weather, and not according to the calendar. To accomplish that feat we think it would become necessary to carry a good size suit case or a trunk, if the weather continues as changeable as it has the past month.

Mr. "Bob" O'Bryan thinks that it is cheaper to move than pay rent. He hasn't given us his new address yet, but the directions are as clear as mud. It is in the 700 block on CY avenue. Just keep your eye open for a rattling, run down Chandler, look underneath said object and if you are lucky you will find Bobby.

Mrs. L. A. Robinson recently underwent an operation, from which she has recovered nicely. We, the employees of the Storage Yard, join in wishing her a speedy return to full health and strength.

Mr. W. W. Haines knows a good company to work for when he picked out the Midwest Refining Company, and a good part of said company when he picked the Storage Yard. He is assisting us during the vacation period.

Mr. J. A. McBurney has a grown son, and when his son left the California oil fields, R. W. McBurney, that being his official moniker, came to Casper and is now kept out of mischief during eight hours of the day, writing bills of lading. We are as yet undecided at which he is the most proficient—writing bills of lading or operating a rotary drill.

Mr. E. N. Bowman, freight clerk, has left for his vacation, account of the heat when he left, Mr. Bowman decided to go north. We hope that he has an enjoyable time and returns ready for another long hard year.

We would have had more material for this Review, but Andy, who sometimes writes, said that when he is on his truck he can't write and when he is home there is so much to do, clean wood work and other duties that he hasn't any time when he is home.

Mr. R. C. O'Bryan has learned that there are more parts to a car than the four wheels, a steering wheel and some cushions. Ask Bob, he knows.

When Flat bought his car he said that it was a man's car. But some of the fellows say that actions speak louder than words, and actions deny his statements.

Bill Trinastich and the Camp Wagon

On June 10th and 11th, "Dad" Hale, one of our firemen, together with Wm. Trinastich, an employee of the Carpenter Shop, and Frank Pelky went up Bates Creek fishing. The total catch was 169. After listening to stories we needed other verification than just the naked word so dad produced these pictures to prove his statements. The pictures show "Dad" behind the "catch" and "Bill" Trinastich by the machine that accomplished the feat of getting them to their camp ground. Their "cabin" is shown to the right of the machine. We had another picture showing Bill behind the "catch" also, but we think that this is enough to prove their story.

Dad Hale and His Catch of Trout

Sights We'd Love to See

"Baldy" Bowman with a mustache.
Gus Thedin on the dance floor.
Tom Clayton in greasy unionalls.
Nichols lecturing for the W. C. T. U.
McQuirk opening garage doors for the drivers.
Jess Lewis begging for a warehouse load.
Bert Stewart acting sensibly.
Donahue getting married.
Andy up town after eight p. m. alone.
Flat passing up the South Camp Beanery.
Bobby O'Bryan joyriding the "Old Folks."
Bob McBurney dancing with the "Goggled Eye" fairy.
Ed Treglown driving a Ford.
Slim Butler with a whole pair of trousers
Tom Virgne chewing "Snoose."
Whitey Hoffman getting a hair cut.
Lew Robinson swearing he is not over forty
Packey McFarland eating sauer kraut.
Shorty Goodin smoking a cigar.
Heavy Miller driving with two shafts.
Jess Scott in a dress suit.
LeRoy Mathews pushing a baby carriage.
Elmer Inman with a package of cigarettes.
Ted Manly getting married.
Scribner refusing to talk.
E. T. Stewart with a girl.
McCormack working Sundays.

Jack Wynn says that his soles on his shoes are so thin that he can step on a dime and tell whether it's heads or tails.

Tom Clayton denies he has a new girl. He says it's the old one painted over.

Heavy Miller occupies a large space—in our minds.

The Salt Creek road according to several tourists is so rough that it's dangerous to carry anything but a handkerchief in ones hip pocket.

Ray Hughes: "Will that watch tell time?"
Brilliant "Stivey": "No, you have to look at it."

You've noticed this also,
As sure as you're born,
The bummer the car,
The louder the horn.

John Sturgeon called on a lady friend recently and after a twenty minutes lapse said, "If I had money I'd travel." Opening her pocketbook the girl said "How much do you need."

A pretty good firm is Watch and Waite,
And another is Attit, Early and Layte,
And still another is Doo and Dareit;
And one of the best is Grinn and Barrett.

WARNING—Take Notice—WARNING
I hereby declare open season on the next bird that hits me in the head with a rock.
Whitey Hoffman.

Mr. McCormack is making plans to give the annual attendants of the Frontier Days celebration a treat by attending said celebration. We hope you have a good time, and don't let any of those small cars pass you or they might think it's a road louse.

Jess Scott has joined the ranks of auto owners. He is the proud owner of a Chevrolet. Mr. Moss is planning to go and visit his folks so he also purchased him a Chevrolet. Mr. Moss said he wasn't going to be outdone by a truckherder.

Mr. E. K. Anderson puts the blame of owning the Ford Coupe on his wife. But this is to let you know that there is a Ford in the family of E. K. Anderson anyway. For those not well versed in the correct names of our employees we will add that this is no less than "Andy."

Five new Chicago Trucks arrived during the past two weeks. These are to be added to the present fleet of trucks. Mr. Thedin is driver for G-112 and E. T. Stewart is the engineer on G-113. At the present writing it is unknown who will mount to the cabs of the other three.

FOR SALE—Six Airdales for one GOOD dog. Setter preferred.

Claude Prewitt.

Big Muddy Notes

Miss Diamond who has been spending the last two or three months with her brother in Big Muddy, was married a few days ago, the groom being Mr. C. A. Davis who has been located in Texas. The couple went to Thermopolis to spend their honeymoon prior to going to Texas where they expect to make their future home.

R. S. Vidler, our transportation foreman is throwing off his yoke for a few days in order to rest and refresh himself in and around Denver, where Bob has relatives and friends.

The Fourth of July was celebrated in a quiet fashion, judging from the fact that everyone was on deck the following day ready to do their share in the daily routine of field work. Every employe who could possibly be spared from his work was given an opportunity to participate in the National Holiday. The majority betook themselves to Glenrock where a celebration was held. Parkerton played Glendo at Glenrock for a purse of $100 which sum was raised by the merchants of Glenrock for the benefit of the winning team. Parkerton in this event was successful by defeating their opponents to the tune of 4-2, therefore Parkerton was responsible for carrying home the bacon. After this part of the program the cowboys engaged in a rough riding contest which brought forth money prizes for the successful contestants, several of the riders realized they were riding outlaws by the fact of their being thrown.

The Parkerton Band were engaged to play throughout the day and long into the night. A dance floor was laid down in the Main Street for the benefit of those who indulged in the light fantastic art, while others of the Parkerton boys bestirred themselves to the Mountains where they revelled along the banks of the mountain streams indulging in angling in sympathy with Sir Isaac Walton, and you may be sure that fishing stories were prevalent the next day as all had a good catch to report. The weather remained favorable the whole day and every one expressed themselves as fully satisfied with the days diversion.

Mr. C. M. Rader who has been here for the last two months or more on work connected with the geological department has departed for Elk Basin where he expects to remain for at least a month on similar work in that field.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Bartels were induced to join some friends for a few days on a picnic trip to the mountains and catch some fish. Unfortunately for all concerned car trouble arose while about 50 miles from nowhere, on making inquiries as to how Raymond enjoyed the trip, he told us that it would take a lot of persuasion to make another such trip unless he succeeded in riding in a real car.

Since our last contribution on baseball, Parkerton has more than held her own against all rivals, playing 5 games, 2 with the Salt Creek Gas plant, 1 each with North Casper, Glendo, and Wheatland, winning four out of the five.

The Salt Creek Gas Plant succeeded in beating us on their trip to Muddy but the return game on the following week which was played on the Gas Plant Grounds, a decisive victory for Parkerton was recorded by a score of 11-3.

The games against Glendo and Wheatland were exciting, both being won by close scores.

Stephenson pitching, and the work of Boies on first base, and Flemming in the field was the feature of these games and much of the credit for winning goes to them.

Elk Basin Small Town Stuff

Have you heard of Powell; Powell, our little neighbor on the south; Powell of the grasping disposition; Powell, the Queen City of the Flat? Well that town is about depopulated—they are mostly here with us. Byron and Cowley are also well represented and when dry farms go dry, an oil field is not so worse. Did you hear of Scotty's trip to Thermop? He doesn't say much but looks rather thoughtful. Wonder why. And then came the hail storm, following which the rain, and those were some storms. The hail was feet deep in places, punctured every tar paper roof in town and melting, washed out roads and everything badly. Followed the rain, and how it rained, and how awfully wet it was. As a result we were cut off by road from all points on Clark's Fork; bridges went out, fills washed away and what was left of the road was not much and of no particular use to anyone—referring to the Silver Tip road.

It took some time to make repairs and in the meantime the trout enjoyed a vacation and may their numbers increase.

When the streams clear up we will try to get acquainted and rather think we will meet up with some of them. As Mark Twain said, or was it Billy Bryan? "It's a dark night with no moon."

These are busy days in Elk Basin. After a lapse of almost a year, we are again drilling wells and things are looking up with us. The first well, No. 11 on Elk 8, made depth rapidly, with our old friend Shorty Weaver and Floyd Blakesley at the throttle. Dad Smith has moved his Star machine to Elk 5, Well No. 4 and will deepen it to the second sand. Earl Marker, our redoubtable rig-builder is tearing 'em down and putting them up, doing a little bridge building in the meantime, and by the way, he can tell you where the big ones lurk and sulk in the Stinking Water. Roy Lee keeps the Commercial going and that, these days of rain and mud is no kids job. Jim Wilson of the Mutual Oil Company is still "bawling the jack" and sure likes to fish."

Dewey has put a new top on the Reo and

Carl Swanson has him a Dodge roadster that is the apple of his eye.

We are having our telephone line restrung and it is going to improve our hearing quite a lot. With Geo. Harris dressing tools, Ray Anderson is now the Big Chief of the pulling machine, Prather still bossing his own.

We receive all kinds of compliments on the meals served at our Cook House and they all agree that Miss Markey is "some cook," while "Mint" sees to it that none are overlooked or go away hungry. The other day some tourists who had gone astray and took breakfast with us remarked they were glad they had missed their road as the meal was worth more than the time and mileage lost. All of which is as it should be. Altogether our lines seem to have fallen in pleasant places and things might be a whole lot worse.

Of course we all looked forward to the Fourth. Some of us took in the Stampede at Cody. Others went a fishing and some, not so many, just loafed and took life easy. Really it was too hot to do much else and get the most out of life. Were we just a little closer to the hills, we know of so many places where in the shade and the cool of running water, time could be spent mighty pleasantly, but it is these one day trips that bankrupt the English language.

Our latest venture is a base ball club. Sangree, who leads us in things spiritual, is the inspiration back of the team and with such competent bushers as Slick, Lee, Leavell, Williamson, Jack Smith and others, all good any place you put them, we rawther think we will cop some of the bunting when the dust clears away. The tourist is with us once again and as Milton, or was it Rex Beach(?) used to say, "What queer creatures we see when we have no gun." We admit being some partial to a trim figure in Kahki, knickers and all, but why, oh why—

But what is the use. If they knew better they wouldn't, just couldn't; since they do, of course they don't, which sounds rather complicated but I trust you follow me.

You should hear the bunch telling about that fishing trip. This year, for the first time, Prior Creek, on the Crow Reservation was thrown open to anglers and all that was asked was that prospective anglers provide themselves with a state fishing license and secure a permit from the Agent, for the small sum of fifty cents. Well to get to the Agency would require a detour of several miles so they decided to do away with this requirement and take a chance that the reds would overlook this one bet and everything would be lovely. They got in—they also got out and what happened in the meantime has not been so very clearly explained. They have decided however not to go there any more; it is a hard trip and wears one out so and the fishing is not so very good anyway and we never did like those red fellows anyhow.

Of course we had been very hopeful that the pan might once again give forth that appetizing odor that speaks of trout in the cooking, but it was not to be. I suppose to get any we will have to go ourselves, endure the hardships of a day in the open, with the water swirling at our feet and our nerves on a tension, expecting the next strike—sure it's a hard life—not to be able to go when you want to. We will probably have something to say concerning the Cody Stampeders in our next. They went, they saw, they returned to the Basin—that is the most of them did. The moon shines so brightly these nights.

Casper Office News

Mrs. Alice James of the Industrial Relations department has returned from a two weeks vacation spent in Loveland, Estes Park and Denver.

Miss Dorothy Williamson, stenographer in the engineering department, has been transferred to the office of Herbert Ladd and Frank Knickerbocker as stenographer.

Miss Ninette Davis and Ann Braderson have returned from their vacations, spent in Texas and Colorado, respectively.

Miss Myrtle Duncan, one of the efficient Casper Office comptometer operators, and Mr. Walter Quinn, were married July 1, in Casper, at the home of the bride's brother, Robert Duncan. Dr. Wilson of the Presbyterian church officiated. The couple are at home in the Grude apartments. Mr. Quinn has a responsible position with the White Motor Company in Casper.

Delmore Bingamon, formerly an employe of the Midwest, returned a short time ago from Texas where he has been working for the Humphrey Oil Syndicate. He has gone to Winnett, Montana, where he will have charge of a store for the Continental Supply Company. "Bing" has many friends in the Midwest who welcomed him back to the north.

Osage Notes

We ask the editor of the Review to excuse us from contributing much news from Osage, at least until such time as the Well on NE¼ Sec. 24 is completed. Should it prove to be a good oil well, the editor should make preparations for much space in editions subsequent to completion of that well.

Since our last items in the Review the Skull

Drilling Crew at Deep Test Well in Osage

Raising the Mast on No. 24, the Osage Deep Test

Creek Syndicate, drilling SW of Newcastle have made rapid progress. We understand they have about 100 feet dug and rarin' to get the pay. We are informed they have four possible productive sands within reach of the bit and are prepared to test them all. Here's hoping they get more oil than they can handle.

The snap shots below are of the deep test which is being carried on down to the Lakota Sand. Trouble has been experienced in this particular part of the field with cavy holes and Sup't Guenin is surely having his trouble at this location at a depth of about 1030 feet. We might suggest that he move his bunk down to the rig, as he spends most of the night there, and has caused us to wonder when he sleeps. We sincerely hope his efforts are rewarded. Drillers Jackman and Fread and Toolies Toben and Walling are the "good" looking gents shown in the snap shot, rigging up on the Deep Test.

Unlimited Success is Within Reach of the Average Man

By Prentice W. Towsley

(Courtesy Forbes Magazine)

Are the fires of ambition consuming you? Do you eagerly scan your favorite newspaper every morning for the doings of the captains of industry?

Do you find the details of your daily job forging, link by link, the chain which holds you in obscurity? And each time ambition's flame flares up do you quench it with apologetic thought, "I'm only an average man?"

An average man! Thank God for that! If you were an average dog or an average cow, or a half-witted imbecile, your case would, indeed, be hopeless. But, an average man—that's different.

How much of a man are you? You have a good appetite? Yes? Fine! But any good, healthy Scotch collie is equally fortunate. Are you healthy? Do you sleep well? Good! These are all the very foundations of success. With out them success could be only as a mirage on the horizon. But in spite of this, you must admit that the cat curled up on the parlor rug in the sun sleeps a healthy, peaceful sleep that passeth all understanding of him who must daily toil to earn the wherewithal to eat and sleep.

Let's reason this thing out together for a few moments. Just what do you do in the course of twenty-four hours that the average well-bred animal does not do? We suggest that you take an adding-machine tape and make a long list. Use up several rolls, if necessary.

After reading your list, may you not define a succesful man as one who, realizing that he is more than an animal, uses one per cent of that which distinguishes him from an animal to become more successful than his fellow-men who, although they deny vehemently that they are mere animals, pass their lives with a minimum use of their miraculous heritage?

Down through the ages, men have dreamed dreams of immortal Gods who make the lightnings flash and calm the buffeting of the angry waves. Men have invented tales of genii, stored up in bottles, who would come out at the proper word and build for you palaces chock-full of gold and jewels and princesses. Men have traveled around the world in their imaginations on the flying carpet of Bagdad. But it was not until a few hundred years ago that they realized that in their human minds were genii infinitely more powerful and accommodating than those that served Aladdin's wonderful lamp. Like the immortal gods of the Greeks, this mind controls the forces of nature. It not only tames the lightning, but makes it turn the wheels of industry. Faster than the wing-footed courier who rode on the backs of the winds is the human voice carried over the seas and across continents. Into everything except the inscrutable will the human mind, in time, penetrate.

Every average human is a part of this universal mind. Plato thinks a thought; it becomes transferred to a blank sheet; it is preserved; it is multiplied; and finally a copy gets around to me. I look at it and instantly—don't ask me how—Plato's thought becomes my thought. Or, as Emerson said, in that instant, "I am Plato."

Plato may have been a short, fat man, or a tall, thin man. I don't know—I never heard. But what difference does it make? That part of me which is like that part of Plato which still lives can become Plato any time I like. And that is all that matters anyhow.

Watt's body didn't invent the steam engine. No man's body ever made him famous unless it was exhibited in a side-show. What does the trick is the universal mind that transcends

space, time, nationality, and creed. And every average man is part of it.

In view of this, O Mr. Average Man, do you need to ask yourself, "What chance is there for me?"

Chance? There is no gamble to it. The dice are loaded. The Creator has done more than his share; He has given you the intangible, invisible key to the vast treasure chest of the universe that extends out beyond the boundaries of thought.

Are you going to leave this golden key lying around on the library table; or are you going to use it?

LITTLE ITEMS TO LAUGH AT

Religious Kittens

An old Irishwoman in a certain village was trying to dispose of some new-born kittens. She offered them to the minister, saying that they were such nice Protestant kittens. In spite of that inducement he refused them, and had a good laugh with the priest over her words.

A few weeks later she offered the kittens to the priest, saying that they were such nice Catholic kittens. He reminded her that she had offered them to the minister as Protestant kittens, to which she replied: "Sure, Father, I *know* that—but they've had their eyes opened since then!"—Judge.

Nervy Flea

The animals were coming off the Ark. The flea was directly in front of the elephant. There was no traffic cop on the job and in the jam the voice of the flea was heard addressing the elephant:

"Who in the hell are you shoving?"

At the Grade Crossing

The shades of night were falling fast,
The fool stepped on 'er and rushed past.
A *crash*—he died without a sound;
They opened up his head and found
Excelsior.

The other day a negro went into a drug store and said:

"Ah wants one ob dem dere plasters you dun stick on yoah back."

"I understand," said the clerk. "You mean one of our porous plasters."

"No, sah, I don't want one of your porest plasters. I want de bes' one you got."

Of 24,351,676 homes in the United States 54.4 per cent. are rented, 28.2 per cent are owned outright and 17.5 per cent. are owned under mortgage by occupants. The Census Bureau says "home" in this instance signifies the abiding place of a family, not necessarily an entire dwelling.

The girl walked briskly into the store and dropped her bag on the counter. "Give me a chicken," she said.

"Do you want a pullet?" the storekeeper asked.

"No," the girl replied. "I want to carry it."

She—Enthusiasm is contagious.

He—Not always. I've courted girls who didn't seem to share my enthusiasm in the least.—Boston Transcript.

Some Difference

"Give me a Pullman berth," said the man.

"Upper or lower?" asked the agent.

"What's the difference?"

"A difference of fifty cents in this case," said the polite agent. "The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want to go lower you will have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower, although it is lower on account of being higher. When you occupy an upper you have to get up to go to bed and get down when you get up. You have the lower if you pay the higher. The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher. If you are willing to go higher it will be lower. That is the only difference there is."

Recipe for Home-Brew

Chase a wild bull-frog three miles, gather up the hops, add ten gallons of tan bark, one-half pint of Atlantic shellac, one bar of home-made soap. Boil thirty-six hours.

Strain through an I.W.W. sock, to keep it from working, and then bottle. Add one grasshopper to each pint bottle to give it a kick.

He Did

"George," she said, "before I give you a final answer you must tell me something. Do you drink anything?"

A smile of relief lighted his handsome countenance—was that all she wanted to know? Proudly, triumphantly, he clasped her in his arms, and whispered in her shell-like ear: "Anything!" —Exchange.

"Here is something queer. You say this tooth has never been worked on before but I find small flakes of gold on my instrument," rumbled the dentist.

"I think you have struck my back collar button," murmured the victim as he passed out.—N. S. C. Magazine.

The bashful bachelor on the fifth floor recently encountered a neighbor, a young mother, and wishing to be neighborly, asked:

"How is your little girl, Mrs. Jones?"

"My little boy is quite well, I thank you, Mr. Smith," replied the proud mother.

"Oh, it's a boy!" exclaimed the bachelor in confusion. "I knew it was one or the other."

Every minute devoted to somebody else's business is two minutes lost from your own.

Pointed Paragraphs for Pumpers

By a Salt Creek Pumper

A pumper's life is composed of long days and short naps.

It has been said that pumpers live longer than any other oil field workers. They don't. It just seems longer.

Work and the world works with you; pump and you pump alone.

Don't worry about getting a station with a lucky number; if you have one at all you are lucky.

Any time they stop your pay, the best thing to do is to go in and quit.

When you get lonesome, amuse yourself by singing the latest ballad by John D. entitled "Oil By Myself."

Never ask a man if he is a pumper; just start talking and if he is pumping and not sensitive, he will tell you.

A pumper is like a genius, and they are all born that way.

Pumpers as a rule do not make good musicians; there is only one in the Salt Creek band and he plays the drums.

Gaugers are "round" every day, but a pumper is always on the square.

If you want a vacation this year, just have a spill—you will get one.

A soft drink turneth away thirst; so always pack a water bag.

Above all things do not nag the gauger; they have to ride one.

Passenger—"Say does this car always make this noise?"

Driver—"No, only when it's running."—Tennessee Mugwump.

Mrs. Probe—"What is your husband's average income?"

Mrs. Neighbor—"About midnight."—Book of Smiles.

Fish are coming out of a California oil well. Fish usually go into oil wells but rarely ever come out on top.—Newspaper Enterprise Association.

Mr. Jones, while reading the morning paper at breakfast, was astonished to see the announcement of his own death. He rang up his friend Smith at once. "I say, Smith! have you seen the announcement of my death in the morning paper?"

"Yes," said Smith. "Where are you speaking from?"

"Dear God," prayed golden-haired little Willie, "please watch over my mamma."

And then he added as an after-thought, "And I dunno as it would do any harm to keep an eye on the old man, too."

"How fast can your car go?"

"Just fast enough," replied Mr. Chuggins, "to break the road rules, and not fast enough to keep ahead of the cop."

Willing

Dinah was forty and unmarried. One day she was called to the telephone and the following conversation took place:

Dinah: "Hello!"

Man's Voice: "Hello! Is dis you, Dinah?"

Dinah: "Yessah."

Man's Voice: "Well, Dinah, I done called you up to ax you, would you marry me?"

Dinah: "Yessah, yessah. Who is dis talkin', please?"

Newlywed—Why don't you make the bread mother used to make?

Mrs. Newlywed—Why don't you make the dough father used to make?

Manager of theatre to old employe, "Jones, you have grown gray in our service and as a token of our esteem we are presenting you with a bottle of hair dye."

The lady bank clerk had completed her first week, and a friend asked her how she liked the work.

"Oh, it's beautiful!" said the girl. "I'm at a branch where nearly all the people we know have accounts, and it's so nice to see how little money some of your friends have in the bank!"

"Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army."—Edward Everett.

"Sambo, how do dey get de water in de watermelon?"

"Dat's easy, nigger; dey plants it in de spring."

Mrs. Casey: "Me sister writes me that every bottle in that box we sent her was broken. Are yez sure yez printed 'This side up with care' on it?"

Casey: "Oi am. An' for fear they shouldn't see it on the top, Oi printed it on the bottom as well."—Boston Transcript.

"Heavens! I've swallowed a pin. What shall I do?"

"Well, don't make all that fuss over a pin. Here's another one."

Elsie—"Mamma, George Washington must have had an awful good memory, didn't he?"

Mother—"Why, my dear?"

Elsie—"Because everywhere I go I see monuments to his memory."

First Professor (in high-powered motor car) —We've got it at last.

Second Professor—G-got w-what?

First Professor—Perpetual motion—I can't stop.

An automobile dealer with whom we are well acquainted was recently asked how he found business.

"The same way you find an artesian well," he replied.—Judge.

Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council

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Harry Traylor, Salt Creek Home Camp District
Rickard Pigg, Salt Creek Pipeline District
Frank Dailey, Salt Creek Gas Plant
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The MIDWEST REVIEW

·Vol·3· August··1922 ·No·8

COMPOSITE SKETCH OF
JIM PADEN AND
HIS ORGANIZATION

Published for
The Midwest Family
by THE MIDWEST REFINING CO.

Personnel of Building Department:

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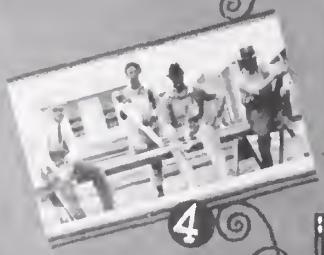

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1—Left to right W J Turk, Gilman Larson, Ed Atkinson, Bert Capps, A J Maher, Floyd Lander, Bill Miller Jas. Paden.
2—On the job painting bunk houses at Canadian Camp, Wm. Houck, W Richtman
3—Crew that built the Haydite Plant. Chauncey Onyon, E E Turner, G G Wilson, Oscar Funru, James Mitchell, Floyd Westlake, Fred Moore, Frank Jones.
4—Also at ease By request of photographer Homer Gates, Tom Cave Harry Gray, Elmer Talley
5—The gang with a "Repp" John G McCue, Bill Spangler, Matt Repp at the wheel, Carl Hamilton and his dog, Doc Campbell, L E Hagen, A F Turner, Perry O'Mara, Harry Carette
6—Crew that built the new boiler repair shop: Bob Allman, Allen Kushman, Stub Moore, Charlie Allman, Roy Gay, Claude Collett, Wm Miller, C G Rich.
7—Crew constructing six room bunk house at Canadian Camp Left to right Jess Willard, Jack Dempsy, Bob Soracklen, Wm Hayes, Frank Popplewell, Artbur Choroning, S F Dill, Noal Smith, Frank Heltzel.
8—Paint crew working on six-room bunk house at Camp Lewis O Lomstad, Perry O'Meara
9—Guy Warren, Secretary of Building Department, located in the Casper Office
10—Messrs Buffington and Fleming, steamfitters employed by John T Bogan of Casper, to install the new heating plants in the Carpenter Shop, Paint Shop, and Pipe Line Office
11—Harry Engelson, Guy's Assistant
12—Casper Paint Shop crew E Hardegen, W Trimaatitch, R M Campbell, H E Utz, S C Vecellous
13—Casper Carpenter Shop crew Fred Gougers, P W Arner, Wm. J Hume, John Osnes, Bob Schidler, Sport, Carpenter Shop mascot
14—At ease By request of photogranher Left to right Ed Holeman, August Voth, Gene Darby, Shorty Roeschke, Claude (Dusty) Rhodes. Also O. L. Walker

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The Midwest Review

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This number of the Midwest Review is devoted very largely to the Building Department, which functions in a very efficient way under the direction of Mr. James Peden, superintendent of construction. We are presenting in this issue a number of articles which show what the department is doing, has done and what it has to a certain extent for the future. There are hundreds of thousands of dollars to be spent in construction in the various fields of the Midwest, and the organization headed by Mr. Peden has this work in hand. It is a splendid, hardworking outfit, and we feel that the Midwest Family in general ought to know what it is doing. Hence this special attention. You should keep in mind that this organization has to do a great amount of its work away from Casper, out in the camps: that the material has to be trucked out and gotten into shape in the field, and that only a comparatively small part of the mill work is done in Casper. Buildings of all sorts and shapes and sizes are built and put in shape for the big work that is going on. And the Building Department is always on the job. You will find their articles interesting, and you will find the pictures of the work and of the personnel worth looking at.

On the back cover of this issue of the Review, appears a poem by the well known American poet, Edgar A. Guest. To our way of thinking, this is one of the best things that Mr. Guest has ever written. He has hit a true note when he urges that every resident of this great land of ours should be "all American." It is quite a significant fact that Europeans, when they want to better their lot, come to America. To the peasant from France, or Russia or Italy or any other country, America holds out a big new hope for freedom, equality and prosperity. Yet there is a large element, when they secure all these blessings in the new country, are prone to raise the wail of discontent. We believe that the majority of these wailers are actuated by some evil agitator whose only object is to stir up trouble and unrest, and who has a selfish aim to serve. We should believe with Edgar Guest, that if there are any citizens of this glorious land of ours, who are not satisfied with conditions, that they believe they will have an easier life across the "brine," that he should pack up at once and go there. He might pause for a moment and consider the case of Emma Goldman, who welcomed deportation to Russia, and who when she got there, was mighty anxious to get back to the old United States of America once more, and who unfortunately for her, put herself in such social and political disrepute that she cannot come. Emma has a tummy-full of Russia, and now admits that she was all wrong and didn't know when she was well off. But too late. Read Mr. Guest's poem and thank your lucky stars that you are a resident of the United States, and resolve that you will live as a hundred percent American.

The Salt Creek neighborhood surely took upon a nautical aspect the first part of this month. Salt Creek was visited by a regular cloudburst and water four feet deep stood on the streets. Then the Marines invaded Teapot and made a demonstration against some alleged trespassers. Taking it all around, the navy surely was strong for a few days.

With baseball and fishing almost in the discard now, the picnic season and the sage chicken stunts over, Midwesterners will now turn to some of the great indoor sports. And in turning, don't forget the Traveling libraries in the camps. They have a lot of mighty good books in them.

Progress of Midwest Building Department

By "A Good Guy"

Mr. Shaw's regular by-words are "We would like to have something of interest for the next issue of the Review." It seems that it comes too often. I was sure that it was not long ago that I gave him an article on the history of this department, but was really surprised when I found it in the August 1921 number. So I suppose it is our turn, and even though it may be necessary to sidetrack other work for a day, we not only think it our duty but take pleasure in getting out a few lines that are history to us but may act as news to some of the Midwest Family.

A very extensive building program has been carried on all during the summer months, the greater part of which has been done in the Salt Creek field, and while we have had our eye on the other fields and have taken care of work at these places, our main efforts were centered on the program at this point.

The good weather season being very short, and I might add "very dry," every minute has been a mad rush trying to meet the requirements of Mr. Lewis for his ever increasing family, consequently, expressing it with the words of our foreman at this point, Mr. William Miller, "it is a d—n busy place."

For a long time we have felt the need of more space in our Carpenter and paint shops at Salt Creek. To relieve this, we have recently erected a carpenter shop 40 x 96 and a paint shop 20 x 30.

We are now comfortably installed in our new quarters. A notable improvement was made by converting our machinery from line shaft to individual motor drive when we moved.

We have suffered no serious handicap in getting materials, but are at the present holding off on some of the new work for the completion of the Haydite plant which is to furnish us with a substitute for gravel and sand in mixing concrete for concrete walls, floors, basements, etc.

Construction work completed during the past few months lines up as follows:

36—3-room cottages—Salt Creek Home Camp
8—3-room cottages—Consolidated camp
12—3-room cottages—Camp No. 3
14—3-room cottages—Camp No. 18
13—3-room cottages—Dutch camp
1—4-room cottage—Dutch camp
1—2-room cottage—Camp Lewis
1—Office building—Camp No. 18
1—Boarding House—Samp No. 3
1—Boarding House—Camp No. 18
1—Boiler House—Camp No. 18
1—Boiler House—Camp No. 3
2—6-room bunk houses—Camp No. 3
2—6-room bunk houses—Camp No. 18
1—material shed—Salt Creek Home Camp
1—School house—Salt Creek Home Camp
5—Comfort stations—Salt Creek Home Camp
1—Fire station—Salt Creek Home Camp
2—16x30 wards—Hospital Second story of Main Office Building—Salt Creek Home Camp.
Addition for ice plant and repairs to commissary building after fire—Salt Creek Home Camp

These were erected at a cost of $145,589.00.

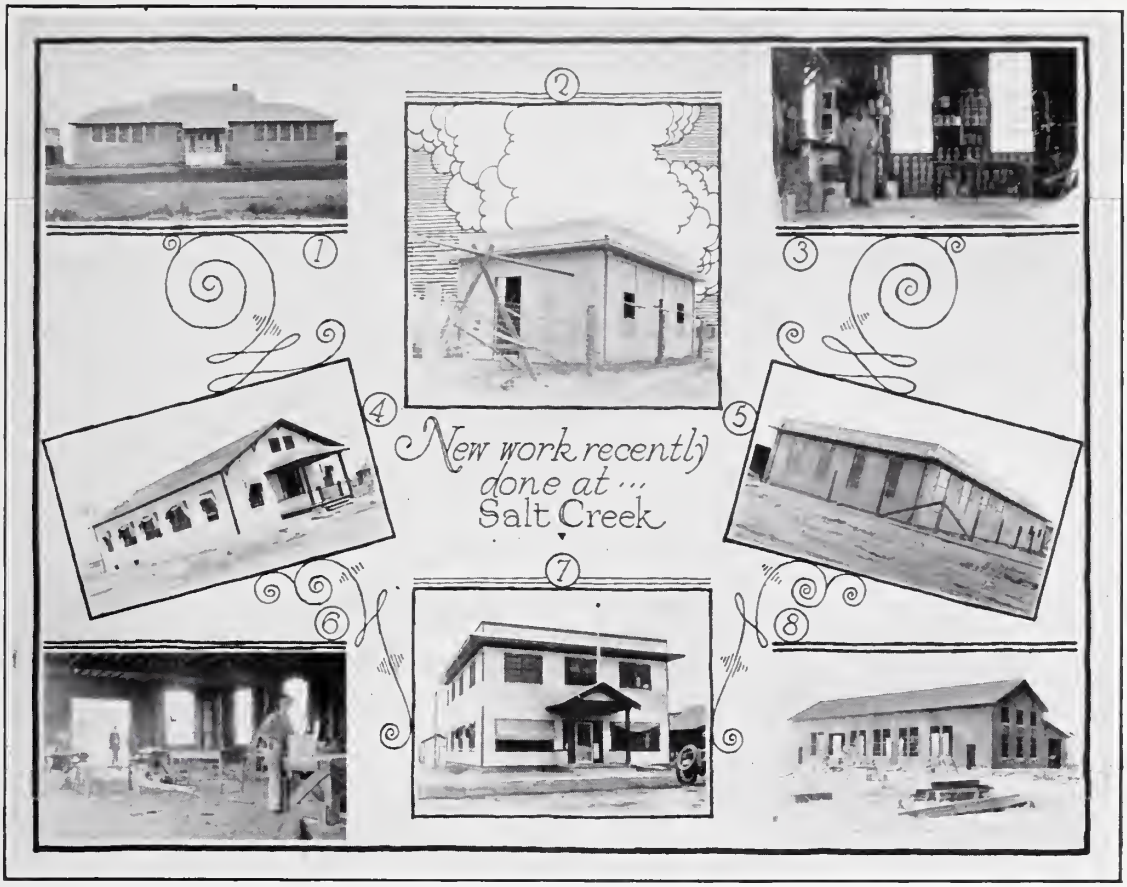
We are at present working on five 6-room bunk houses and the new boiler repair shop at Salt Creek Home Camp.

With the assistance of the Field Engineering Department, a building inventory has just been completed and all buildings numbered, which gives us a good idea as to why the responsibility for this branch of the producing department was concentrated. We have at present 1107 buildings. They are located as follows:

Basin	2
Bell Springs	3
Big Muddy	188
Buffalo Basin	5
Baxter Basin	3
Casper	48
Chatham	1
Elk Basin	130
Frannie	6
Golden Eagle	5
Grass Creek	57
Greybull	13
Midway	6
Mahoney Dome	2
Notches	9
Osage	21
Salt Creek	564
Teapot	27
Torchlight	18

A detailed record of each and every individual building has been set up in the Casper office of the Building Department, which gives space for original investment showing additions, changes in location, repairs and revenue.

New Work Recently Done at Salt Creek



No. 1—New four-room school house for grade school children

No. 2—New Paint Shop

No. 3—Interior of paint shop, with Mr. Repp on the left. He takes great pride in keeping things spick and span.

No. 4—Pipe Line office completed July 15th

No 5—New Carpenter shop which is more fully described elsewhere in this issue. Building Department moved in July 7, 1922, building No. 246

No. 6—Interior of Carpenter Shop. Ed. Atkinson, shop foreman, at the sander. Ed says he can make anything from a tooth pick to a ship mast in this shop.

No. 7—Office building of the Producing Department after second story was put on in June. Although only four days were required to remove the old roof and put on the new one, we had a thunder storm while the building was without a roof, which caused considerable annoyance and inconvenience.

No. 8—Boiler Repair Shop. Completed by the time this paper goes to press.

New Dodge

Willis—Didn't your wife bawl you out last night when she woke up when you came home?

Gillis—No, I fooled her. I stood in the hall an hour, delivered a lecture on "Civic Righteousness," told a bedtime story, and sang three grand opera selections, and she thought she had forgotten to turn off the radio.

"One ship sails east and another west while the self same breezes blow. It's the set of the sails and not the gales that bid them where to go. Like the winds of the air are the ways of the fates as we journey along thru life; It's the set of the soul that determines the goal, and not the storm or the strife."—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Proposed New Building Work

Requests have been made for several new buildings at Salt Creek Home Camp, but appropriations have not as yet been approved.

Among the most important of these, is a new warehouse to replace the present building used for that purpose. The quarters now used are very small, and while additions have been made from time to time, to take care of the ever increasing volume of business, they are very cramped for space. We can say that it looks like the long needed building will be in the stage of construction in the near future. The plans call for a two-story frame building, 49'6" x 120', with a 10' platform on north, south and west sides, with a 50' x 96' basement. With the exception of a space 22x50 on the first floor which will be used for office room, the building will be used as a store room for material and supplies.

A full description of the club house has been printed in a past number of the Review and no further developments at the present writing have been made.

Sketches on a new hospital have been made, and while they have not been O. K.'d. and we have no assurance that the proposed plans will go through, we want to mention it as being possible. Plans show a very modern building of four wings, which makes possible light from three sides in the special wards. The building will have its own heating plant, and will contain private rooms, operating rooms, nurses quarters, and a modern kitchen.

Plans have also been drawn up for a new 40' x 62' church building. There will be a central stage, with study room on one side and space for pipe organ and choir on the other side, with an auditorium seating capacity of 248.

And lastly, for a theatre. This will be 48' x 104', and have a seating capacity of 500. A large stage with ample dressing rooms on either side will take up the front center, and together with sloping floor, orchestra pit, regular type theatre folding seats with plenty of room between the seats for comfort, three aisles, one in the center and one on either side, will make this a very modern, up-to-date building.

Precaution has been taken against fire hazards.

Why Pick on the Carpenters

By One Of Them

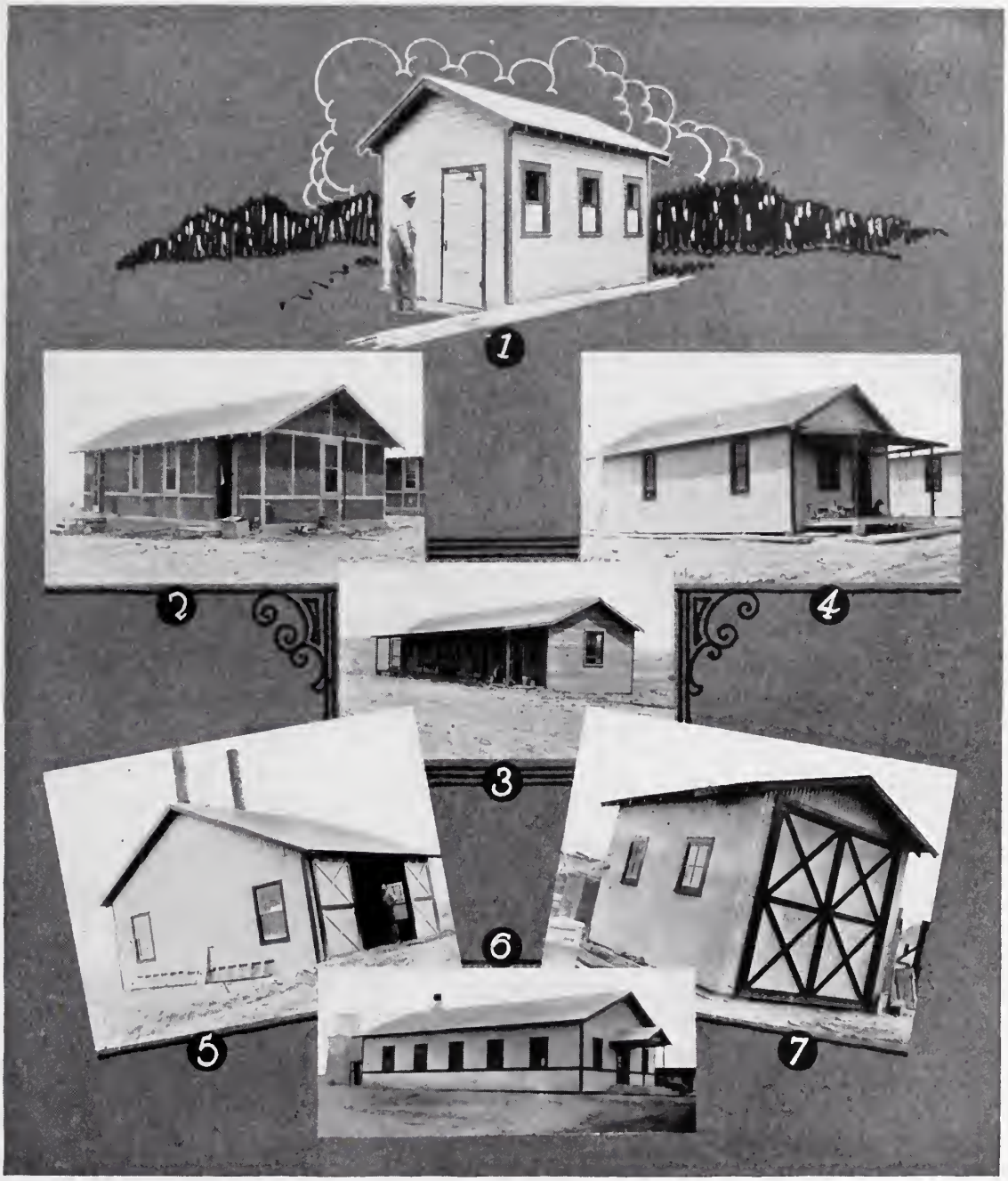
In a certain great city called Casper, Wyoming, there was builded by the Midwest Refining Company a great carpenter shop. And it came to pass on a certain day at noon when the journeymen were eating their mid-day meal, the Boss Carpenter came among them and said, "Men, it is commanded by the powers that be that ye write for publication in the Midwest Review."

Then while he yet spake, one of the journeymen arose up in wrath and said thus unto the Carpenter Boss; "Have we not always obeyed thee in all things? Have we not at thy command constructed four score and twenty-five screen doors for company houses this summer and four score more in prospect? Have we not, sir, on orders from thee, rebuilt and repaired scores of truck bodies? Have we not built great numbers of fire proof doors which were many cubits one way and many more the other? Have we not made cabinets to adorn our Salt Creek palaces until straining nerves and aching muscles cried out for relief? And, sir, have we not made tables, doors, window frames and numerous other things as we were told? Did we not rejoice with thee when in a spirit of revenge thou did'st sever the raven locks from the body of thy faithful dog Sport making him like unto a roaring lion?" And the Carpenter Boss answered and said, "All these have ye done."

Then spake the journeyman, "Why pick on the Carpenters? Many scribes there be who would rejoice greatly to see their mutterings and ravings in print, but we have work to do."

But the Carpenter Boss harkened not unto them and the four journeymen said in a chorus, "Why pick on the Carpenters?"

Standardized Building Types



No 1—New type of standard comfort station

No. 2—Panelled tar paper cottage

No. 3—Standard two story bunk house

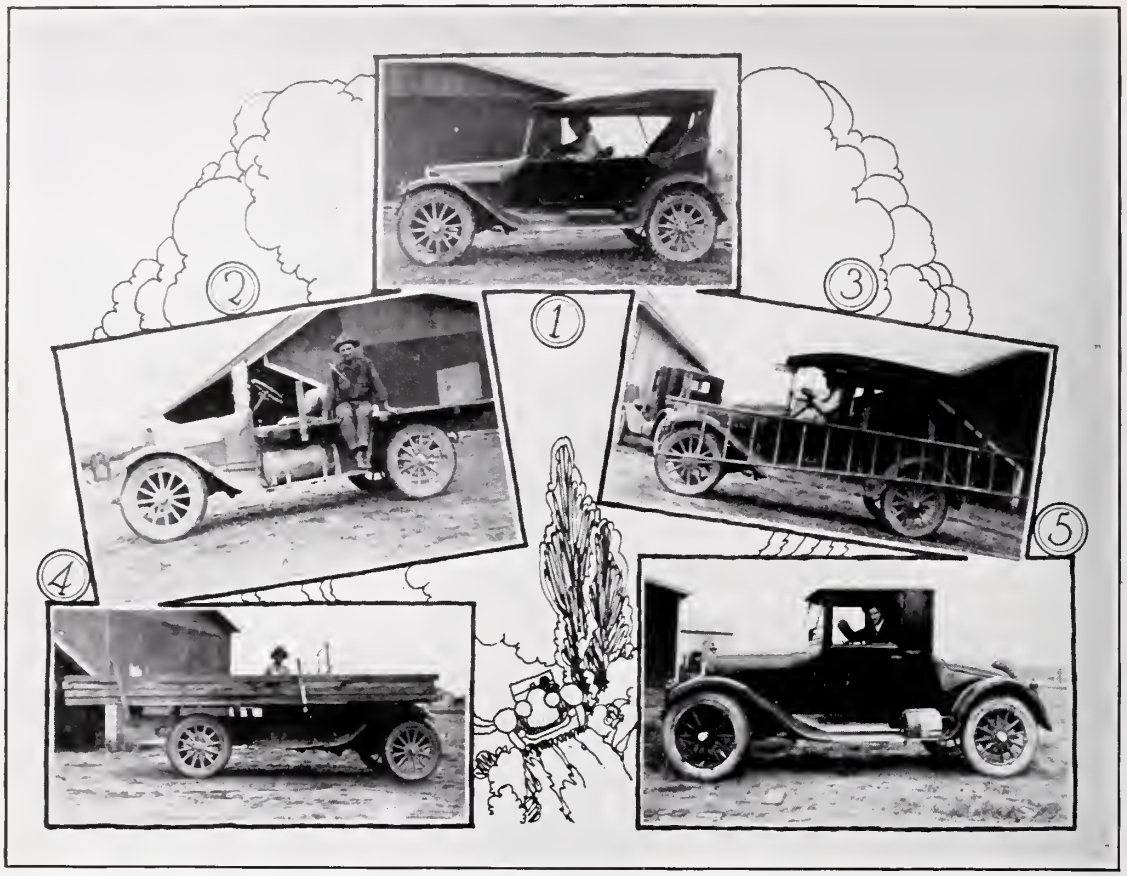
No. 4—Standard three-room cottage 16 x 30 with a 6 x 14 shed roof porch on the front. Living room 12 x 16; bedroom 8 x 14, with a clothes closet 2′6″ x 8; kitchen 7 x 17 and contains a large, spacious kitchen cabinet

No. 5—Standard type of boiler house

No. 7—Standard individual garage

No. 6—Boarding House at Northwest Camp. Standardized type of construction for small camp boarding house

Building Department Transportation



No. 1—William Miller in G-40. Modesty prevents Bill from talking about himself, and he says that he can't say much for G-40

No. 3—Arthur Sinclair on G-90. Another boy that always gives a good account of himself

No 3—M. J. Repp in his limousine G-66. Matt is the smiling foreman of the party at Salt Creek, always ready to tackle anything from smokestacks to China

No. 4—H. A. Bishop and his constant companion, G-94. Since joining the Building Department, November 22, 1921, Bishop has had a strenuous life, he is the boy who, regardless of the weather or roads, is always on the job.

No. 5—Next winter when the snow blows and it is 40 below, we will all sing "Oh Lucky Jim, How we envy him."

Joint Council Meets With Executives

Two matters of a great deal of importance and interest to the employes of the Salt Creek field, were taken up on August 10, at a special meeting of the Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council, together with the following company officials who were invited by the Council to meet with them:

R. S. Ellison, Vice President

N. S. Wilson, General Manager, Production

A. W. Peake, General Superintendent, Production

W. R. Finney, General Superintendent, Gas Department

Two matters which have occupied the attention of the Joint Council for some time, were the particular piece of business which the Council desired to discuss with the company officials, and hence the special meeting.

For some time, the Council has been trying to find some sort of a solution of the cash shortage matter in Salt Creek. Employes have been unable to get their checks cashed in the field, or have been unable to get small sums of money on personal checks to carry for their convenience. This condition was remedied in part when the company increased the amount of cash carried by the Midwest Commissary Company, and enabled it to care for more checks. The amount carried by the Salt Creek Gas Department was also increased. But these amounts failed to remedy matters. The Council suggested that a bank be established by the Company, and made various other suggestions.

This matter was fully discussed by the Council and the officials at the special meeting, and it is believed that a satisfactory solution has been reached. It is proposed roughly, to handle the matter through a paymaster, who will give to the employe, any amount up to twenty-five percent of his check in cash, if he so desires. The balance will be paid by check, and it is hoped that the employe will make plans to deposit this check in some of the Casper Banks. In this way, the employe will be enabled to have a moderate amount of cash on hands, and yet not be burdened by the whole amount of his check. The company will be enabled to do away with the hazard of carrying a large amount of cash on hands at Salt Creek for the purpose of taking care of checks. It is believed that the plan when fully worked out and published will be satisfactory. The completed plan will be announced probably by the time this issue of the magazine is distributed.

The other matter which was brought up, was a discussion of the criticism which has been going the rounds, over the amusements and business concessions in Salt Creek. Some of the employes felt that discrimination was being shown in permitting certain employes to conduct certain lines of business on the side. For instance, the pool hall, is practically the only business in the field which is conducted by the company. The drug store is conducted by a person entirely outside the company, as is the barber shop. The bakery, laundry, picture show, tailor shop, restaurant and one or two other places, are conducted by Company employes, outside business hours.

A full discussion of this matter resulted in the following policy being laid down:

The pool hall, barber shop, drug store and picture show, and certain other enterprises which come up in the future, will be conducted by the Company itself, a reasonable price will be charged, and any profits after expenses of operation and investment are paid, will go into the Club House fund. The laundry, bakery, restaurant, etc., now being conducted by employes, will be permitted to be so operated, with the stipulation that prices at all times must be reasonable, and that the operation of the enterprises will in no way interfere with the employes employment with the Company.

The Company feels that these enterprises are needed by the Salt Creek Community; that its own business is that of producing oil, and that it does not want to engage in such outside businesses; that it is absolutely against outsiders coming into the field and profiteering off the employes, and that as long as such enterprises are conducted by employes, they can better be controlled and regulated. This was the final decision of the joint meeting of the Council and Company officials, and it is felt that this will be a just and proper solution of the question.

The meeting was characterized by an openness and frankness in discussion on the part of both the officials and the Councilmen, and it is felt that a great deal of good will result.

In this connection, it is pointed out that the Salt Creek employes and those of the various Casper departments, should feel free to bring all matters for the betterment of conditions, before the council, and that proper solutions will be worked out. When the Council desires it, Company officials have expressed themselves as being willing to meet with that body, and assist in working such things out.

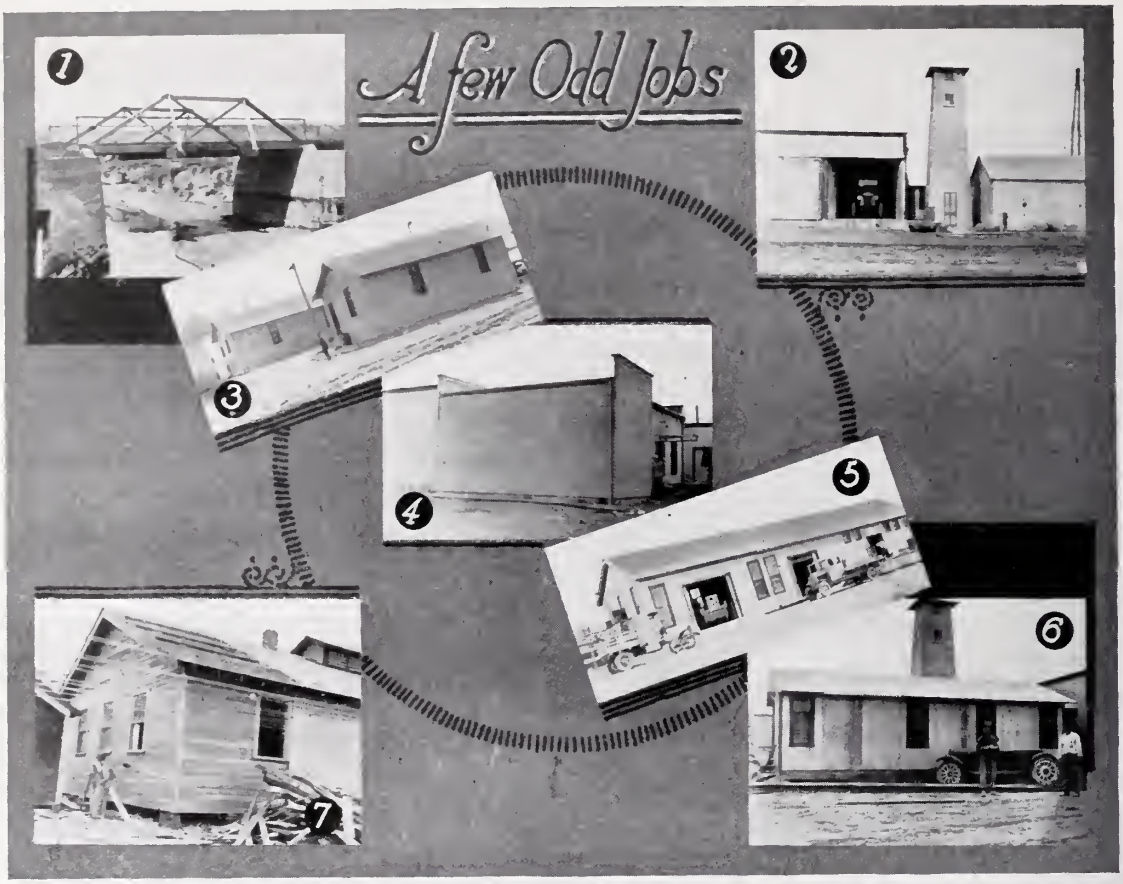
What Gave them Value

"Why does the boss always keep his desk locked?"

"Important papers."

"He never locked up his papers before prohibition came in.—Detroit Free Press.

A Few Odd Jobs



No. 1—Bridge over Salt Creek, near No. 1 Pumping Station
No. 2—Fire Truck Garage and Hose Tower
No. 3—Addition to Pipe Line Warehouse
No. 4—Two new wards built on to the old hospital to relieve an emergency last winter
No. 5—Addition built on Commissary building to house new refrigerating plant
No. 6—Portable house erected to house firemen
No. 7—Addition to Boarding House Bake Shop

Important Gas Tests Being Made

It has been found, that in the Salt Creek Field, from 70 to 80 percent as mneh natural gas is required to raise about 40 per-eent of what each well would make, as would be required to raise it all.

With a fnll realization of the fact that a great deal of gas is eseaping in the field, the Midwest Refining Company is trying to find out the best way of producing oil without any waste or loss of gas. Salt Creek Field has been almost unique and individual in the way the gas pressnre has stood up and as yet, even in wells that have been produeing for a few years, from the Seeond Wall Creek Sand, there has been no material slaekening of pressure. Eventually, however the time will eome when the power that is at present making straight flowing producers out of practically all of the deeper wells in the field

will fail and it is to put off that time when the Salt Creek Field will be forced to the pumps that much careful work is being carried out now.

Mr. James Stewart is in charge of the series of tests now being carried out. Mr. Stewart is thoroughly familiar with the Field and in order to arrive at the strongest conclusions will make use of all methods that have been used in other fields and by other companies, as well as carry out some new experiments specially arranged for the conditions of Salt Creek Field.

July Drilling Activities

By A. B. Fidel

Salt Creek Field—A new high record for completions was established by the Midwest Refining Company in Salt Creek during the month of July, 21 new wells being brought in. This is the greatest number finished by our Company during any one month since it started carrying on operations there. The total initial production of these 21 wells, as tested by our Pipe Line Department to establish their prorata allowance, was 10,974 barrels. Two of them are to be shut in, with their production not to be taken until all adjoining offsets are completed. The remaining ones were connected to the Pipe Line.

Unable to handle through the present pipe lines the steadily climbing production obtained from our own and offsetting wells, the field prorata was reduced on July 12th from 40% to 30% of their wells' output.

On August 1st the Company is operating 318 wells. This, combined with outside companies' wells, with new ones added during the month make a total of 474 producing wells for all companies in the field.

On August 1st we were drilling and carrying as new locations to be drilled, 91 wells.

A number of old wells were cleaned out and repaired during the month, and several machines will hereafter be steadily employed at this work during the open months of the year.

Big Muddy Field—No completions in Big Muddy Field during July, and 131 wells furnished our production from this field.

Excellent progress was made on the five wells on which drilling was carried on during the month, and a couple completions may be expected during the next thirty days. Five new locations still remain on the list to be drilled as they can be reached upon completion of those now under way. One crew was kept occupied during the month at cleaning out work, and five more on daylight tour engaged in abandoning wells that had ceased producing.

Grass Creek Field—No new drilling is being undertaken in this field at the present time, although three machines are busily drilling deeper below the upper sands to test out and add, where possible, new production from the deeper untouched sands.

The new Golden Eagle well on SW¼ Section 11-45-97 spudded in June 21st, was completed to 513′ on July 22nd, a string of 15½″ run inside the 20″ conductor, and operations suspended, having complied with Government permit regulations for the first year, ending Dec. 23, 1922. Not requiring any additional gas right now from this field, well will be shut down until decided whether the Buffalo Basin line will be laid, or until resumption of drilling becomes necessary to comply with second year's requirements of prospecting permit.

Rigging up started on the Nieber Dome test well SW¼ Section 13-45-93 on July 5th, and the crew started spudding the 23rd inst., making 200′ of hole by the 1st of August.

Elk Basin Field—One of the new drilling wells in Elk Basin pierced the second sand about the first of the month, obtaining water, and indicating that the water line expected at that depth was just past this location. As a good showing of oil was encountered when drilling through the first sand, the well is being cemented and plugged back to test production from it. A small pumping well only may now be expected here. One other well, No. 13 Elk 5, was rigged up the first part of the

month, and on the 28th drilled into the Second sand, which will be shot, and its production decided early in August. Another rig is up on Well 8 Elk 7 and as soon as tools are released from one of the two holes being completed, drilling will commence on it. The one well being drilled deeper went into the Second Sand on July 17th, obtaining a good showing of oil. The hole being a little off was then straightened, underreamed, and a string of 6⅝" casing set, and will be tested shortly. There was no change in the number of producing wells.

Greybull-Torchlight Fields—Lot Well No. 3, from which casing was being pulled the first of the month, was plugged and abandoned, with the work completed July 10th and the drilling machine so employed moved over to abandon Unterzuber Well No. 4.

Osage Field—Well No. 24 NE¼ Section 24-46-64, which is being deepened to test the Lakota and Dakota sands, was cleaned out to original depth during the month, a string of 8¼" casing and another of 6⅝" started to carry down to the top of the Dakota. This well was 1555' on the morning of August 1st, with progress rather slow on account of trouble with caving hole.

Midway Test Well No. 2—This well was 3236' deep August 1st, drilling still being carried on in a hole full of water. This well is being drilled cautiously on account of its extreme depth, and the fact that it is the intention to cement the 8¼" 36 No. casing being carried as deeply as safely possible, before reducing to 5¼" pipe. A little additional water was struck in a sand drilled through at 3160 to 3165'. This raised the water level 50', and a 2986' column of fluid now stands in the casing with top of same about 250' from the surface.

Baxter Basin Test Well—NE¼ Section 11-17-104, over which a new 90' derrick was erected to replace that burned on the night of July 1st, is now rigging up with a complete drilling crew ready to remove the top joint of 10" casing which was badly warped and twisted by the flames, and will start fishing for the string of tools.

Crow Well No. 1—NW¼ Section 19-37-85, Notches Field. Rigging up commenced on this well July 6th and in five days spudding was under way, with the well 255' deep August 1st. A big hole has been started, the bit being dressed out to 23" gauge, and 300' of 20" casing sent to the field to use as conductor pipe.

PICTURE PRIZE WINNERS

In the contest for the best kodak picture of incidents and scenes at the big Denver Office Picnic, first prize was awarded to Olaf Mauldin, for his snap shot entitled "Knee Deep." Second prize was awarded to William Elliott for his snap shot entitled "Yes or No?"

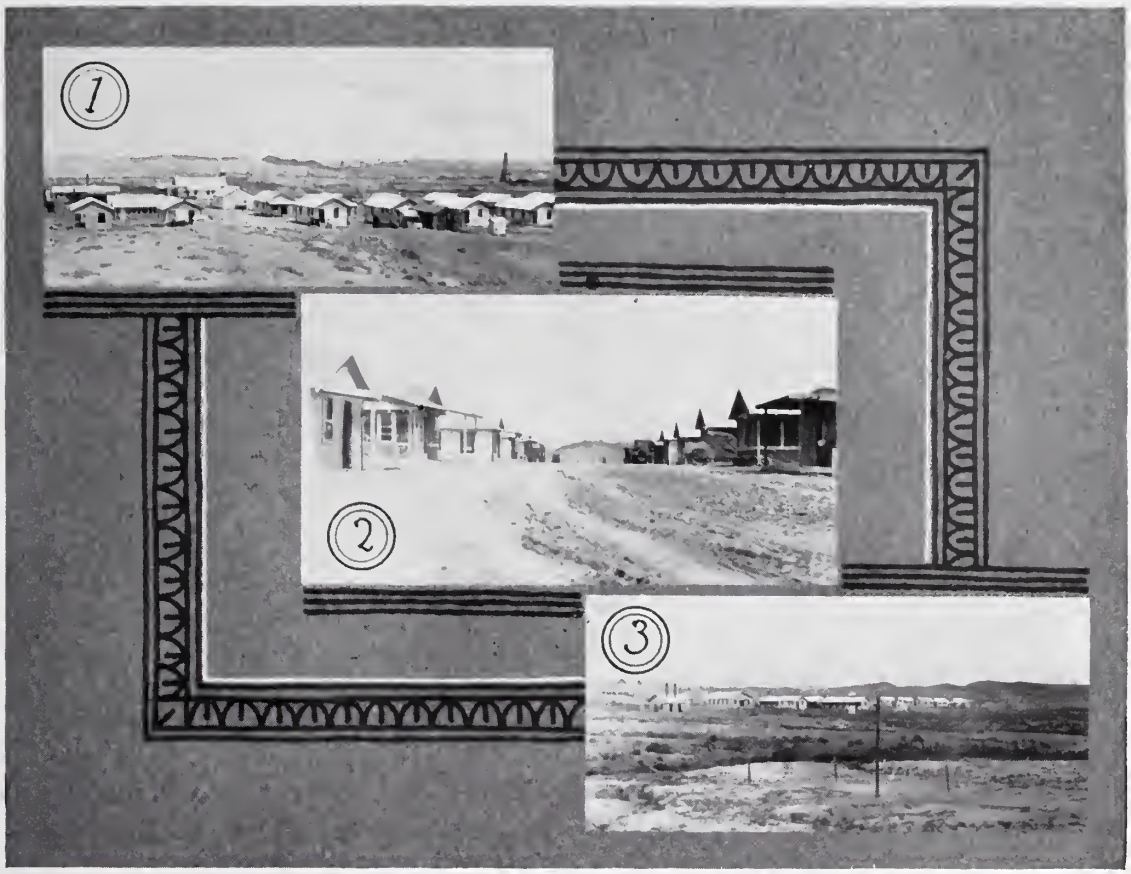
These two pictures will be printed in the September issue of the magazine.

Pipeline Representative

The picture herewith shows the popular new member of the Salt Creek Joint

Industrial Council, from the Pipeline Department, Richard Pigg. Mr. Pigg took hold of his duties in July and has been right on the job ever since. He is always accessible to the employe who wants to get something before the council.

Outlying Camps in Salt Creek Field



No. 3. Bird's-eye view of Camp No. 18 on Section 2, commonly known as Northwestern Camp, where the weather man dealt us a lot of misery last winter while construction was in progress. The picture shows the boiler house, boarding house, and office building in the front, bunk houses next, and cottages in the rear.

No. 2. Looking east down the Main street of Camp Lewis.

No. 1. Bird's-eye view of Canadian Camp.

Salt Creek Puts on War Color

On the first day of August Salt Creek was invaded by the Marines and the battle of Teapot was carried thru with no more serious casualties than some hurting of feelings and the shattering of hopes. All remained peaceful for a couple of weeks when a big high powered army warplane was sighted in the distance and it became known that Salt Creek was to be bombarded.

This second attack however will be greatly to the interest of the field as the purpose of the presence of the army plane is the making of a photograph mosaic map of Salt Creek and Teapot, for the Navy and Interior Departments.

About 400 photographs will be "shot" to make this map which will cover approximately 300 square miles of territory. It will be necessary to take all pictures from a height of 10,000 feet above the surface which will make a total of near 1600 feet above sea-level as the height the plane must attain.

First Lieutenant B. E. Nowland of the Sixteenth Observation Squadron of the United States Army, stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas is in charge of this detail which will take from two to three weeks to carry out.

Baseball at Parkerton

The Parkerton Baseball Team has made a splendid showing this season, a total number of 13 games have been played of which they have won eight and lost five. The remarkable enthusiasm and spirit which has accompanied their efforts speaks very well for the employes of the Big Muddy Oil Field. Early in the season they were determined to have a good baseball team and to give that team proper support, so they got busy and selected a very suitable location for their field, which is right in the heart of the Midwest Camp. The employes did all the work themselves evenings and Sundays. The material for the grandstand was donated jointly by the Midwest and Ohio Companies from old lumber which was picked up here and there around the camp. The side lines are fenced off with wire cable that had become too well worn for further use as sand lines. It is said that Hassler and Schay became experts in the operation of a post hole auger by the time these side lines were completed.

The general view of the field and grandstand was taken during the game of the Salt Creek Gas Plant Teams visit to the Muddy field. The views of the pits were taken at the time the Home Camp met defeat at the hands of the "Parkertonians," at which Dan and Mrs. Trudgeon, to all appearances, were rooting for Salt Creek, but we believe in their hearts they were hoping that Muddy would win, as former ties are still strong with them.

Daddy Klahr, the new superintendent of the Midwest Camp, is always present when there is a ball game on, as he is a real fan.

World's Champion Bronc Buster

Riding 'em high, wide and handsome, scratching 'em from ears to tail, hat in air and with the slogan cry of Salt Creek, ringing out, Howard Tegland, son of Mike Tegland, both of Salt Creek and members of the Midwest Family, rode thru the Cheyenne Frontier Days Celebration and carried off the Worlds Champion Bronc Riding Title.

The Cheyenne Frontier Days, gathers together the best of them all, championship calibre men in all riding, roping and other test events of the old west gather from all over the world and so Salt Creek fully cognizant of the fact sent down one of her best and Howard Tegland climbed to the pinnacle of fame in the greatest wild west show in the world.

New Haydite Plant

The Building Department furnished the men and materials for this construction work, William Schilling acting as engineer

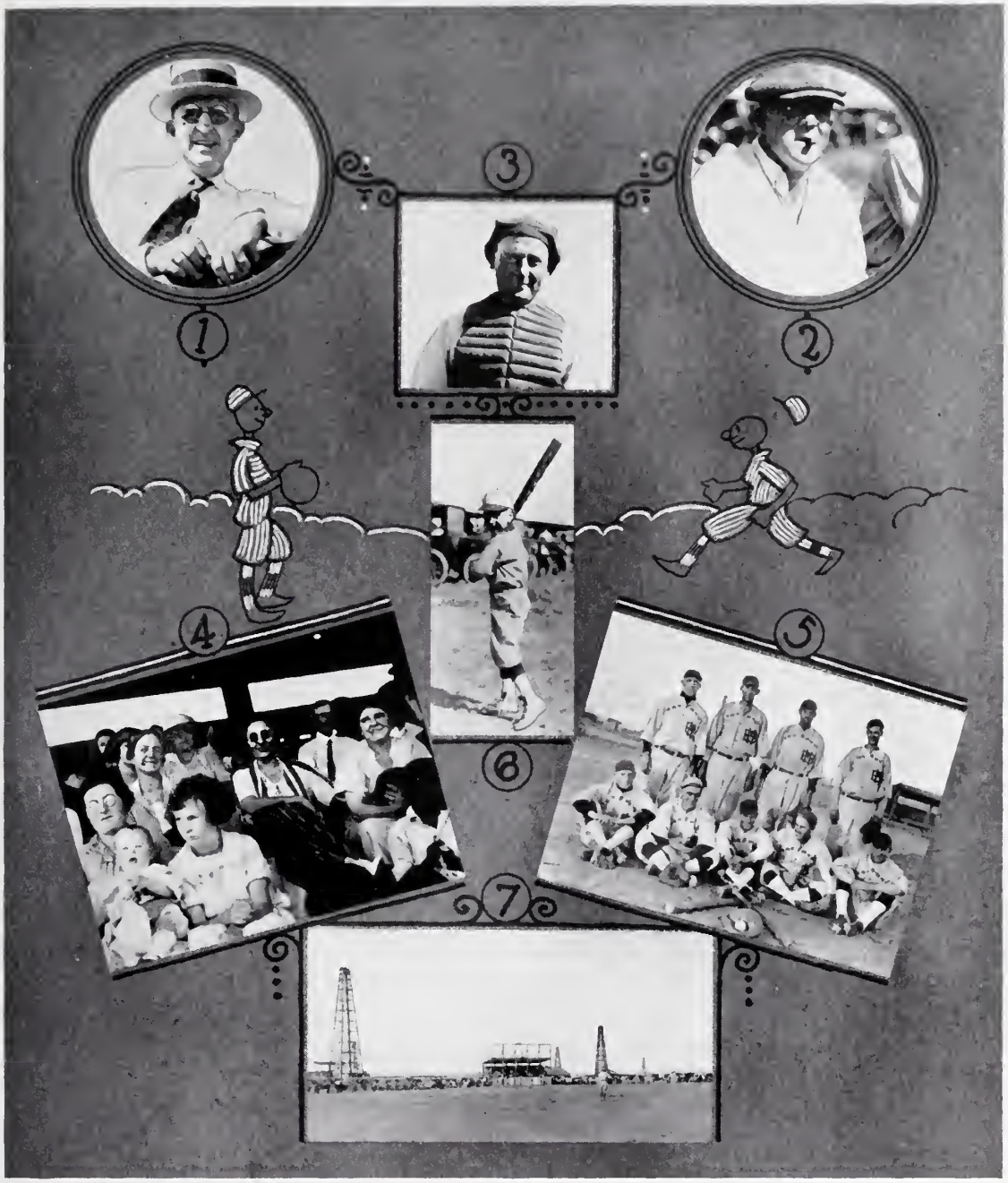
of construction. We expect at a future date to go more into detail in regards to the Haydite Plant, as it is a comparatively new thing in this community. Mr. Jack Cleary, chief of the engineering forces, has promised us a semi-technical article which will explain fully its operation.

Bureau of Mines New Quarters

The Government Bureau of Mines Headquarters which have been located just opposite the Main office at Midwest Home Camp in the Salt Creek Field have been moved to the new Government Camp in the North East corner of the Camp.

The new Government quarters are splendidly arranged and well appointed. An office building, three cottages, a bunk house and a garage will provide adequate quarters for all of the Government employees who are now located here. The camp is modern in every way and one more proof of what can be done in an oil field, miles from a railroad.

Big Muddy Baseball and Rooters



No. 1 Diamond, a Muddy Rooter
No. 2 Henry Heasler, Muddy manager
No. 3 Bob Vidler, asst. manager and usually "his umps"
No. 6 "Mut," otherwise, Ralph Bobf, son of Wm. Bobf, production foreman, the Muddy Mascot
No. 7 Parkerton's Athletic Field
No. 4 Some of the fair fans
No. 5 The team. Standing: Earnest Kruger, George Stevenson, Laurel C. Boies and DeLoyd Gantz. Sitting: Wm. Mersher, Joseph Reid, Wilbur Reid, Mack Fleming and Ralph Simons

A Close-up of Muddy's New Chief

Herewith, we present a "close-up" of the new superintendent of the Big Muddy Field, E. E. Klahr, or as he is better and more affectionately known among the members of the Midwest Family there, "Daddy" Klahr.

Mr. Klahr has been with the Midwest for a long time, and it was only natural and logical that he should be slipped into the job left vacant by the resignation of W. E. Carrico. Mr. Klahr knows the Muddy field thoroughly, and he can handle the job. The best wishes of everyone go with him. He wouldn't furnish a photo for this publication, so the staff artist had to snap one almost by main strength and awkwardness.

Parkerton's New Post Office

Parkerton now possesses a brand new Post Office building. You won't recognize

it but it is none other than the old Boarding House at the Northwest Camp, which with a little paint and a few nails has been converted into a first class Post Office building.

Our Front Cover Design

The front cover design for this month was submitted by Philip Heerline, son of W. G. Heerline, assistant general auditor, Casper. The young man is exhibiting a great deal of skill as an artist, and has done several very creditable pieces of work.

"Heavy" Goes Into the Ditch

Broken spring shackles, which permitted some of the vitals of his truck to drop down and make an entangling alliance with something else, caused the big casing laden truck driven by "Heavy" Miller of the Casper Storage Yard crew, to jump off the road near the old Horse Camp on the Salt Creek, early this month, and plunge about twenty feet down into a narrow deep coulee. "Heavy" parted company with his ship as soon as he saw that all was lost, not a minute sooner, nor a shade too late. He did the proper and eminently wise thing, as had he "rode 'er out," his career would have been instantly and conclusively ended right there. The truck was in such a deep and narrow coulee that it remained unnoticed by passers by. Miller rode to Casper on a passing car and secured help, and after much hard work, the truck was salvaged in a badly damaged condition.

The Real Question

Squire Stoughton: "We had not been hunting long when there lay a rabbit dead at my feet."

Art Cole: "What had it died of?"

Salt Creek Good Roads Club

Fostered and encouraged by influential Midwest men, Salt Creeks first real community interest enterprise is off to a running start in the form of the Salt Creek Motor Club.

With direct objects, the improving of road condition in and surrounding the field, the posting of signs and information, the putting into effect of safe and sane driving rules and the encouraging of all civic and welfare moves that will effect the direct interests of the community, The Salt Creek Motor Club has already begun to play an important role.

A. C. Andrews, Superintendent of the Midwest Gas Plant is the President of the new organization, and supported by such men as J. J. Hale, Colonel Froyd, Ed Murray, Chief Walton, W. W. Runkle, and many other Midwest men and representatives of other Companies, the Club will go far in accomplishing results of big import to the whole Salt Creek Community.

New Drug Store at Parkerton

Parkerton now boasts of a right up-to-date Drug Store with soda fountain and everything. Just step inside of the screen door and you will see a strictly modern

Drug Store equipment, with neatly arranged shelves and showcases, a full line of drugs and a soda fountain that can produce anything that a fountain on Broadway is capable of. It is a fine place to stop on a hot day. You will also receive your drinks from a very sweet and smiling young lady who is attraction enough in herself to cause the travelers to stop along the way.

Two More Tanks Struck

During a sharp thunder storm on the night of August 3, two big storage tanks of crude oil on the Midwest tank farm at Casper were struck by lightning and set on fire. The flames lighted up the whole country around and made a spectacular display for about an hour when they were quenched by the foamite system. This makes eleven tanks which have been struck by lightning during this summer.

Sinclair Gets Promotion

Burke H. Sinclair, Director of Industrial Relations for the Midwest, who served as a colonel in the World War, and who has since the war held a commission as a colonel in the Reserve Corps of the Army, received his promotion to the rank of Brigadier General in the Officer's Reserve Corps the middle of July. He is receiving the congratulations of friends over the event.

You Mustn't! Stop!

When Warren Runkle of the Salt Creek Pipeline Warehouse isn't busy looking after the storing of pipe, etc. he spends

some of his leisure time in a very interesting way. We are taught that we should not be envious, but it is a thing sometimes hard to avoid.

What We Saw at the Midwest Picnic

L. R.

—1—

My story begins with a day in July,
And ends—well, I hardly know when,
But perhaps ere the bells tolled the midnight hour,
Or, perhaps, not even then.

—2—

'Twas a Midwest party that went to the hills
For a jolly good time, don't you know,
And the Midwest Company paid all the bills,
Because they had all the dough.

—3—

The trail led to Pine Crest, the most beautiful spot
Ever trod by mortal feet,
Where even the pines seemed to bow in praise,
And the earth and the sky seemed to meet.

—4—

Now, some in the party were witty and wise,
And some, like myself, rather slow,
But taken in all they were very good sports,
Ann some names you might all like to know.

—5—

We noted with pleasure the fine friendly air,
And it seemed the whole world must be kin,
Sure "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Were sisters under the skin."

—6—

The sun shone bright with a dazzling light,
But at that it could not compare
With our legal lights as they stood on the heights
And murmured their noonday prayer.

—7—

Now, the legal fraternity, we have been told,
Stands for everything that is high,
And no matter what any one says to you,
A lawyer was never known to lie. (Note 1)

(Note 1) Mr. Barnes and Mr. Anderson moved to strike from the records the last line of stanza 7, as being irrelevant, misleading, and not the truth, but Mr. Whitford said, "O, let 'er stand." Objection sustained.

—8—

Some asked what made Muehler so happy and gay,
But from what we had heard and could guess,
It was here on this spot just a year ago,
That she gave him her answer, "YES."

—9—

Truby and Miller sat down by the pool,
And they did not give a—care (Note 2)
As they sang this song the whole day long,
"Nobody knows how dry I am."

(Note 2) It will be noted that he word "care" as used here is not a perfect rhyme, but poetic license permits its use unless the gentlemen in question can think of a better one.

—10—

On an improvised pulpit built high on the rocks,
We heard the loud voice of a man,
And as we drew closer, discovered with joy,
Our very own Barney McCann.

—11—

Now Barney was once a preacher by trade,
In sickness he spends many hours
When he visits the widows and orphans, 'tis said,
And he firmly believes he should "Say it with flowers."

—12—

Pedley and Thompson were having a time,
We noticed them eating their lunch,
And we couldn't help thinking, when gazing around,
They were the happiest kids in the bunch.

—13—

Barkdull-Clark had charge of the merry-go-round,
And to tell it is almost a sin,
But we heard from a very reliable source,
O, Lord, how the money rolled in!

—14—

Now there stands Mort Parsons, a warbler of fame,
And he tells us with feeling and grace,
That the "Flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la,
Have nothing to do with the case."

—15—

Merritt and Greiner were seen on the ground,
But they did not stay very long,
They had to get home ere the night dew fell,
As neither is very strong.

—16—

A game was in process, unfamiliar to us,
Which required some skill perhaps,
We could hardly believe our eyes when we saw
Tooker and Kaup—shooting craps.

—17—

Dietler's a Sunday School teacher at home,
Of the pious and goodly sort,
But when he gets above timberline,
He's a genuine good old sport.

—18—

Billie Nicoll was there, a gay young lad,
And he brought a voice that can sing,
His feet kept time in a rythmic rhyme
When he danced the Highland Fling.

—19—

And who, we asked, was the portly man
Who waltzed for the prize that night?
The answer came from a friend of his,
He's the man who is always "Wright."

—20—

Were there no feminines in the crowd?
And to this we answer yes,
You may take it for granted they'd **have** to be there
To make the day a success.

—21—

The stenos and typists were there in full dress,
And they acted well their part,
Some studied botany under the trees,
And some preferred studying "Art." (Note 3)

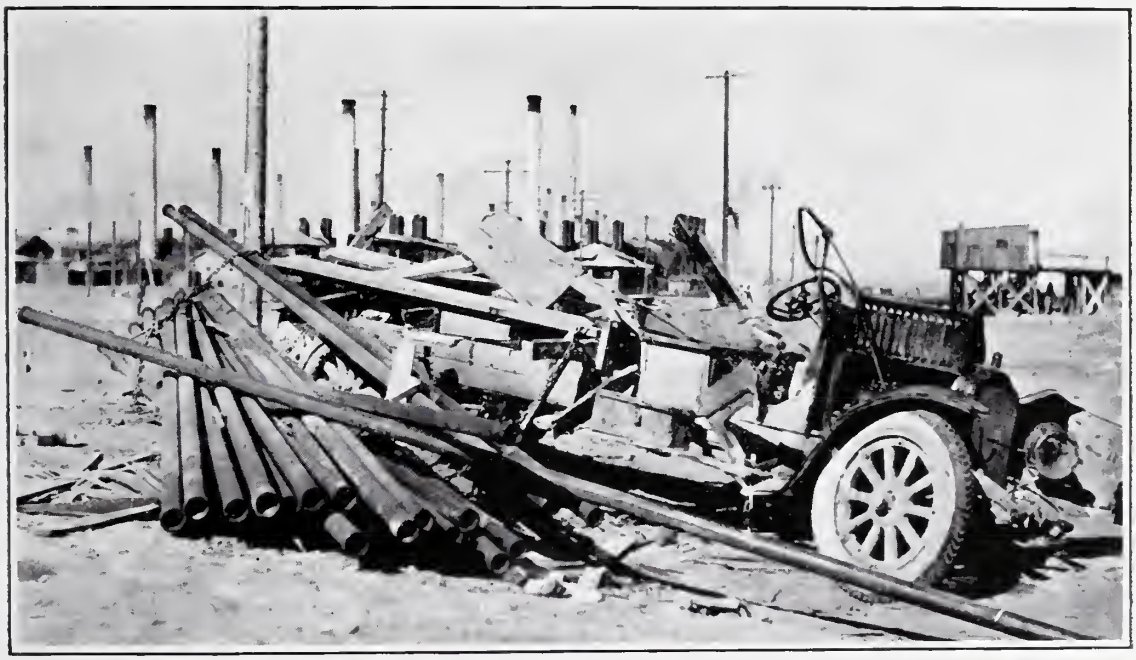
(Note 3) The last line of stanza 20 should have been written in the singular number, but not wishing to indulge in personalities, as will be seen from previous verses, we thought best to use the plural form.

—22—

There were others in that innumerable throng
Who should claim some attention,
But time and space and brains forbid
To give even honorable mention.

—23—

Now we come to the end of a perfect day,
We have done our worst, or best,
We thank all those who wade through this,
And leave Al Russell to do the rest.



Truck Drivers, Take Notice

This accident occurred not long ago on the Yellowstone Highway at the Northwestern switch track. We do not know who was to blame but feel that it could have been avoided if Safety had been practiced first instead of last. Fortunately, no one was seriously injured, but the truck is a wreck. You! Drivers of cars and trucks! We don't expect you to stop and listen, driving a truck you could not hear anything anyway, but at least look, go slow, and practice SAFETY FIRST.

Denver Office Picnic as Chronicled by the Camera:

Hail! Hail! the Gangs all here.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,

2d Heat, Egg Race for Ladies

1st Heat, Potato Race for Men

1st Heat, Egg Race for Women

Ruth Bretschneider *and* Betty Danford

Girls Race - *Under 14 Years*

A Glimpse of Men's Baseball Game
"Bill" May *Catching*, Mac Batting.

Just before the Fireworks

Prize Winning Couple
Waltz - *Single Couples*

Flashes of Action ...

Boys Race - *Under 14 Years*

On the Way to Pine Crest

Winning Lady Pitcher
Miss, H. O'Neill

More Flashes ...

Pine Crest

DENVER OFFICE ANNUAL PICNIC

Reviewed by Albert F. Russell

Well, folks, it's history.

But our old friend "Vic" always said that the best part of any "500" game was the "post-mortem" after every hand. Likewise, folks, the best part of the Picnic at Pine Crest on July 15th, would be the reflections, reminiscences, and the like.

Now, if we had sat up until the "cold grey dawn" or the "wee sma's" of the morning after, we might have "ground out" a first-rate, first-hand story of this great event; for as we recollect it, we lay on our downy cot dead-tired, physically, but our brain or thinking-matter was hitting "sixty". A first-rate story we composed, but that story is history, recorded only in the psychological archives of slumber.

Nevertheless, it was a glorious day, a glorious event, and a "heck" of a good time. We thought so, and believe that everyone appreciates the kindness of the Companies in giving their employes this Picnic with everything gratis.

From the "get-a-way" gun to the "tape," it was a gala-day of events popping over with merriment, hilarity, and wholesome good fun.

Naturally, everyone remembers that we pulled out of the Denver Union Depot via Santa Fe, almost on time, four coaches, one engine, one engine tender, a baggage car—don't forget the baggage car—and almost two hundred individuals, all set for a good time even in the baggage car. With this "make-up" we sped onward and upward toward our destination which, by the way, was the same as last year, namely, Pine Crest, next door or possibly better, a suburb of one of our leading summer resorts, Palmer Lake. Remember the lake!

We were a lively bunch going, and don't forget it. We had a bobbed-hair chorus of "flappers" which would make Flo Ziegfield, Jr., grow jealous with envy; and they were nobly assisted by a large male accompaniment of leather-lungers and ukeleles; but the more the merrier. "Hail, hail, the gang's all here," to "he ain't what he used to be" resounded all during our travels. In fact old "Si" Hawkins, who owns the sharpest knife in Palmer Lake, remarked as we passed through that he "hain't seen nor heard the like since the day peace was declared." Also to add to the merriment, our committee staged an act entitled "Ricardo from Sunny Italy". A ukelele was used in place of a grind-organ, while several of our leading citizens vied with each other as to who was the best monkey.

We had some speedy train. Now, please don't laugh, as this is a serious statement. You will remember that it only stopped twice. The first time was caused by "Hank" Wilkins' cows getting on the track near Greenland, and the other—well, stop a minute and let us tell you about the other.

Just after the first stop, Mrs. Truby, our Mr. L. G. Truby's necktie "wrangler" and better half, turned to her husband and said, "That's the first stop we have made. I'll bet I can make this train stop again." "Bet you two-bits you can't," replied "L. G." who is a regular sport and a good umpire. "That's a bet," exclaims friend wife. No sooner was the bet made than Mrs. Truby up and throws her hat out of the window. "Whish." "Whish." The brakeman, who had spied the flying missile, was "Johnny-on-the-spot" with the bell-cord. The train sped on a full hundred yards before stopping. The hat was then recovered in quick time, and restored to Mrs. Truby, and "L. G." is minus two-bits.

Toy balloons were distributed for the kiddies on the train, and you certainly would have been surprised to see how many kids we had—some even had gray hair and "aldermans." Aubrey Merritt, of rotund frame and jovial disposition, complained that the balloons were not "holeproof." They should have been six for a dollar six-bits and a six months guarantee. Boy, please page Mr. Kirchberger.

"Toot!" "Toot!" shrieked the engine's whistle.

"We're there!" shouts "Big Chief" Barnes.

"You tell 'em we are!" exclaims E. L. Muehler

"Hot dawggie!" yells Barnie McCann.

Then we all "piled out," and got our first chance in the movies while the Rocky Mountain Photo Company executed a panorama under the able direction of one John Child, a photographer of note.

Then tramp, tramp, to the Picnic Grounds. How much further, mates? Three score leagues and ten. Was it hot? Don't you forget it. Why the "thunder" wasn't there a swimming contest arranged? There should have been, even for the ladies.

It was then time to eat, so out over the hills and dales scattered the merry picnickers to shady spots and cool. There, to delve into the hidden dainties which friend wife, sweetheart or mother, had prepared for our noonday repast. To quench our thirst was a leading question. Someone solved it with pop. Ice-cold Sodie Pop! Our good friend, Mr. Matlock, chief "poo-bah" of Pine Crest had plenty on hand to satisfy all.

Then for the program arranged by our good, hard-working committee. Sports! and **sports** they were. Feats for might and main in which "the female of the specie was as daring as the male."

"Hurry, hurry, hurry," sang out the voices of A. K. Barnes and E. L. Muehler, while Barney McCann went out and herded them in from their resting places.

"Bang! bang! bang!" went the "get-a-way" gun. They're off in a cloud of dust. The potato race for men was the first event featured with speed, dust and "murphies." This was won after a gruelling contest by Olaf Mauldin, who hails from the Sales Accounting Division. Second place was taken by Ray Dryer, one of our guests.

Egg race for Ladies was the next event. "Please don't drop the eggs," cautioned the "Big Chief." However, some of 'em did. So if next spring ushers in a fine crop of egg plants, we will know that these eggs went to seed, and Goldie Lovejoy Lutz contributed her share to Mother Earth. Mrs. Marsh, who is the wife of one of Hickernel's assistants, dashed across the line as winner in the finals, while Mrs. Russell, "friend wife" in other words, ran a good second.

Then came some real speed. The races for the youngsters, Paddocks in the making. Master John Barnes, eldest son of our Marshal of the Day, galloped in winner of the boys' race, closely followed by Wilford Tuttle, son of Mr. Tuttle of the Oil Settlement Division.

Miss Ruth Bretschneider, daughter of Mr. H. C. Bretschneider who is President of the Western States, duplicated her feat of last year by winning the girls' race. Betty Danford was a close second.

The two girls mentioned in the preceding paragraph so out-classed the rest of the field that a special race was run for the younger girls. This was won by Mistress Morine High, daughter of Mr. Maurice High, one of the veterans of the General Accounting Division. Little Miss Eleanore Kellogg, stepdaughter of Mr. E. W. Davis, secured second place.

Baseball was then on tap, but for the ladies. After several fast and furious innings, the team captained by Miss Vera Banks won. "Friend wife" essayed to pitch for the losers. Why they picked on her for this task is a mystery, as she hasn't received any coaching, even though she did marry a baseball "bug." However, for future emergencies, we will begin preparing now, even if "yours truly" has to learn to catch frying pans, rolling pins, or flat irons.

The three-legged race for men proved a good card, and lots of sport. After the trials the teams lined up for the finals which were taken by the Scotch-Irish combination from the Purchasing Division, namely, Nicoll and Marriott. They ran a heady race. The Huer and Mooberry team from the General Accounting Division took a close second. Mauldin and McNicholas who ran so well in the trials and were looked upon to uphold the honor of the Sales Accounting Division in this event failed to get a good start in the finals.

"Baseball." "We want to play ball." "For goodness sakes, get started." We couldn't hold them back any longer. Our program then took on the aspect of a three-ring circus, two ball games going at once, together with field events for the ladies. The winners of the two games played for the championship. The team from the Sales Accounting Division won by defeating Kent Whitford's team by a score of 10 to 2. They won their first game 16 to 1. The playing of Roy Johnson at first and Tom May at third featured for the winners, while Muehler, Merritt and Whitford played good ball for their team. While this arrangement might have divided the interest, it allowed forty men to participate, whereas, only eighteen or twenty would have gotten to play otherwise. Mr. Pedley kept score of the games while Mr. Truby and Billy Nicoll umpired in fine fashion.

While all this was taking place on the diamond the sack race, flat-iron throwing contest, and nail-driving contest were staged for the ladies.

Oh, you sack race! Mrs. Marsh took her second first place of the day by "yumping" rings around her opponents. Miss Leonore Gunston leaped to second place.

Thank the good Lord that the Committee never selected rolling pins instead of flat irons. Mrs. Barkdull, wife of our esteemed Auditor, Mr. C. J. Barkdull, tossed a wicked heave. Poor Charlie! However, it remained for one of our single candidates for matrimony to defeat her. Miss Gretchen Bremmerman won this event with a regular "Matt McGrath" toss, so beware, boys. Mrs. Barkdull was a close second.

Arnica and bandage proved unnecessary in the nail-driving contest as our ladies proved very dextrous with hammer and nails. Mrs. Oscar Jones, wife of Oscar Jones of the Traffic Division, drove a winning race with Mrs. Guion of the Midwest Oil a close second. Mrs. Mort Parsons led the field, but was disqualified on account of putting too much right-hand "English" on one of her nails. Better luck in the future, Mrs. Mort.

In a circus a concert always follows the big show. So with our program, even though

most of us were tired and hungry. One more event must be staged, and that was the Hoop Race. This was won in rapid time with jars of jam as prizes.

Five-thirty and the Big Feed on tap. Boy, but weren't we hungry! We were instructed not to all go at once, and we drew a six-thirty tickets. We were appeased, however, with a rattling, good volley ball contest. It was played not according to Hoyle, perhaps, but, nevertheless, fun. Eleven men on a side, someone must have been thinking of football. Just before the start a serious accident occurred which, no doubt, changed the outcome of the game. The bladder "busted" so so we chucked the "doggone" ball full of papers, sticks and stones, and went at it anyway. It weighed a ton, but we had fun, and what we didn't do to the tennis court wouldn't be worth mentioning. Perhaps, it was better after we got through, that is, the tennis court.

We will ask Mr. A. L. Clark, Cost Accounting Expert, who was the only one with strength enough to carry a racquet to Pine Crest, and as a consequence, garnered the prize for the Tennis Match by default.

A special race for boys over fourteen was run to take the place of one of the tennis matches. This was won by "Paddock" alias Crawford May, the youngest member of the athletic May family. Homer Baker pushed him hard all the way and took second place.

Then to the "Big Feed." Hungry and tired we did in the words of Horatio Alger, Jr.'s heroes "do full justice to the meal set before us." Lamb and peas, potatoes, salad, rolls, coffee, ice-cream and cake composed the menu. Now, doesn't that make you hungry?

Evening in the mountains is generally the best part of the day. The sun sinks behind the hills, and evening breezes bring sweet scents of spruce and pine to one's nostrils which fill the heart with joy. Possibly the best part of our program was yet to come. So with strains of music from the dance pavilion reaching our ears we hurried from the dining hall for further enjoyment of an hour or more dancing.

The first event of the evening was a necktie contest for married couples. It is always a thriller, and was in this case. The judges had a hard time to pick the winner, but finally decided that Mrs. L. G. Truby did the best job, with Mrs. F. A. Kent a close second.

To cap the climax of a perfect day were the Prize Waltzes. Not one, mind you, but two; one for single couples, and one for married couples. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Wright waltzed their way to victory with Mr. and Mrs. "Bill" Miller, second.

Encore after encore greeted the dancers in the prize waltz for single couples, as the dancers glided around the floor. As the winners had to be employes of the Midwest companies, Miss Leonore Gunston won the ladies' prize, her partner being Mr. Rudolph Erickson; while Tom May, dancing with Miss Katherine McDonald, took the gentleman's prize. Tom made it a big day for the May family, and also the Sales Accounting Division. He also defeated his brother "Bill", who won this event last year. Even if we state it here, and we hope that there are none who will claim that we are prejudiced, Tom and his partner gave one of the finest exhibitions of waltzing that we have had the pleasure of witnessing in a long time. The contests were judged by three young ladies, expert dancers from Kansas City. It happens that they also favored us in a similar manner last year. We believe that their decisions were popular.

"Then we came to the end of a Perfect Day
Amongst the spruce and pine.
The train pulls out without delay,
And leaves at half-past nine."

As typified in this homely spun verse, so ended our day. Back along the darkened road—darker than pitch, because of the fact that the moon had not been hung out—we trudged. There were some of us who almost walked into the lake, but the train was reached at last. There most of us anchored and stayed "put" until the lights of "home, sweet home" were in sight.

This year's Picnic Committee was composed of Messrs. A. K. Barnes, E. L. Muehler, Barney McCann, Ralph Dietler and A. F. Russell. Mr. Barnes was chairman, and worked hard to put it over in fine style. He deserves everyone's distinct thanks. E. L. Muehler was, probably, his chief assistant, and he also worked "damn" hard. These boys were closely seconded in hard work by Barney and Ralph. They all worked hard, and as stated, deserve everyone's thanks and appreciation of their efforts. The writer handled the publicity, and also the baseball arrangements at the picnic.

While on the subject of the committee, let us say a word of appreciation for a man who, while not mentioned as one of the committee, worked equally as hard as any, and to whom credit is due. This man is "Billy" Nicoll of the Purchasing Division. "Billy" is a live wire, and a "go-getter," and most all of our prizes were due to his hard efforts. The writer also appreciates his help in dealing with the printers. The writer also thanks the other members of the committee for their help and suggestions in compiling this article. Let me also express a wish of thanks to Mr. Ray Dryer of Miles & Dryer, Mr. Younger of the Midwest Printing Company, and to the firm of Deal &

(Continued on page 32)

Froyd Is a Candidate

Colonel Erwin A. Froyd may speak for Salt Creek in the next State Legislature. Colonel Froyd has taken an active part in things of interest that affect the welfare of the residents of the great oil field and at the insistent demand of his friends, who felt that he could do more than perhaps any other one man, he consented to run for the lower house.

Colonel Froyd is Midwest resident geologist of Salt Creek Field. Salt Creek has never before been represented in the State Legislature.

Mudgett's Terrible Experience

There come supreme moments in the lives of all men and women and as time and tide wait for no man and few women so the laws under which we live are alike applicable to all of us, but even so, we learn now and then, of instances of travesties upon justice. Some there are who fain would have us believe that they are above the law and need not abide by its mandates for trivial transgressions.

Quite recently our popular assistant purchasing agent, J. H. Mudgett, acquired the notion that he is immune from chastisement for infractions of our traffic regulations, by which the majority of Casperites must abide. Fearless and brave, 'twixt dusk and darkness one lonely afternoon, Mr. Mudgett ejected from the garage his close friend and constant companion, the Ford coupe, and embarked upon a frolicsome pilgrimage. Whether too deeply absorbed in interesting associations or for cause, we know not, but the stern reality remains that ere he had far traveled, one of Chief Nesbit's bandits picked him up for failure to provide his coupe with rear end illumination. During the interview, Mr. Mudgett was invited to appear in police court at 5:00 P. M. on the following afternoon. Of course, this did not worry our friend for he well knows the secret passage to the judge's private chamber, and he drove happily on, ruminating o'er the joke 'twould be on the officer who had dared to halt him. For he would get the Barney McCann of the Casper office to "fix" the affair with Chief of Police Nesbit and no one would be the wiser. It all would come out all right.

The next day, however, Mudgett decided that he had better get in touch with the Chief of Police. So he called Nesbit over the 'phone, recited his woeful experience and implored the Chief's forgiveness, making solemn promise that there would not be a recurrence of his infraction of the traffic regulations. After this demonstration on the part of Mudgett, the Chief tearfully assured him it would be okey. Having regained his composure, the Chief determined to have a little amusement, at Mudge's expense, before the incident closed. The Chief came up, told some of the boys that he had forgotten to fix Mudge up, and that the police judge had issued a bench warrant for his arrest for contempt of court. As most of you know, Mudge is quite a kidder himself and the boys were bent upon carrying the joke to the limit.

Upon learning of his sad predicament, Mudgett immediately communicated with Chief Nesbit in an effort to ascertain what was coming off. The Chief's calm reply was that inasmuch as Mudge did not appear in police court on the night set for the hearing he (Chief Nesbit) forgot to scratch Mudgett's name off the docket, that it was then beyond his power to rectify the error, and that the best Mudge could now do was to get off with a fine

Right to left, Jack Holland, the fixer and J. H. Mudgett, the victim

in the neighborhood of $35 for contempt of court.

This was too much for poor Mudge. One would never think that Mudge is master of the invective and abusive speech which characterized his tirade against our good friend the Chief of Police—and few of the things which he said about our Chief would bear repetition here.

To Mudge the sun had set—and set in total darkness. The whole world seemed against him and all hope forlorn. Mudge must have had sensations similar to those of one of two Georgia darkies who had been caught in a terriffic electrical storm. Completely drenched, miserable beyond contemplation from the torrents of cold rain, seeking shelter 'neath the roof of a nearby barn, Rastus, shivering from cold, in an effort to ease his mental agony, amidst the roar of thunder, flying timber and the flash of lightning, burst out in a tirade of profanity, whereupon the other, a more God-fearing darky, remonstrated and said, "Look heah, yo Rastus Johnson, yo jest quit dat cussin'. Doan yo know dat de Lawd's got yo completely in His power jest now?"

His next thought was to get in touch with his old friend, Jack Holland—H. & B. representative in Casper—and get him to go out to the refinery and square it up with Police Judge Murray. Jack hurried to the refinery and made his plea for Mudge effectively before His Honor, upon whose termination, he was advised by the Judge that he knew nothing of the charge supposedly lodged against Mudge and that it all must be a joke. Imagine Jack making this trip of two miles to the refinery and back, in the hot noonday sun, for the sake of Mudgett's pocket book and liberty and—'twas all for naught.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Hudson advised the boys that the joke had been carried as far as it ought, that Mudge must know the truth—the poor chap was about to kick off. Mudge had been sitting in his office from 9:00 A. M.

until 3:00 P. M.—without even taking lunch—brooding over the blunder he had made and bewailing the presumptive loss of $35. When Mudge learned of the hoax of which he had been the victim, that smile for which he is noted, returned and his face radiated as of yore. We must hand it to Mudge, though, for he took it all in good part—in that fine spirit which has ever characterized true sportsmen.

Field Engineers at Work

On a recent picture-taking expedition in the Salt Creek Field the Review photographer chanced to run onto this hard

working bunch of engineers who seemed to doubt the ability of our camera registering their physiognomies, but we herewith submit the evidence.

New Baxter Basin Head

Major Henry D. Moore, superintendent for the Midwest in the Baxter Basin field near Rock Springs, Wyo., has resigned his position with the company and is taking a few weeks vacation pending the working out of new plans for the future. Mr. J. J. Forman, formerly of the Salt Creek field, has succeeded Major Moore and has taken charge of the property for the Midwest at that point.

Salt Creek-Casper Air Route

The Community of Salt Creek may rest from a railroad and it may be felt that the sage brush at that point runs in to a close proximity, that the borderline between civilization and the great untamed is a narrow affair but nevertheless Salt Creek is up and coming and riding the times.

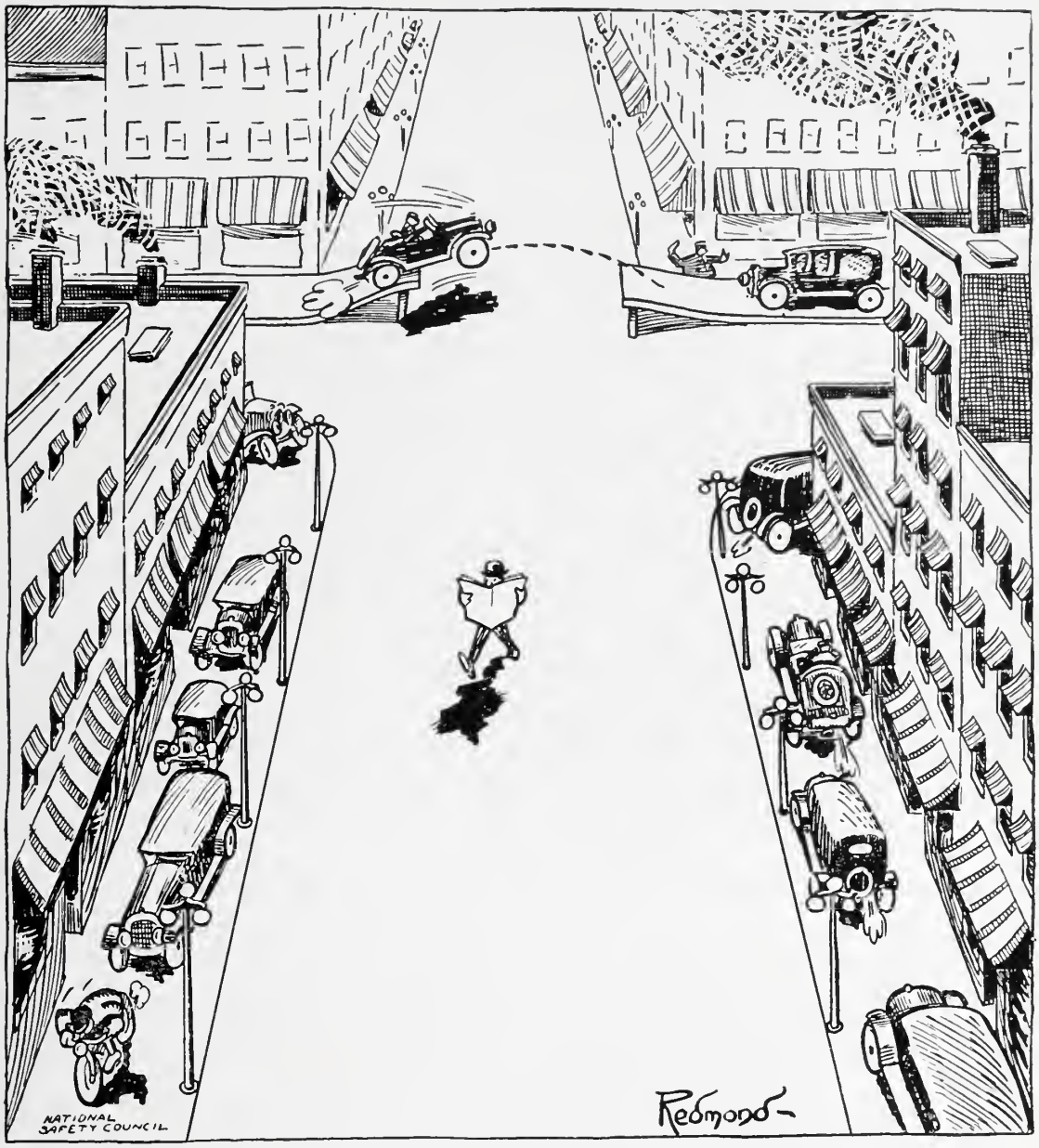
The latest innovation is an air route to Casper, definitely established by the Stoek Aviation Company of Casper. The first plane of this new Company arrived in the field on August 6th and left the same day with the first passenger load bound for Casper. Nominal rates have been established and the people of the field are taking an opportunity of catching up on thrills. The new air route from Salt Creek to Casper is a big asset and will enable a fast trip when occasion demands. Particularly will this be an advantage during wet weather when the roads are near impassable, or in the winter time when snow banks sometimes almost preclude getting in or out. In cases of sickness, accident or other serious emergency, the air route can be used to great advantage. The Salt Creek-Casper Air Route is being actively managed by Mr. C. H. Reimerth of Casper and the Aviator is Mr. "Dick" Lefrink, well known in this vicinity as an experienced careful driver.

Home Beautiful

Over in Camp Lewis there are some housewives who have something on their minds besides baking pies and cakes, and

have added a few flowers and vines to decorate their homes. We could have some very pretty camps if more would follow this suggestion.

If The Jaywalker Had His Way



Street Traffic Would Be Handled Like This

Father's Change

Willie (to his father who had recently married the second time)—There's a shop in the High Street just like you, Daddie.

Father—Shop like me? What do you mean?

Willie (getting near the door)—Why it's under entirely new management.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Settlement Worker—"What makes your husband look so worried, Mrs. Mixer?"

Mrs. Mixer—"He's dreadin' the time ma'am when he'll have to go back to work."

"Whom does he work for and what does he do, Mrs. Mixer?"

"He works for the Salvation Army, ma'am. He Santa Clauses."

DENVER GEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

No matter how much the field geologists try to be secretive about their field work, occasionally something leaks out and someone receives a little kidding. Look at the two classic snapshots of Mr. Coffin.

Geological Picnic

Almost all of the geologists from the Denver office were at headquarters over July 4th. So seldom are they all together that the evening of June 30th was devoted to a Beef Steak Fry and picnic, in Bear Creek Canon above Morrison. All employees of the department who were in the city were present with their families, making a total of twenty-two. Mr. Coffin acted as chef and certainly did a good job of broiling steaks while others arranged the trimmings, made coffee, etc., and kept up a ball game till too dark to play.

After partaking of such a splendid meal unusually good nature prevailed and the evening was given over to singing of college and other familiar songs accompanied by mandolins, banjos and guitars. At numerous times during the evening, Mr. Dan Hays gave some songs, recitations and capers in the Navajo Indian language to the great delight of all, especially the ladies who wanted about three repetitions of each stunt. Dan Hays is a native of southern Utah and is well acquainted with the Navajo Indians, their language and their country. He has acted as guide and outfitter for the Midwest geologists and inasmuch as he had never seen a railroad or any modern city or flappers or any other such interesting sights, he was induced to visit Denver and the people of the geological department were as pleased with him as he was with the sights.

The party was also in the nature of a farewell to Mr. Osborne and Miss Van Nostrand who resigned their positions about July 1st. It was so thoroughly enjoyed by all that it is hoped similar parties may occur in the future when the field men are all at headquarters.

Aurands Entertain

On July 6th, Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Aurand entertained at their home, 1627 Adams Street. All employees of the Geological Department were present with their wives and husbands. Dancing was the principal pastime and during an intermission for splendid refreshments, Mr. Dan Hays held the guests' attention with some more of his Navajo stunts.

On July 7th, Messrs E. S. Shaw, T. H. Allan and E. A. Hall departed for work in Montana, Shaw and Allan to work on various structures in Montana and Hall to make a sub-surface study of the Cat Creek field.

Mr. Carroll H. Wegemann, chief geologist, spent the latter part of July on geological supervision and conference work in Montana and is expected in Denver early in August.

Geological Division Library

Interesting new books recently added to the Geological Library and for use of any Midwest employees, are as follows:

American Petroleum Industry—2 volumes, Bacon and Hamor.

Economics of Petroleum—Pogue.

Engineer's Valuing Assistant—H. S. Hoskold.

Hand Book of the Petroleum Industry—2 volumes, David T. Day.

Geology of Petroleum—Emmons.

Geology of Mid-Continent Oil Fields—Bosworth.

Oil and Gas in Mid-Continent Fields—Snyder.

How to Use and Make Graphic Charts—Sherrill.

In addition the following interesting books have been in the library for a long time:

Industrial Oil Engineering—Battle.

Hand Book of Field Geology.

Hand Book of Natural Gas—Wescott.

Hand Book of Casing Head Gas—Wescott.

Principles of Stratigraphy—Grabau.

North American Index Fossils—2 volumes, Grabau and Schimer.

Elements of Geology—Le Conte.

Geology in 3 volumes, by Chamberlin and Salisbury.

There are many other reference and text books in addition to those listed.

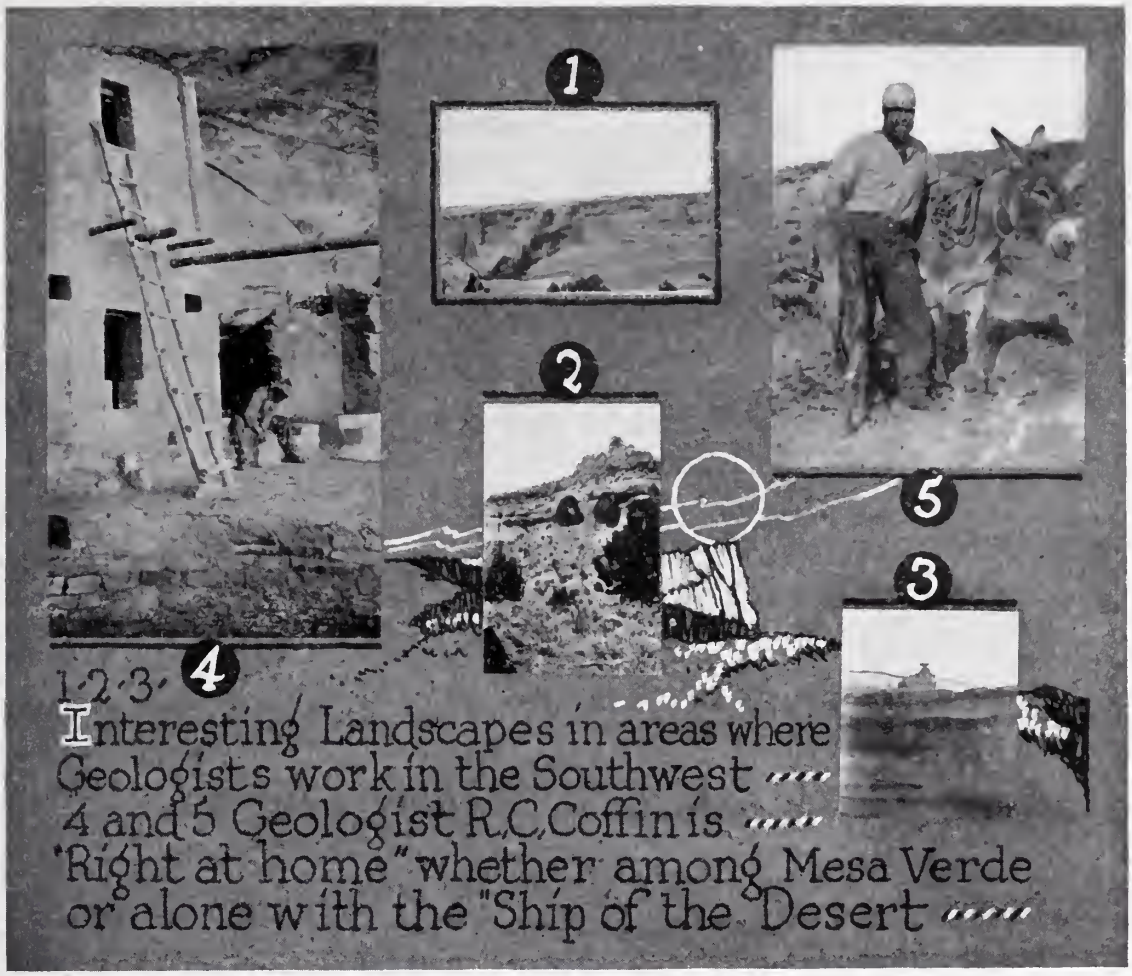
Haydite Plant Ready This Month

Beginning about the middle of the month, double shifts were put on the finishing work of the Haydite Plant at Salt Creek and it was confidently expected that by the 20th of August, the plant would be running full blast.

With the plant in full operation, 45 yards of finished Haydite will be turned out per day. This material will be used for cement filler in the construction of new boosters for the Gas Plant, for big tank roofs by the Pipe Line Department and for the construction of cement foundations for the larger buildings to be erected by the Production Department in Home Camp.

The Haydite Plant will be handled as a separate department at least for a time with Mr. William Schilling, who has had charge of its construction as the managing head.

Boost the old home town. Lincoln said: I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives. I like to see a man live so that his place will be proud of him.



Brady at Notches Field

James Brady has been appointed superintendent for the Midwest in the Notches field near Arminto. Mr. Brady is an oil man of experienee and is preparing to make things hum in the new test well whieh the company is going to put down in that seetion. The preliminary work of getting this field into shape was done by James Stewart, formerly of the Salt Creek field, later of the Casper office. Mr. Stewart is now doing some speeial work for the geologieal department in the Salt Creek field.

Two Lose Their Lives

Chris Vannett, driller, and Louis Putnam, tooldresser, working on a well in the Salt Creek field, were badly burned July 29, when a poeket of gas suddenly penetrated flowed from the well, beeame ignited and eaught both the men. Vannett was burned so badly that he died about ten hours after the accident. Putnam made a brave fight for life but suceumbed to his injuries on Tuesday following. Both men had been in the employ of the eompany but a short time, Vannett a few weeks and Putnam a few months. Neither were married.

New Teapot Town

Teapot, Wyoming fledgling town hopped out of the nest and on wings of its own started to fly, about the middle of this month. Loeated just south of Salt Creek Field and adjoining Teapot and being one of the few pieees of deeded land for miles around, this baby eity got off to a boom start and it will be interesting to wateh its growth and development.

DENVER OFFICE NEWS

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Evidence

It is evident that our efforts are not falling on stony ground. The Review is now being read in the Denver Office. Possibly it always was, but at times we doubted. No issue has been in the hands of our readers of late, but that we were soon told about this and that. We merit criticism, and thank you for it. By it we know that our efforts are not in vain.

It is our earnest endeavor to keep our columns clean and filled with snappy news and wholesome fun. Sometimes our vigilant eye will slip, but it is not intentional. It is also our aim to make the Denver Office News not local entirely, but equally interesting to our fellow members located in far off Salt Creek, Elk Basin, and similar localities "where the oil comes from."

The news from this locality is well covered. We now have a dandy staff of reporters and writers, and they are producing. We appreciate it.

As this issue was to cover the Denver Office Picnic at Pine Crest on July 15th, we were in hopes that there would not be too much other news, as we do not want to "hog" all the space in the Review. However, it is here for publication. If the editor will give us the space, the following items and stories compose it.

Self Inspection

A colored boy walked into a drug store near his home and asked if he could use the telephone, and this is the conversation that the druggist heard:

"Hello, is dis Mistah Johnson's residence?" "Is Mistah Johnson theah?" "Mr. Johnson, Ah heahs as how you is needin' a boy to look afteh yo yahd and drive yo cyar." "You say yo ahlready has a boy?" "Is de boy givin' yo satisfaction?" "You say he am givin' you puffect satisfaction?" "All right, Mistah Johnson, Good-bye."

The boy hung up and the druggist said to him, "Boy are you looking for work? I am looking for a boy to help in the store."

"No Suh, I'se not lookin' fo' wuk. I wuks for Mistah Johnson: I'se jest been checkin' mahself up."

Moral: Others might do well to check themselves up occasionally.

This was submitted by a member of the Denver Office.

Application of Definition

Teacher: "Define 'trickle.'"
Student. "To run slowly."
Teacher: "Define 'anecdote.'"
Student: "A short tale."
Teacher: Use both in the same sentence."
Student: "The little dog trickled down the street with a tin can tied to his anecdote."—Contributed.

A Picnic Story

It was a warm day, and some of the boys had tramped over to Palmer Lake, possibly for exercise. They were thirsty, terribly thirsty. Happening to see a native holding up a fence alongside of the local drug store, one of them went up to him and asked: "Friend, is there any place that we can get a drink around here?"

The native looked him over and then replied: "You see that church over there." (And there is a church at Palmer Lake.) "Yes," said the original questioner, "but you don't mean to tell me that we can get a drink there." "Oh, no," said the native, "but that is the only place in the village that you can't." Now, if you believe it, it's so.

Elevator Girls

Our building in Denver is blessed with a fine likeable and accommodating set of elevator girls. Above is one of them with one of her

regular passengers just before going on duty. Her name is "Ann." Her passenger in this case is one Olaf Mauldin.

Vacation Time

Vacation time is well under way in the Denver Office as in the remote and far distant sections of our company. Many are experiencing delightful trips, and well-earned rests.

Miss Mildred Snyder spent a pleasant two weeks with her sister in Berthoud and in Estes Park.

Mrs. Allen spent two weeks in the Dakotas.

Floyd Curran "golfed" for a week to raise callouses and tan, and then hied to the cool dells of Estes Park.

Paul Werth traveled via motor through our own Rockies, and secured a large store of information for future use.

"Spin" Stebenne spent his time on the ranch, and at Merchants Park.

And thus it goes for others.

The Benefit of "Gene's" Catch

As in former years, so this, the boys of the Sales Accounting Division were the recipients of several batches of real mountain trout from their boss while he was on his vacation spent in and around Walden, Colorado. We understand that there were others that were favored, too. We are all thankful to our donor.

While in Walden, Mr. Illius met Herb Naylor, son of our genial Traffic Manager. He reported as having fine luck.

Water, Water Everywhere

That's the way Joyce de la Gardine and Bob Craig thought when the torrents descended upon them when they motored to Pine during Colorado Day. They were marooned for a day and had the pleasure of using their brawn as well as their brains to dig themselves out. They arrived back in Denver about 36 hours late.

Some of the Eighth Floor "habitats" sunning themselves before eight o'clock. Reading left to right they are: High, Stedman, Peterson, Robinson, Parsons, McAlpine, Tooker, Miss Stevens, Larkin, Hy Vervalin, Mead, Ewers and Moore, a baker's dozen of good scouts and willing workers.

Cost Accounting Clippings

Harry Schwartzlose will leave on his vacation August 5th to visit in Los Angeles where his mother is very sick. McAlpine was to have left at this time, but kindly changed time with Harry, which was fine of Mac. However, Mac will leave on the 21st for two weeks, which he expects to spend in and around his old haunts at Lincoln and Omaha, Nebraska.

Traffic Items

Homer Wrecks Door
Door Wrecks Homer

On July 7th Homer Baker, meteoric messenger of the ninth floor, home from a long arduous journey through the offices, smelling sweet repose in the offing, put on an extra burst of speed as he neared the portals of his sanctum; intending, when he reached the door, to rush in and flop down on a reclining swivel chair to let his tongue hang out and pant a while. The door, however, refused to open—and Homer kept on going, which resulted in a total wreck to the glass in the door and almost ditto to Homer.

The Traffic Department received a wire from Greybull on July 24th, asking that we apprehend Mr. Kemmer, who was down in Denver bent on committing matrimony. Mr. Joyce for some reason or other desired to impart some advice or information of a mysterious nature to him before too late. However, when Mr. Kemmer put in his appearance at the Traffic Department on Tuesday, July 25th, his melancholy appearance, if nothing else, proclaimed the deed already did, which it was—on Sunday, July 23rd. Congratulations are therefore in order.

If, as Tom May says, he has to feed his chickens cracked ice in the summer time to keep them from laying hard-boiled eggs, we suppose he feeds them red pepper in winter to keep them from infringing on the Eskimo pie copyright.

When it comes to match-making, we're the flint and steel.

The melodious, mellifluous voice of E. K. Ballard held so many people spellbound at the Auto Show in Denver August 1st to 4th, that those who came to buy a Ford remained to buy a Locomobile. Mr. Ballard, in the Lee Gibbons quartet, and Miss Edna Carlson, also of the Traffic Department, with the famous Carlson Sisters Concert Orchestra, were featured at the show.

Mr. M. A. Dietler spent his vacation in and around Walden, Colorado.

Mr. C. A. McGraw spent his vacation in and around San Francisco.

Miss Lucille Dunne spent her vacation in and around Denver.

Mr. Milton Kahn went on his vacation July 31st. A complete report in regard to same will appear later. All that is known so far is that he spent the first day on his Willys-Knight, which is full of yells as the house of Kemmer will be a year or so from now.

Stenographic Notes

Mrs. Zella Baird is taking a much needed rest at Deckers, up South Platte Canon.

Miss Mary Waller has returned after a two weeks' vacation at Will's place in Allen's Park. She reported fishing better than dancing.

Mrs. Hunt, who was called to Kansas City on account of the serious illness of her brother, has returned.

Notice to Speedsters

The era of speed seems to have taken a good hold on most every one in this present day and age. Not only are the young seized with speeding mania, but from occurrences that have just recently taken place, we find that the older ones are equally guilty.

This is the second offense of speeding within the short space of one month; however, it does not fall upon the head of our Mr. A. L. Merritt, but upon our dear old Daddy, "Mort" Parsons.

It happened on the afternoon of July 12th, when we had a rather unusually warm day. It might have been that the weather had something to do with it, or he may have thought that he was going to our Annual Picnic on the Santa Fe Flyer instead of in his "Flying Gardner" that caused him to burn up the typewriter ribbon.

He, however, immediately rushed for the water bottle, which in this particular instance was not alone used for housing water for drinking purposes, but also for extinguishing small fires, thus putting the fire out before much damage was done.

We wish these speed demons (via the typewriter route) would kindly come back to Mother Earth and be a little more careful in the future. Human lives and typewriters are worth more to the company than reckless and fast driving.

Therefore, be careful, otherwise the Company will, doubtlessly have an appropriation and "DANGER SIGNS" made. Also fines no doubt will have to be imposed upon the offenders.

"Hegira" Season Is On

We note that the former Denverites who have now become "faithful" citizens of Casper forget their newly sworn allegiance to that city by stealing away at night to make trips to their old haunts whenever a holiday comes along at such a time during the week as we are having this year. This time it was the 4th of July. We are, however, glad to see them.

The "FAITHFUL" ones all motored to Denver as they thought the railroad could not bring them fast enough. They certainly must have traveled "some," for we did not learn of ties being made at the railroad crossings between their autos and the trains.

First, we heard of J. H. Mudgett and family arriving. "Mudge" had a new line of stories that he imported from the Canadian border and, of course, wanted to beat everybody to Denver to tell them. "Mudge" must have bribed the Superintendent at the Refinery to get the "REAL STUFF" (gasoline) with which to make this flying trip. He certainly must have given that **F-O-R-D** something to make it go at top speed.

Next, we heard of Chas. K. Gibbs and family in Denver. He also brought Stanley Freeland along with him. Gibbs came to Denver to have an operation performed for an abscess on his ear. He was with us for quite a little spell under the Doctor's orders; but we presume he is now all right for he has gone back to Casper. Gibbs says his Oldsmobile rambled right along and lost no time in making the trip from Casper to Denver.

J. G. Crosskill, Jr., also motored to Denver in his Essex and brought with him F. J. Keleher and L. L. Stone. Mr. Crosskill had no family to bring along with him from Casper, so he brought the above distinguished gentlemen along with him.

Joe Geiser and family of Casper spent **their** vacation in Denver, motoring both ways in their "LINCOLNETTE." From reports, they had a very enjoyable vacation. We tried to persuade Joe to come to the Picnic, but he said he wouldn't, because he didn't need any more **garden hose.** He said he still had the hose he won last year.

J. A. Carroll, Jr., Visits Denver

Mr. James A. Carroll, Jr., auditor of the Field Division, also paid us a visit recently. Jimmy is now a full fledged C. P. A. Jimmy believes in the old saying, "If you don't succeed the first time, try, try again." He took the Colorado State Examination the first time in November, 1921, just prior to leaving Denver for Casper, and passed in two out of the three subjects. He came back again in May of this year and conquered the subject he "flunked" in last November, which now gives him or entitles him to a Diploma and also to hang out his shingle, if he so desires, as that of a "CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT." Perseverance always wins.

The other day a lady visitor in Denver was passing Sachs-Lawlor's place of business when she noticed the sign in the window, "RUBBER STAMPS." She immediately made the remark, "My! I almost forgot to mail that letter of mine. I'll just step in here and buy a stamp."

Cement, Vocalization and Cherries

"HEINIE" Kessler had his vacation during the period from June 19th to July 3rd. Under-

stand that he spent some time in mixing cement.

Heinie favored the radio fans on Thursday evening, July 27th, with two beautiful selections entitled "LIFE" and "IN VICTUS." If you ever have an opportunity to hear him sing, don't miss it. Also wish to add that Heinie's wife also has the reputation of being a wonderful vocalist in Denver.

He said he also picked an enormous amount of cherries from the trees in his back yard. Now, cherries can be canned; they can also be put up in the form of preserves; one can make delicious pies from them. Did he also put up any in that particular form that some people like so well and which tastes so well especially on Thanksgiving Day or Christmas, when you are enjoying a nice big turkey dinner?

Ghosts or Goats

Anyone might ask Mrs. Revelle if she has ever seen "THREE LIVE GHOSTS," with accent on the "Ghosts."

Perhaps she has heard of the Irishman at a spiritual seance, who doubted the performance very much. At the close the medium asked if anyone in the audience had had any experience with Ghosts. Whereupon Pat said that he had. He asked then to relate them. But Pat reflected a moment and then said, "Beg pardon, sire, but 'Oi thot ye said 'Goats.'"

"Goodby, Ruth!"

We have been informed that Miss Ruth Partlow of the Accounting Department of the Exploration Department contemplates leaving Denver on or about August 17th for California, going first to San Francisco and ultimately winding up at Los Angeles, for the coming winter at least. She says it is not a "HONEY-MOON TRIP" either. We are indeed sorry to see you go, Miss Partlow, but hope you will like your new state. We quote that little saying that is heard frequently, "Good Bye, Good Luck, and may God be with you."

Walter Hagen in the Making

Understand that Mr. C. A. Nugent of the Oil Production Department has taken up a new line of exercise commonly known as G-O-L-F, but using the more "hykafalootin" term, "Cow Pasture Pool." He says he likes this better than the ordinary game of pool because he has only one ball to put into more than six pockets. Keep the good work going Old Top, and maybe some day you will become as proficient as our other good expert in that line, "BILLY" Nicoll, of the Purchasing Department. How about a little game of "African" Golf, Nugent? Can you play that game?

An Open Covenant

There has been an alliance formed between one of the Denver Office employees and a like number from the Casper Office for a delightful trip thru Yellowstone National Park during the latter part of August. The parties to this alliance are Geo. Heuer of Denver and Ted Huegli of Casper. Mr. Heuer will travel via train from Denver to Casper where he will meet Ted Huegli, from which place they will motor to and from the park in Ted's fast speed demon which Henry Ford originally built, but the latter remodelled. Don't forget to bring back some pictures. We hope you have a nice enjoyable trip.

Hatch, a Newcomer

The Production Department in the Denver Office has been increased in size, having taken on Mr. J. H. Hatch, Jr., who hails from the Southern Oil Fields; namely, Tulsa, Okla. Understand that Mr. Hatch has had very good

J. H. Hatch, Jr., and daughter Natalie at left.

experience in the oil business, having served in the various positions of Cost Accountant for the Foster Oil Co., of Tulsa, and later as Sales Manager, Assistant Secretary and Director of the Model Gasoline Co., a subsidiary of the Foster Oil Co.

Mr. Hatch and family left a wide circle of friends in Tulsa and we hope they will soon make this up in Denver. Mr. Hatch was born in Ottumwa, Iowa, and at the age of three

years moved to Tulsa, living there and Bartlesville, Okla., until recently, when he and his family moved to Denver.

A Corpse Raising Its Head

Under the active direction, leadership and organization of Geo. A. Kirchberger, the employees of the eighth floor have been organized into an Indoor Base Ball Club. The games, however, are played out of doors. The members did not have enough of this great game at the Annual Picnic, when they suffered defeat, so they have organized a club to secure enough members to participate in this out-of-door exercise, in hopes for better luck next year, or in the future.

Their first game was played Saturday afternoon, July 22nd, at City Park, and it is their desire to play every Saturday afternoon. At their first game, which was composed of short teams, Messrs. Kirchberger, Kessler, Krause, Kaup, Clark, Simons, Grommet, Holmsted, Chubby Marriott, Hy Vervalin, Hickernell, and McNicholas of the ninth floor turned out.

Since their first game the club has been successful in their negotiations with the Interstate Base Ball League of Pennsylvania in obtaining the services of two of the star players; namely, 1st and 3rd basemen. These men have been the cause of winning 99 games out of every 100 for the Interstate League, and, consequently, it took a large sum of money to secure them. The amount in question was 50,000 Marks (German Money). The Midwest Indoor Base Ball Club hesitated at first to pay this fabulous sum, but after hours of dickering, it was finally decided to pay it. The players in question are none other than "PAT" Truby, who plays 3rd Base, and he has the reputation of not letting a man get past his sack; the other is "AUB" Merritt, who allows the man to get to 1st base, and then the fun begins between 1st and 3rd bases with the man being put out at 3rd. From the reputation of "AUB"' and "PAT," they are the "FIREWORKS" of of the game. Oil City, Pa., is sorry to lose such good 'slippery' artists in the base ball profession, but, nevertheless, they wish them all the luck in the world in signing up with the MIDWEST CLUB. "AUB" and "PAT'S" first appearance was Saturday afternoon, July 29th.

DENVER OFFICE PICNIC

(Continued from page 22)

Read for their help and kindness in arranging bulletins, programs, tickets and the like.

The committee wishes to thank the Companies and the officials on behalf of the employes for their kindness in giving us the opportunity of staging this picnic. It is appreciated.

We could not close this article without saying a word about those who did not attend the Picnic. The Committee worked hard to please everyone, but such a task is Utopian. To those who wanted to come and could not, we cannot say anything except that we are sorry you could not have been with us. To those who could have attended, but did not—well, it's time they woke up to the fact that they are working for a real, honest-to-goodness company, who stages picnics and dances for the sole benefit of its employes, and because it appreciates the services rendered by them, not for commercial and advertising purposes. You folks to whom this last statement applies, why don't you get in the game and be one of the Family?

There was a prize for the best picture taken at the picnic, and also a prize for the best short story on the picnic. These winners will be announced elsewhere in this magazine.

Again this year we had the good fortune to have at our Picnic three sweet young ladies from Kansas City, Mo., who so kindly consented to act as Judges of the Prize Waltzes, Misses Maxine and Yolande Ingle, and Miss Betty Gunn. These young ladies are fully conversant with all the details that are requisite to a Dancing Contest. It was thru the efforts of Mr. E. L. Muehler, one of the Picnic Committee, that the services of these charming young ladies were secured last year. Upon hearing of their presence at Pine Crest again this year, nothing else would do but to have them act as Judges of this year's contest. We wish to thank these young ladies for their kindness and assure them that their services were very highly appreciated.

Also note that E. L. Muehler was not partial to any one of them for he was seen dancing with all three of them. Page Mrs. E. L. Muehler. Mrs. Muehler! Did you know your husband was dancing with the Prize Waltz Judges? "Oh, yes! I had a dance with him myself."

Office and Field News

Casper Office News

Mrs. Alice Hubbell who has been the efficient insurance clerk and stenographer for the past year in the Industrial Relations Department, resigned her position the last of July to accept a place with the Western States Oil and Land Company in the Casper office. Miss Minnie Leech, formerly of Bartlesville, Okla., has taken up Mrs. Hubbell's work in the Industrial Department.

J. G. Crosskill, chief clerk of the Casper office, accompanied by L. L. Stone and Jimmie O'Connor, former Casper office employees, spent the first part of August in Yellowstone Park, making the trip in Crosskill's car.

Miss Gladys Johnson of Julesburg, Colo., is a new comptometer operator in the Casper office.

L. G. Truby and A. K. Barnes of the Denver office, were Casper visitors the past month.

Casper office nimrods got their share of the sage chickens in and around Casper the first fifteen days of August, the open season on these birds.

Miss Dorothy Williamson of the Casper offices, spent the last of July with an old home friend from Arkansas, in a trip through Yellowstone Park.

It is rumored there will be two or three weddings among the Casper office young women almost any time now.

Mrs. Alice James, for the past two and a half years, stenographer and general office woman in the Department of Industrial Relations, has been transferred from the Casper office to Mr. Hickernall's office in the Denver offices of the Midwest. The Industrial Department hated to lose Mrs. James as she has been with the department almost since its organization, and has been a very hard working and efficient employee. The Casper office bunch extends their good wishes to her

Left to right, Alice James and Alice Hubbell. These two Alices have been with the Department of Industrial Relations for two and a half years and one year respectively. Both recently went to other jobs as noted in this column.

in her new home and new work. Miss Arlie Morris has taken Mrs. James' place. Miss Morris has been employed in Casper for about a month, coming here from the east.

Kelly—"I see by the paper that it is raining oil in China."

Kirke—"Well, I shouldn't wonder! That's probably the bottom falling out of one of those Texas oil wells that I bought stock in."

Kelly has quit Paradise Park. Is it because he's afraid of getting "mired?"

Oh Shaw!

Mother, may I go down to Mills?
Oh yes, my darling daughter;
Stay on the beach, just out of reach,
And don't go near the water.

If St. Jacob's oil will remove the pain,
Should McDermott's "Black Cloud" betoken rain? Ask Rutz.

Elsie Holme, our dependable messenger, has secured a stenographic position with a firm in Casper. Here's wishing her all success. Her place here has been filled by Miss Howell.

Back in the Windy City they have a faculty for attractive advertising. Their display advertisements are almost marvelous in effectiveness and seem to hold an irresistible appeal to the unsophisticated and inexperienced Westerner. Not long ago one of these appealing advertisements, offering flattering bargains, and evidently guided by the unfailing hand of destiny, came under the observation of an enterprising Casper youth—the proud possessor of an implacable and erratic Ford coupe. Jack Rutz had not had his horse in the blacksmith shop for some time and its shoes were not sitting as snugly as the fastidious youth desired. Instantly his business acumen invited action and forthwith order blank properly executed, together with check in the sum of $4.98, began its hazardous pilgrimage over Western plains Chicago bound. In due time the order was filled and the Yellow Peril brought to Casper the priceless bundle which was to relieve Henry's limping right hand hind foot. But, alas! to Jack's grief and consternation, upon denudation of the arrival and as stern realization of the naked truth came to pass, it became evident that the new (?) shoe had many mates on Casper's exclusive dumping grounds. Besides containing some well-worn rubber and fabric, the casing was elaborately decorated with age-old spikes whose formidable rusty points penetrated the inner fabric and extended in varying degrees into the space reserved for the inner tube. Over the once serviceable article was fastened a portion of another dilapidated casing, combining luxury, economy, durability and beauty. We venture the prediction that Jack's pride forbids pressing into service the splendid result of his recent remarkable purchase and that the said purchase will henceforth repose in innocuous desuetude, to which state it is believed to have been consigned. In the meanwhile Jack bemoans the loss of $4.98.

Moral: Do not buy a pig in a poke.

Field Garage News

Hello: "Say, is Mr. Fidle there?"

1126J: "Mr. Fidle? You must mean Mr. Harper."

"Naw, I mean Mr. Fidle—the man that ordered the car this morning for 10 A. M."

"Oh, you mean Mr. Fidel; he called here some time ago and has his car by now."

We smoke Websters, Mr. Fidel, but we don't put out any information; he didn't aim to twist your name so musically. We suppose if it were Mr. Bretschneider he wanted he'd ask

for Rechneditcher. Mighty seldom how some of these stsigoloeg twist things across sometimes.

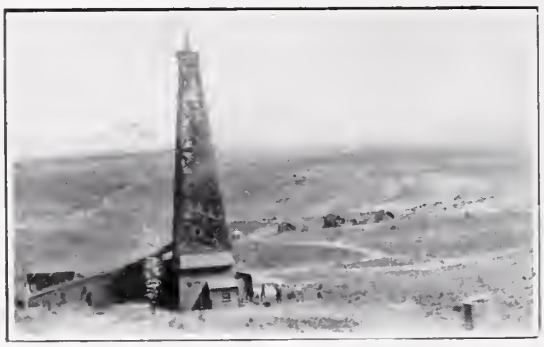
Mrs. J. W. Parker underwent an operation for the removal of the appendix last week. She is doing fine, but John says he sure would hate to raise a baby alone this long again. We trust that neither of them will have any such luck again.

Mrs. Walter Sellers is at home in Colorado recuperating after a minor operation. Walt was somewhat worried for a while until she started writing for money, then he said he knew she was O. K. again. We trust she keeps on hitting Walt for money.

Kid Landon took a vacation a short time ago. We've heard that it will be his last for some time tho. One of the boys accompanied him and at Wheatland they parked the Ford Four for about four hours. Bert didn't sleep much and told a lot of his secrets when he did. At Denver Bert wouldn't even wait long 'nuff to get a square meal, and was so excited for fear of missing the 9:45 eastbound that he forgot to pay McVitty for his sandwich and coffee. He even refused to wait long enough for one of the boys to pay him $5.00 saying, "I'll see you when I get back."

Baxter Basin News

We have again resumed work on the Test Well and at present are fishing for an underreamer which was lost a few hours before the recent fire.



No. 1—Baxter Basin test well before the fire

No. 2—Baxter Basin test well after the fire on July 2

Mr. Charles L. Danne the driller who was burned at the time of the Baxter Basin fire, is recovering nicely, and expects to be able to leave the hospital within ten days.

Mr. H. A. Stewart of the Geological Department, who will look after the western part of Wyoming, is making his headquarters at Baxter Basin camp.

Doings in Elk Basin

We have been asked a number of times, "What fer kind of fish them is what 'Gene' Illius is a'holing up in that picture on the front of last month's issue of the Review," but we have not been able to identify them. It has been suggested that they are mackerel, but we do not think so. They look something like a "porgie" but that is hardly likely, and judging from the expression on "Gene's" countenance, they are a puzzle to him as well. Or perhaps it is the size of the catch that astounds him, or perhaps he is wondering what to do with them. Well, it is up to him to decide, but we would like to know what they are and why the pose. We have done some fishing ourselves lately; took a trip up on the South Fork of the Shoshone and what we did to them was a shame. But they did bite and we were tempted and it was the limit. Then Jim Wilson and his party went up on the Sunlight and they had one grand time. And incidentally caught a fine mess of trout.

And there will be other trips and other places tried out before the season closes. As the Sage Hen season opened up on the first, there are those who went out to gather them in.

So far Col. Eddy and Earl Marker hold the record—they secured eight, but the delusive hen is scarce in this locality.

Loren Lee starts on his vacation in a day or so and his place will be filled temporarily by Mr. Rader, who has kindly volunteered to help us out in the meantime, and Jack Beck will do the outside work, taking gauges, etc. Col. Eddy and family have departed on a trip thru the Park and judging from their layout and personnel, they will have a fine outing. Geo. Harris met with an accident that put his new Chevrolet in the "also ran" class. He was coming down Bear Creek hill when it turned on him. Whether the hill or the car has not been explained.

Ray Anderson also, had a new experience. He tried to shift gears coming up Powell Hill and put her in reverse and for some reason, the durn thing started back down hill. Queer how they act at times.

Mr. Paul Hardie is enjoying a visit from his mother and is growing fat and contented, while the mother sure loves to look after that boy of hers. We have with us again Jack Diehl, he of the expansive smile and somehow he always peps up things wherever he may be. Jack is some good scout and gets the most out of things in general.

We have finished well 11 on Elk 8—but it was not much to speak of.

Different with well 13 on Elk 5, however,

which shows up fine and Dad Smith has deepened well 4, on Elk 5, to the second sand and she is a hummdinger.

"Knick" paid his respects last week and brought a flavor of the Big Town which was enjoyable. Our extension to the office is completed and we now have room in which to work and entertain our friends.

And it is hot—very much hot.

Casper Storage Yard

We all agree that Frank Butler is SOME fisherman. He does not bring us any pictures, but we can't eat them, and the fish sure are good. Keep on fishing, Frank.

Robert McBurney gave the girls a treat at Frontier Days at Cheyenne during the past celebration. He came back single.

H. E. Moss, whose picture was shown in the June issue of the Review, is sojourning in the "Bloody Ground" State, known as Kentucky. He is visiting his parents whom he hasn't seen for ten years.

Mr. Floyd Decker has left for his homestead in the southern part of Wyoming.

Stanley Mullen is enjoying a few days rest.

J. A. McBurney does not appreciate a shower bath in the open. He also claims that they are not helpful or healthful. He makes one request and that is, when in the future he is obliged to take a shower bath in the open, women and members of the fairer sex will PLEASE absent themselves from the immediate vicinity.

Herewith is a picture showing Frank Butler, John Hale and J. L. Julian, who went fishing up in Sweetwater country. Mr. Butler claims that these fish were caught before breakfast. We don't know when they had their breakfast. We know that they had breakfast Monday morning.

"Packy" MacFarland, went fishing during the month of July, and brought back a few samples of the catch. He submits this picture as evidence.

There is one question that Miller always answers "I don't know," and makes no apologies for his answer. The question is, "How did you get out of G-6 so quick?" Ask him and see what answer you receive.

The Storage Yard office is like a new chicken coop, it is freshly covered with white-wash colored cream.

The boys that are mounted on Chicago thoroughbreds have a pleasant look on their faces, and said look won't come off.

The chicken season is on full swing. All the chicken fanciers are out after their full quota. For the benefit of the uninformed we mean the variety known as sage hens or prairie chickens.

Mr. Hoffman, the new member of the council is very shy. And his wife was rather doubtful if she would see the last Review, so she called the Storage Yard and asked for a personal delivery of a copy for her perusal. We strive to please.

Big Muddy Notes

We have been fortunate here in Big Muddy in regard to accidents, owing possibly to taking notice of the good advice contained in the Safety First Bulletins which have been coming along regularly to this Field.

About two weeks ago, however, the chain of good luck was broken by an unfortunate accident coming to Ed Diehl while cleaning

out a shallow well on the Elkhorn Lease with the Buckeye Pulling Machine. The well unexpectedly flowed and oil sprayed over the machine igniting with the exhaust, severely burning Mr. Diehl about the hands and face.

Ed was hurried to the Lathrop Hospital in Casper, where every attention was given him and according to latest reports every indication is that he will have a speedy return to convalescence.

F. D. Moore has also been numbered among those who need hospital treatment. Frank has been troubled with hernia for some time past, until he was forced to undergo an operation which has so far proved successful, though it will be some little time before it will be possible for him to dress a 15½ inch bit.

The vacation period is now here and many have turned their thoughts to the mountains and streams to indulge in a little diversion from the daily routine of the oil field.

Henry Heasler has gone to Grand Junction, Colo., to join his wife who has been visiting there for some weeks past. Tom Sartin's thoughts are traveling in the same direction as Heasler's and he contemplates a trip in the near future, while Charley Scott, our tool pusher, is taking a few days off speeding away in his new Studebaker to Colorado Springs and other Colorado points.

Lon Slaughter, one of the old timers in this field, has left here, having packed up his baggage and is making the trip with his family by the Northern route to California in which state Lon plans to locate.

Charles Marshall, our boiler shop foreman, accompanied by his brother Robert, in his new Studebaker, journeyed to Butte, Mont., where he joined his wife who has been visiting there for several weeks past. Charley thought a good opportunity presented itself of visiting Yellowstone National Park—the wonder scene of Wyoming. Being well equipped and protected against emergencies they report a great time during their short absence.

The Parkerton Base Ball Club journeyed to Glendo and Wheatland to play return games with these two teams. All supporters of Big Muddy were fully expectant of scoring a double victory here but all hopes were shattered. It was the unexpected that happened and tho the boys were effervescent with confidence due to past successes good fortune failed to attend them—suffice to say that while they played good ball as the scores will show, but of course we think they should have done better, they failed to win but both were good ball games and naturally the champions of Wyoming must go through a valley occasionally to get to the mountain top. The scores were: Glendo 7, Parkerton 5; Wheatland 6, Parkerton 5.

Salt Creek Briefs

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hale left the middle of the month for a two weeks' trip thru Yellowstone Park. They were accompanied by Harry Durrcoop, also of the Midwest Company at Salt Creek. The party will return by way of Sheridan, taking in the big Shrine doings to be held at that point on August 28th and 29th.

A. Lucas, Manager of the Midwest Commissary at Salt Creek, has been enjoying a two weeks' vacation this month at his ranch near Arminto.

"Bill" Sellers, well known tool pusher for the Midwest on the Consolidated lease, left the field early in the month for the south country. His place is being filled by Robert Rothe.

C. L. Hamilton, formerly with the Midwest on the Picardy Lease, has done a great deal of experimenting with the tempering of steel and as a result is patenting a new process under which tool steel and steel of automobile springs is increased in resistance power a hundred per cent or more.

J. G. Crosskill stopped a day in Salt Creek on his return from a two weeks' vcaation trip thru Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Borsch of the Midwest family, left the middle of the month for a two weeks' visit to their former home, Deadwood, South Dakota. The first lap of their trip was made by airplane in one of the Stock Aviation Company's machines.

Emmett S. Lehr, of the Midwest at Salt Creek, after a long period of concentrated work has finished and patented a new type of shock absorber for motor cars. Patent has been granted this new invention by the United States Commissioner of Patents and is dated as of July 25th, 1922.

"Tent Town" of Midwest Home Camp, has silently stolen away and is now located about a mile west and south. This is the result of the new policy of having no tents in Home Camp proper.

The excavation work for the new giant warehouse is practically finished and the foundations will be started with the first material turned out by the new Haydite Plant.

The Ladies Union of the Salt Creek Community Church, have had two splendid meetings this month. Much has been accomplished in the way of outlining plans for the next year and at each meeting a social get-together with a program and music have added much to make the afternoons pleasant.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Andrews and daughters of the Gas Plant, spent two weeks of this month enjoying an outing in the Big Horn Mountains, near Buffalo.

Miss Betty Garrison, formerly of the Midwest Casper office is now located at the Gas Plant as the office stenographer.

Mr. and Mrs. Haynes Williams left Salt Creek this month to make their future home in Kentucky. Mr. Williams has been with the Midwest Refining Company in the Engineering department. The Williamses will be greatly missed by their friends in the field.

Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council

EMPLOYE REPRESENTATIVES

George Hoffman, Casper District
Harry Traylor, Salt Creek Home Camp District
Rickard Pigg, Salt Creek Pipeline District
Harry Phillips, Salt Creek Gas Plant
Chester Borsch, Secretary

MANAGEMENT REPRESENTATIVES

Jake Hale, Salt Creek
H. A. Chandler, Salt Creek
A. C. Andrews, Salt Creek
A. G. Fidel, Casper

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The Best Land

By EDGAR A. GUEST

If I knew a better land on this glorious world of ours,
Where a man gets bigger money and is working shorter hours;
If the Briton or the Frenchman had an easier life than mine,
I'd pack my goods this minute and I'd sail across the brine.
But I notice when an alien wants a land of hope and cheer
And a future for his children, he comes out and settles here.

Here's the gloroius land of Freedom. Here's the milk and honey goal
For the peasant out of Russia, for the long subjected Pole.
It is here the sons of Italy and men of Austria turn
For the comfort of their bodies and the wages they can earn.
And with all that men complain of, and with all that goes amiss,
There's no happier, better nation on the world's broad face than this.

So I'm thinking when I listen to the wails of discontent,
And some foreign disbeliever spreads his evil sentiment,
That the breed of hate and envy that is sowing sin and shame
In this glorious land of Freedom should go back from whence it came.
And I hold it is the duty, rich or poor, of every man
Who enjoys this country's bounty to be all American.

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The MIDWEST REVIEW

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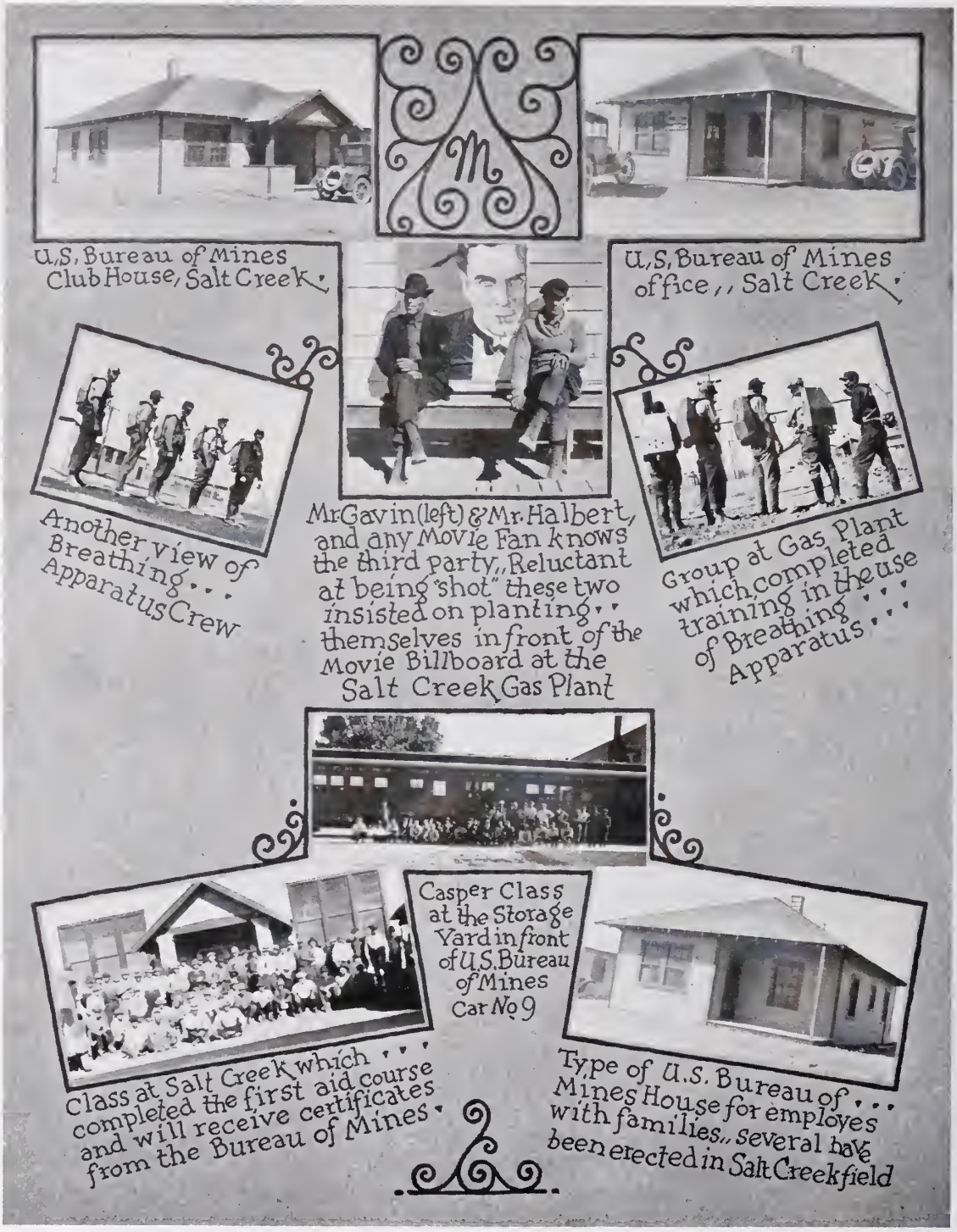
U. S. Bureau of Mines Trains Midwest Employes in First Aid Work


U.S. Bureau of Mines Club House, Salt Creek.
U.S. Bureau of Mines office,, Salt Creek.
Another view of Breathing... Apparatus Crew
Mr. Gavin (left) & Mr. Halbert, and any Movie Fan knows the third party,, Reluctant at being "shot" these two insisted on planting.. themselves in front of the Movie Billboard at the Salt Creek Gas Plant
Group at Gas Plant which completed training in the use of Breathing... Apparatus...
Casper Class at the Storage Yard in front of U.S. Bureau of Mines Car No. 9
Class at Salt Creek which... completed the first aid course and will receive certificates from the Bureau of Mines.
Type of U.S. Bureau of... Mines House for employes with families,, several have been erected in Salt Creek field

The Midwest Review

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On the 28th of August the U. S. Bureau of Mines opened a class of instruction in first aid in the Salt Creek Field. The classes were scheduled for afternoon and evening. Superintendents, foremen, clerks, etc., were instructed to attend the afternoon classes; the evening classes were for the public at large. Both were conducted by Mr. Gavin, in charge of the detail. Similar classes were conducted in the southern part of the camp by Mr. Halbert, assistant to Mr. Gavin.

The interest and enthusiasm which accompanied the lessons of the first day, assured us that the classes would be a success. This same interest was maintained throughout the entire week, and was repeated the following week at the Gas Plant. All of the employes who were faithful in attendance are more than satisfied with the valuable instruction which they received, and some of them feel almost qualified to hang out an M. D. shingle.

Week of September 11, classes were put on in Casper and Big Muddy, where the same enthusiasm prevailed.

Considerable sympathy and gratitude should be extended to the patient sufferers who submitted themselves to be bound, splinted, etc., for the edification and entertainment of the student body.

To one who was not familiar with the activities going on, the scenes at the Amusement Hall in Salt Creek and the Club House at the Gas Plant, would remind him of the great war from which we have so recently emerged; and would suggest to him that a terrible battle was in progress, and that he had unexpectedly stepped into a field hospital just behind the lines.

On tables and benches, and even on the floors, men were lying in various forms of treatment; some with heads bound, others with legs strapped in splints of the first aid type, while in another corner would be sitting a man bound from his waist to the top of his head and to the tips of his fingers. However, no moans or groans escaped from the silent sufferers.

Now and then a cuss word was heard when some amateur doctor would stick a greasy finger into his subject's eye, or possibly step on his toe while trying to apply the head dressing for scalp wounds.

To the observer the ludicrous side of the performance seemed to attract the most attention, but the seriousness and careful attention of the students in these classes assures beyond a doubt, that when accidents occur, the benefit of their training will be manifested.

Every phase of first aid treatment has been taught, including the prevention of bleeding from wounds by pressure brought upon the arteries, temporary setting of broken bones and dislocated joints, resuscitation by artificial respiration, treatment for the shock which follows injuries and the use of the breathing apparatus for work in the gas filled chambers.

Midwest employes are very grateful to the Bureau of Mines for presenting to them this opportunity of first aid training, and wish to compliment the Bureau on extending this work into the oil fields, realizing that its former activities were confined to mine work only. We feel assured that the good results which are bound to follow this training will justify them in continuing the work in the oil fields.

Much praise is due Messrs. Gavin and Halbert for the efficient way in which they have conducted these classes. They have made many friends among the employes who keenly regret their leaving us, and who will look forward with considerable pleasure to their reappearance at some future date.

U. S. Bureau of Mines Preaches First Aid

During the last week in August and the first week in September, The Midwest Home Camp, Gas Plant and Consolidated Camp took on the appearance of an after-battle ground, but this condition was simulated only. First Aid classes with bandages, splints, slings and all were the order and from Superintendents and foremen on down thru the men of the gangs, a tremendously effective concentration of time and thought went in on first aid, the actual care of the man hurt on the job.

The special cause of this concentration on first aid work was the fact that for the first time, United States Bureau of Mines experts were in the field to conduct classes. Altho an effort had been made to secure these specialists, some time ago, they have been so busy on mine work, both actual rescue work and instruction details, that it has been hard to secure them for the oil field instruction work.

J. S. Gavin, assisted by W. C. Halbert, were the Bureau of Mines First Aid Experts sent in. These men were from the United States Rescue Car No. 9, headquartering at Butte, Montana.

The courses put on in the field lasted for five days. The work given was of an intensely practical nature, starting on the first day with a lecture, covering the subject of the body as a whole, with special attention to the blood system and bones. Beginning on the second day, actual field conditions were simulated and a careful, absolutely practical demonstration was given of the care of every type and kind of injury. Bandages, splints, slings and dressings for all parts of the body were demonstrated first, and then all members of the classes were required to put on each dressing and when completed that particular dressing was examined and passed on by the instructors.

Mr. Gavin is especially proficient and experienced and held every member of the classes interested in the work. He has had a vast amount of actual First Aid and rescue work and was able to carry the men in the classes with him, in getting right down to actual field conditions. The point was continually emphasized and pounded in hard, that when a man is hurt on the job, in a big percentage of cases that man is robbed of a chance for rapid, easy recovery by the treatment he suffers at the hands of his co-workers, who are trying to help. The work of First Aid was summarized as covering the first care of an injured or sick man, with the one idea of turning him over to a doctor still breathing, with the loss of as little blood as possible, and in the case of a broken bone, with the break properly splinted, in other words, turning a man hurt over to the hospital or doctor in the very best shape possible, without having carried out any measure that would delay or injure his chances for a rapid complete recovery.

The work of the First Aid made a tremendous impression on every man who attended the classes. And most of those who went thru the course will remember for all time the biggest and most important principles of First Aid work.

The Bureau of Mines men were satisfied with the interest and application on the part of the men in the classes and the Midwest Company from officials on down are deeply appreciative of the First Aid knowledge, made possible by the sending in of the Bureau of Mines special instructors.

The Midwest Classes were carried out for both afternoon and evening periods. During the first week an afternoon class was made up of Superintendents, foremen, tool-pushers and other representative factors of the Midwest organization in the field. An evening class during the first week was open to all interested at the Home Camp School House. During the second week an evening class in First Aid was conducted at the Gas Plant open to all employees and an evening class was also put thru at the Consolidated Camp of the Midwest. The size of these classes ranged from fifty up to over one hundred.

A special apparatus class was also conducted at the Gas Plant during the mornings of the second week, with a result that six men were graduated and given Bureau of Mines certificates for Oxygen apparatus work. These men went thru

(Continued on page 25)

AUGUST DRILLING ACTIVITIES

By A. G. Fidel

Salt Creek Field: The Midwest Refining Co. completed 17 producing second Wall Creek sand wells in Salt Creek Field during August, 1922. Five of the new wells under 24 hour Field Department gauge tested less than 75 barrels, so under existing regulations, are entitled to be shot, then, after being given an initial test, will be put in readiness to be turned over to the Pipe Line Department for official three day test and connected to main delivery line. Of the remaining 15 the first 24 hour production totaled 6855 barrels. Two of these wells will be shut in and production withheld until all adjoining offsets are finished. Of the remainder but eight were tested by the Pipe Line Department to establish their prorata allowance. The third 24 hour run totals 4249 barrels.

During the month the Company operated 15 days or more for production purposes 329 wells. With the new wells completed by outside companies entitled to produce, 490 wells were shown on Sept. 1st as the total producing for all companies in the field.

On Sept. 1st we were drilling and carrying as new locations to be drilled 79 wells.

There were ten wells cleaned out and repaired during the month. Of this number two wells had entirely ceased producing before cleaned out and put in condition, and after work was completed one started off making 226 barrels and the other 180 barrels daily.

Considerable interest is being taken in the drilling of the new wells being put down by the Mammoth Oil Company on Teapot Dome, adjoining Salt Creek on the South. On Sept. 1st that company had seven wells drilling and rigs up or building on a number of other locations. Shortly after the first of Sept. and while this is being written the Mammoth in its No. 1 well on SW¼ Sec. 27-37-78 encountered a stray sand or shale fissure at 890 feet, which soon filled the hole with oil, giving promise, according to reports, of making a 200 barrel or better well daily. As yet it is not known whether that company will take this production, starting a new well, or case it off and continue down to the second Wall Creek.

Big Muddy Field: No completions in Big Muddy Field during August. Our production was furnished from 129 wells during the month, 13 of which were flowing from First Wall Creek, with 66 First Wall Creek pumpers, and 42 Shannon and eight stray sand pumpers producing 15 days or more.

Of the five wells on which drilling was progressing during the month the bottom of two was just above top of First Wall Creek sand, and should be completed very shortly. Short fishing jobs on one of these wells and another which was 2430 feet deep Sept. 1st delayed progress temporarily.

We completed plugging and abandoning of one well that had gone to water on August 23rd and had three more being abandoned, with water in First Wall Creek standing in cement to be shut off, and another on which abandonment work was under way Sept. 1st.

The cleaning out of two old wells was finished during the month, resulting in both instances in a nice increase in production.

A. E. Humphrey No. 33, which for a long time was one of our best producers, not having been drilled through the First Wall Creek when completed, is now being deepened and when through this sand will be shot in an attempt to again bring up its production.

Grass Creek Field: No new wells drilling or started in this field in August. During the month 77 Midwest wells furnished production and 31 of those of the Mutual Oil Co. for whom we are operating there. Three new wells were drilled deeper through the sands below, with results as follows: Meetcetse No. 6, Well No. 4 deepened from 835 to 912 ft. Shot from 869 to 885 with 40 qts. Production increased form 5½ to 14 barrels.

Ridgley No. 14 deepened from 822 to 985 feet, shot from 835 to 854 with 40 qts. and from 906 to 946 with 80 qts. Production increased from 5 to 128 barrels.

(Continued on page 24)

Talks About Muddy

Whilst visiting in Casper a few days ago, the writer met a couple of old timers from Big Muddy and the first question asked was. "Are you still at the Old Soldiers Home?" This remark was rather pointed and my mind went back to the time the field first opened up. The Camp was located on the river bottom of the North Platte, everything was fine until the flood of 1917 when the Camp had to be changed from the old location to its present site.

Mr. Crawford was Superintendent at that time and to him credit must be given for the way in which the Camp is arranged, the best sanitary arrangements existing here of any Camp The Midwest have.

We may be called for making this assertion by some, for Grass Creek and Elk Basin may differ from us as they have ideal camps.

Mr. Crawford's idea was the California Bungalow system and since his departure in the early part of 1918 his ideas have been enlarged upon by his successors namely, Messrs. Haviee, Watson, Fleekenstein, and until lately by Mr. Carrico who resigned to take over duties with The Sinclair Oil Co. who are engaged in an extensive drilling campaign at Teapot.

Now we have Mr. Klahr who has worked here as Head Production Foreman for the last four years, appointed to succeed Mr. Carrico as Field Superintendent, and as Mr. Klahr was practically raised in an oil field, giving him a life long experience in the oil business, he should be qualified to face the difficulties that have to be continually contended with in this field.

The Superintendents have been fortunate in having good practical men under their charge, many however have been transferred to other fields, among these we mention Mr. Cuda who is now Field Superintendent at Teapot, Mr. Beehtel at Grass Creek, Mr. Hale of the Production department at Salt Creek as well as Mr. Harry Bossart who is well known to most of the latest arrivals for the Company. This may be a gain for the other fields, but certainly our loss. To these names we must not forget to mention George Jenkinson and Myron Blackmer, both of whom at that time could be classed as roughnecks like the writer, but are now promoted to more important positions, so Big Muddy has been fortunate in both foremen and men.

It seems strange that we should be called old soldiers, the officials know the difficulties of this field for when the field first started help was scarce, with men coming and going all the time, some by their own choice and others by request, so as the good Salt Creekers called the writer's attention to the "Old Soldiers Home" it must be just a by-word, for, considering the difficulties of the drilling and the inefficiency of labor during the war period when you could get a job at any old place and perhaps at a little more money which makes labor inefficient, but we want the Midwest Family to know that we resent the remarks of being Old Soldiers, there are just nine or ten here who were working when the field first started, and they are now one hundred per cent efficient.

We can look back to the record of men sent from here and The Midwest officials can rest assured we have plenty of good material left to supply other fields with just a chance.

We thank the management for the money expended to make this an ideal camp and we appreciate this by keeping it clean and comfortable thereby making it a good place to live. We also thank the management for giving us this means of keeping in touch with the fellow members of The Midwest Family.

When a man dies without life insurance, he dies daid.—Mistah Robinson.

Beating railroad trains to grade crossings continues to be a favorite sport with many Sunday automobile drivers. A peculiar and deadly form of insanity it is.

Wife—"How many fish did you catch last Saturday, George?"

Husband—"Six. darling—all beauties."

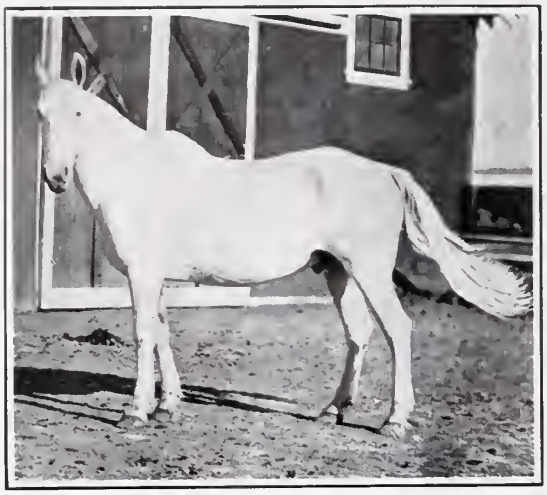
Wife—"I thought so. That fish dealer has made a mistake again. He's charged us for eight.

Old Timers Who Have Been in the Employ of the Midwest Since 1917

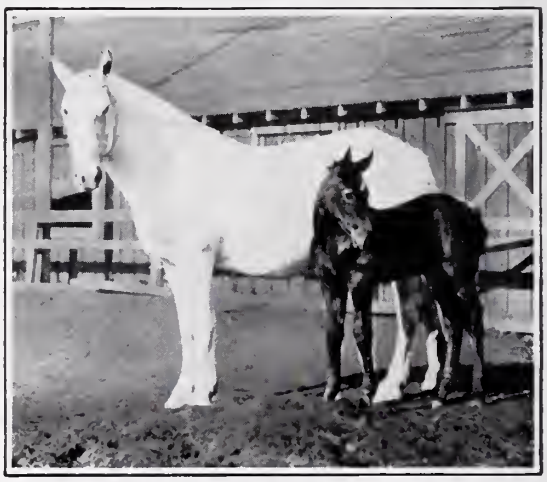
1—Luke Doyle: Age 59 years. Barn Boss. Started Life as a brickmaker. Supposed to have made all bricks for Fort Russell Reservation. As a joker cannot be equalled.
2—John Driggs: 62 years old. Our janitor who is always busy with a broom.
3—Tom Fitzgerald: Our competent fireman. Tom has a reputation for keeping his boilers in excellent condition. 68 years old.
4—William McFarland: Our sturdy and reliable teamster. Age 66 years.
5—Frank Anderson: Age 55 years. Our expert Ajax engineman.
6—Tom Sayers: Age 49 years. From Milwaukee—enough said.
7—M. C. Geabus: Better known as "Peggy". Resided 32 years in Wyoming. One of the earliest cowpunchers in the state.
8—Henry Humphrey, commonly known as "Humps": A real cockney. Must have been a bailiff in the old country by the way he handles the housing problem here. Some of the fellows here say he is an old sailor. If he was, he sure dropped anchor in the Big Muddy dining room, and it will take an Oklahoma cyclone to move him.

Old Dobbins

The Pioneer of The Midwest Family



There is something that appeals to mankind in the fast disappearing horse that cannot be erased by all the remarks of the automobile dealers to the effect that horses in a few years will be an entire thing of the past. Practically every community has some legend about the horse—what he has done to make him a favorite. We have such a horse in old Dobbins whose picture heads this article. He must have been about the first horse the Midwest Refining Co. ever owned for when the Company was first formed they made a specialty of mules but whether it was the mule skinners that were the real mules of the combination is not known but the result was that they were soon discarded, due to not having teamsters from Arkansas where the mule is their pride than in having cowpunchers from Wyoming. But old Dobbins is still with the Company. Looking thru the July number of the Midwest Review we find a picture of a most modern post office and a truck load of mail for Salt Creek which arrives daily. Not so many years ago Dobbins was mail carrier, making the trip two or three times a week and six sacks a week would be a big mail. He was the only pony in the country to the Salt Creekers in those days when he arrived with the only connection with the outside world but as the field grew and the auto and truck replaced horses for transportation, Dobbins getting footsore and a little hard looking was sent to Big Muddy in the fall of 1916 when this field first opened—he had more pioneering, fording and swimming here in crossing the river to the Elkhorn Camp when no bridge yet spanned the Platte. He was used as a water-line horse up to the fall of 1921 when he was placed on the extra list. He must be a real thoroughbred as some horses are called in the Colorado Springs Stamina Entries and twenty years ago he would have given them all a run for the money but he is old Dobbins now. Missou Hines must have had him in the Baby Changing at the dance mentioned in the Virginians but we do know he is 28 years old—looking just as good as when he arrived here from Salt Creek in 1916 but of course well worn out. Our barn boss sees that he gets his oats three times a day and that he is taken care of as an old and honored member of the Midwest family and a pioneer of the West should be. We invite you when visiting Big Muddy to see old Dobbins and in knowing his story and in seeing him you may more fully realize the spirit of the West and of Wyoming.



Little Blackie

Old Dobbin may have been the first horse the Midwest ever owned, and may now be the oldest member of the Midwest family of horses, but here we have Little Blackie, which is not only the youngest but also the newest member of our family.

He Rides Em

Salt Creek has produced a World's Champion and is proud of it. Howard Tegeland, son of Mike Tegeland, and both of the Midwest Family, not only took the World's Championship Saddle in the Bronc riding contests at Cheyenne this year, but has since won five Firsts in rodeo and stampede events, over the West.

In the Casper Stampede, early this month, Tegeland made splendid rides on the first two days, but competition was keen and it was only in the final event that he simply crashed his way to top place on the back of a plunging, careening animal, making one of the flashiest, most brilliant rides ever seen in a wild west event.

Wyoming is the heart of what so short a time ago was the real west and is still full of the old timers who glory in deeds of rope and saddle. It is naturally with a keen sense of proprietorship and with a glorious self-pride that Salt Creek Midwesters look upon their first World's Champion.

Howard Tegeland is a real fellow and beneath that supreme nerve, courage and fighting spirit that carries him thru his reckless encounters with the wildest on four legs, he is simple, unassuming and the most likeable kind of a chap. He expects to return to Salt Creek after the season's shows, preferring Wyoming and a comparatively quiet life to the glamor of many alluring offers from moving picture concerns and other publicity stunts.

Tegeland rides more than anything else for the love of it and is one of the few real survivors and embodiments of the undauntable, red-blooded spirit of pioneer days.

Rev. Winter Passes On

Altho Rev. B. B. Winter had been away from Salt Creek for several months prior to his death in Casper late in August, his friends in the Salt Creek Field and among the Midwest Family numbered legion, and his passing caused not a pang of regret but a deep feeling of permanent loss by all who had been given an opportunity to know him.

Rev. Winter first came to Salt Creek as Pastor of the Community Church and later became a full fledged member of the Midwest organization, in the Pipe Line Department, acting in the capacity of Gauger. His active work for the best religious interests and welfare of the Salt Creek community went on without ceasing until Rev. Winter took over the pastorate of the Second Presbyterian Church in Casper late this last spring.

The Midwest organization and the Salt Creek Community missed him when he left for Casper but felt that his helping hand and strong council were still available. With his death all realized that a big, useful man had for some reason been called to his reward. Of his life, it could truly be said, in the words of Paul of old, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course," and the world is better as a result of Rev. B. B. Winters having lived.

Rev. Winters is survived by his wife and a married daughter. Mrs. Winter will continue to reside in Casper.

Automobile Gasoline Expense

If you were to ask the owner of an automobile, what is the most expensive item in the up-keep of his car, he probably would say without any hesitation "gasoline." On the contrary it is one of the minor items of expense in the operation of a motor car. "The Lamp," a publication put out by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey for its employes, in a recent article gives the results of a carefnl investigation into the upkeep of the moderate priced automobiles such as the Ford, Dodge and Buick. These cars were operated over a wide territory, and under various conditions.

The result of the investigation is best told by a set of figures, which shows that for each dollar spent in keeping the cars on the road the following percentages went to these items:

Oil and Gas	1.12%
Gasoline	10.26%
Tires	10.42%
Depreciation	15.38%
Miscellaneous	20.65%
Repairs	42.17%
	100.00%

The article further states that "On the basis of an average consumption of 500 gallons per car, an advance in price of one cent per gallon in the cost of gasoline, means an increase in the cost of operation for the full year of $5.00 per car."

The fact that payments for gasoline are more numerous than expenditures for other items of expense necessary to keep a car going undoubtedly accounts for the popular but erroneous impression that the largest item of expense after buying a car is for gasoline.

A large industrial user of automobiles in an annual outlay of nearly $4,000,000 a year for operating expenses found that only about nine per cent of the cost was for gasoline.

The Price of Gasoline

The price of gasoline is the universal topic of all users of that valuable product. You hear it discussed, and occasionally cussed, and arguments without number advanced as to the reasons for prevailing prices, and a final exclamation of "We can't understand why."

The law of supply and demand which enters into the cost of most everything we eat, wear, or use, may have its effect in certain localities and under certain circumstances on the price of this important fuel.

Manufacturing and marketing conditions do not warrant placing much faith in the argument so frequently advanced, that the price of gasoline should fluctuate with the price of crude oil. This contention would be worthy of consideration if it were possible to convert forty-two gallons of crude oil into forty-two gallons of gasoline, but the crude oil that will produce 100% gasoline has not been discovered up to this date. Statistics show that in 1921 it required practically FOUR barrels of crude oil to make ONE barrel of gasoline.

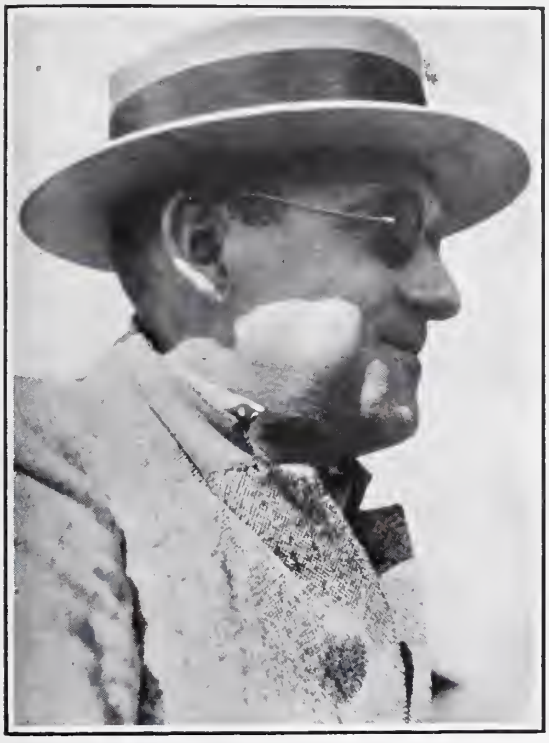
Data compiled by the American Petroleum Institute for 1921 shows the following as the average yield from a barrel of crude oil:

	Per cent	Gals.
Gasoline	25.6	10.8
Kerosene	9.7	4.1
Fuel and Gas Oil	47.9	20.1
Lubricating Oil	4.3	1.8
Wax, Coke and Asphalt	2.4	1.0
Miscellaneous	6.0	2.5
Loss	4.1	1.7
	100.0	42.0

From the above figures one can readily see that approximately 75% of the crude must be converted into produets other than gasoline. The cost of manufacturing some of these products such as lubricating oils and wax is high, and requires expensive equipment in order to make satisfactory products. The demand for these commodities together with the less valuable ones, such as fuel and gas oils fluctnates, to such an extent that very frequently the finding of a market becomes

(Continued on page 10, Col. 1)

We Pledge You With Brimming Cups "Dan Trudgen" Boarding House Manager at Salt Creek



Salt Creek Midwest folks are human, history repeats and Dan Trudgen, affable and diseerning Boarding House Manager, has won his way straight to the hearts of his eonstituents, thru another organ of the body, equally important.

Dan made his first appearanee on the Midwest Rolls at Big Muddy in '18, and shortly after arriving was entrusted with the job of looking after the welfare and spirit of the plaee by delivering three squares, perhaps the biggest prerequisite for good work and satisfied employes. In May of '19 Dan went to Lanee Creek and managed the boarding house at that point until the middle of 1920 when the eall for a repeat on Trudgen at Muddy took him baek there.

In the Fall of 1921, Dan answered the lure of California's sunny elime, but with Wyoming, the oil fields and the Midwest still a dominant tone, he returned in June of this year to take over one of the biggest, busiest and most important jobs at Salt Creek, that of managing the Midwest Hotel and Boarding House system for the field.

The Boarding House at Salt Creek is now handling close to five hundred men for three meals a day, and six other boarding houses in the field are looking after from twenty to eighty men eaeh. Mr. Trudgen is ably assisted on the outside camp work by J. W. Reiley, formerly with the Henning Hotel at Casper. From the little lady behind plate-glass at the Hotel, all the way thru to the behind-the-seene workings of the tremendous stoek room and refrigeration plant, Dan has an effieient, going organization. The work is heavy, the details are many, but the kicks are few. Dan Trudgen, with a psyehology all his own, understands the eomponent parts of his organization and understands too the human eharaeteristies of the men whose inner eravings he is satisfying, and with that keen ability to read unspoken wants, adding a word here and there among the men, plus the faet that he realizes the kitehen to be the hub of the wheel, Dan is doing the well-nigh impossible and is feeding seven hundred men to the satisfaetion of the men, themselves.

To show that Mr. Trudgen and the Salt Creek Boarding Houses have aroused outside comment and eredit, the following letter was seeured, and held out all unbeknown to Dan as worthy of being passed on to Midwest folks generally.

THE STATE OF WYOMING
Dairy, Food and Oil Department
Cheyenne
August 21, 1922.

Mr. D. A. Trudgen,
Care Salt Creek Hotel,
Salt Creek, Wyoming.

My Dear Sir:

It is very gratifying indeed while performing the duties of my offiee to make

(Continued on page 10, Col. 2)

Salt Creek's Younger Generation Deluge Schools

Figuratively speaking, a fourth sand is being drilled into in the Salt Creek field by the School Board and teaching staff and the hearts and minds of Young America at that point promise to respond with an ultimate heavy productive ability. Nowhere would it be possible to gather a more healthy, hearty, self-reliant group of children than the four hundred or so who are now in schools in the Salt Creek field.

At Home Camp, the Wilson and Lewis Buildings were deluged on the opening day, hitting a high-water mark of about 250 and more have come in since, so that there are now about 275 boys and girls in the two schools at Home Camp and the major portion of these are from Midwest families.

About 85 are registered at the new double school building at Ohio South Camp and the others are being handled at the Glenrock-Carter School in the Southeastern part of the field and the West Ohio Camp School in the Southwestern territory of Salt Creek.

The teachers are an experienced, capable, highly educated group and would rank very favorably with those of any city in the country. Many of them have college and university degrees in addition to normal school and special education courses.

Altho the general congested condition of rooms and shortage of equipment, for the first few days, seemed unsurmountable difficulties, the biggest problems have been solved. Extra teachers have been added and more equipment, seats and books, have already arrived, the classes have all been started and arranged and a splendid group of teachers, working with Salt Creek's younger generation are off on the year's work.

The personnel of the Salt Creek Teaching force follows:

Home Camp Schools

Principal—William Sinclair (in charge of Salt Creek District.)

Additional High School Teacher—Augusta Kriener.

8th Grade—Stella B. Culp.

6th and 7th Grades—Clara Gadbury.

5th Grade—Theo. Callant.

3rd and 4th Grades—Marion Stone.

2nd Grade—Gertrude Coleman.

1st. Grade—Mrs. Gilbert Hanson.

South Ohio School—Clarence Harrold and Miss Froman.

Glenrock-Carter School—Mrs. Agnes C. Daly.

Ohio West Camp School—Grace Reynolds.

The Price of Gasoline

(Continued from page 8)

a mighty serious problem. It is therefore evident that gasoline though only 25.6% of the crude must carry the burden to a considerable degree or the Oil Refining Industry would go out of business. With the increase in number of automobiles and trucks which play such an important part in the industrial and pleasure seeking world affairs, together with the relatively small item of expense that gasoline plays in the up-keep of the automobile, we cannot see any just cause for criticism of the price of this exceedingly important product of petroleum.

We Pledge You

(Continued from page 9)

an inspection of such an establishment as you conduct and to find it in such excellent condition. On August 5th and again on August 19th I visited your place and found your ice boxes in splendid shape, your meats in most appetizing condition and your kitchen and dining room immaculately clean.

It affords me a great deal of pleasure to write this letter and to congratulate you upon the manner in which you are running your establishment.

Very truly yours,
J. ROY COLVIN,
Deputy Dairy, Food and Oil Comm'r.

Inspection Trip?

No. 1—Mid-Northern Oil Company House, Billings, Montana, July 30, 1922. Left to right: Messrs. Ellison, Estabrook, Bretschneider and Danford.

No. 2—Mr. R. S. Ellison on Sexton Glacier, Glacier National Park, July 26, 1922.

No. 3—Sexton Glacier, Glacier National Park, July 26, 1922. Left to right: Messrs. Estabrook, Ellison, Bauer, Wegemann, Bretschneider and Danford.

No. 4—Neiber Test Well, July 31, 1922.

During the latter part of July Mr. Ellison and Mr. Estabrook made a trip of inspection through Northern Wyoming and Montana. Oil fields, proven or hoped for, were supposed to be their objectives but it appears, from the pictures shown above that they wandered away from the "straight and narrow path." Messrs. Bretschneider, Wegemann, Danford and Bauer joined the party at Great Falls, Montana, for a trip through the Sweetgrass Arch country. Some promising discoveries of oil have been made at Kevin and it looks as if Montana is to have another oil field. Oil men from all over the United States are reported to be flocking to the region—possibly the nearness of the "Johnny Walker" (Canadian) line has stimulated their interest.

Glacier National Park lies about seventy-five miles west of the Kevin-Sunburst Field. The wonders of its scenery are not as well known as are those of Yellowstone and some of the other National Parks, and every member of the party was overwhelmed with surprise and delight over the magnificence and grandeur of the view that opened before them as the launch glided up St. Mary's Lake toward Going-to-the-Sun-Chalet. The next morning the party took a hurried trip to Sexton Glacier, a mile up and five miles back into the mountains, and were back in time to catch the afternoon boat on the way toward Many Glaciers Hotel. Longing looks were cast toward the big glacier in sight from the hotel veranda but there was no time for more side trips.

There is an anticline in the Park with a wonderful location for a well amid beautiful mountain scenery where the streams teem with trout and the mountain sheep wander all around. Danford and Bauer would have started a well there the next day but, fortunately for the Midwest pocket book, someone had beat them to it. A wreck of a rig beside the road near Many Glaciers Hotel marks the end of the delightful vacation of an earlier party of boosters for Glacier Park.

History of the Oil Industry in the State of Montana

By M. O. Danford

A number of years ago several wells were drilled at different locations in Montana and subsequently abandoned on account of the failure to procure commercial production. These wells numbered from ten to twelve and were located at widely different points in the state.

In November of 1919 the Van Duzen Oil Company completed a well to the quadrant sand in the Devil's Basin territory, some fifteen miles north of Roundup. The well flowed for a short time but upon subsequent deeper drilling water replaced the oil. Other operations started immediately in the Devil's Basin field and several wells were drilled to the producing horizon, some of which furnish production in commercial quantities, but the character of the oil being low in gravity and gasoline content, has not as yet justified pipe line connection to the Devil's Basin field. However, activities still continue with the hopes of developing larger producing wells and enlarging the area justifying pipe line connection to the railroad. To date the principal amount of oil produced has been consumed as fuel oil.

The first real discovery of oil in commercial quantity was made in February of 1920 by the Frantz Corporation drilling a well in Section Twenty (20), Township Fifteen (15) North, Range Thirty (30) East, near the Musselshell River. The principal part of the acreage upon this structure was controlled by the Frantz Corporation, and subsequently disposed of to different interests.

This particular discovery well proved, upon deeper drilling, not to be productive to any great extent but more recently several wells have been drilled in that vicinity which have proved commercial.

Shortly after the drilling in of this well the Frantz Corporation finished a well in the Northeast quarter (NE¼) of Section Fourteen (14), Township Fifteen (15) North, Range Twenty-nine (29) East, which showed commercial production of extremely high gravity oil. Upon encountering the sand the hole rapidly filled with oil and operation ceased at that point. Later, in August, of 1920, the control of the Frantz Corporation was taken over by the Elk Basin Consolidated Company and the well drilled itself in by pressure and commenced flowing oil at the rate of approximately 1800 barrels per day.

In the meantime the Mid-Northern Oil Co. had taken over the interests of the Midwest Refining Company in Montana and was drilling an offset well to the Frantz' discovery well in Section Fourteen (14), which upon completion flowed approximately 2100 barrels per day. These two discoveries immediately started activity in the Cat Creek field and since that time there are seventy-six (76) producing wells in Cat Creek, producing approximately, since January 1st, 1922, 140,000 barrels per month. A pipe line was constructed from the field to Winnett, stationed on the Milwaukee Railroad, and the oil is transported to that point where it is loaded in railroad tank cars and distributed to the various refineries in Wyoming and Montana. On account of the high grade character of the oil and the amount of production Cat Creek so far is the most important field that has been discovered in Montana.

The second discovery of oil in commercial quantities was made by the Western States Oil and Land Company on the Soap Creek Structure of the Big Horn Indian Reservation, in the south central part of Montana. In February of 1921 the above named company drilled in their well number one, which upon initial flow showed some 600 barrels per day. This is extremely low grade oil, the largest part of which will have to be converted into fuel uses and on this account no pipe line connection has as yet been made to Soap Creek.

The Western States has completed six additional producing wells and the daily average production from Soap Creek could now be marketed were transportation facilities afforded, approximately 2000 to 2500 barrels per day.

So far Montana has produced the highest grade of light oil and also the lowest grade of black oil, heretofore found in the Rocky Mountain section.

In Mareh of 1922 Gordon Campbell drilled in a well in the Sweetgrass Arch, in the northern part of the state, developing a new field that had not, heretofore, been eonsidered of great interest to the oil industry on aecount of the lack of geologieal information. This discovery oeeasioned the usual oil field rush for leases and operations and at the present time there are some eighteen or twenty rigs actually engaged in drilling to the sand.

In the early part of June of this year, the Sunburst Oil and Gas Company, some eight or nine miles east of the Campbell well, drilled in a commercial well at the depth of 1550 feet. Optimists in the oil industry feel sure of a large produeing area in the Sweetgrass Arch and the drilling activities now being carried on will no doubt prove or disprove the theory advanced. Suffiee it to say that commercial production has been procured in at least two points on the arch and future development will tell the tale.

The presence of oil in the Sweetgrass Arch has led to considerable aetivity in the northern part of the state and no doubt many wells will be drilled in the vicinity this summer.

Numerous wild cat ventures have been started and completed in Montana disproving eertain structures and at the present time there are some fifty or sixty wild cat wells in different stages of operation.

The severe winter of 1921 and 1922 handicapped field operations greatly and obliged the closing down of most of the wild cat ventures. The late spring and road conditions have prevented many of them from starting up until this time.

The three producing fields in Montana at the present time are Cat Creek, Soap Creek and Sweetgrass Arch.

Several loeal refineries have been financed and eonstrueted in the state. One at Winnett, two at Lewistown, one at Billings, one at Miles City and one now under construetion at Great Falls. These refineries are limited to eapaeity and supply local markets largely.

Benefit Association

On August 31 the Benefit Association was still in arrears $2,147.66. We had hoped that by this time our financial condition would be in better shape to meet the requirements which will be made on it during the fall and winter, but sickness and death have made such a heavy drain on this fund during the summer months that we have been unable to catch up the deficiency caused by the epidemic of flu in the Salt Creek district last fall and winter.

It will probably be necessary to make another adjustment in benefits in the very near future to take care of this matter.

Wateh the bulletin boards for announcements along this line.

It Must Be Contagious

Friends of Mr. J. A. Riehards, formerly Purchasing Agent at Denver and now Refinery Purchasing Agent for the Standard Oil Co. of Indiana at Casper, will be surprised to learn that on Tuesday, August 29th, he took unto himself in holy matrimony a wife, Mrs. Estella Allan of Lander, Wyoming. After a spending a week's honeymoon in and around Denver they returned to Casper via auto.

Shortly after the wedding—in fact it was the next day—while still in a dazed condition he attempted to cross clubs with "Billy" Nicoll at the Lakewood Country Club. An enjoyable "twosome" was had, and it is needless to mention who won. "Jack" being used to the rough and rugged course at Casper was not at his best on the green, grassy fairways of Lakewood. His best work occurred in the "rough" or in a bunker.

The best of wishes from the Midwest family for luck and happiness are extended to you both.

IT'S GREAT TO BE AN UNCLE

A little boy from Canada, who had never seen a negro, was riding in New York with his uncle when he spied a colored lady.

"Uncle, why does that woman black her face?"

"She doesn't; that's her natural color."

"Is she black like that all over?"

"Why, yes," uncle replied.

The boy looked up beamingly at his uncle. "Gee, uncle, you know everything, don't you?"

—Exchange.

THE OIL INDUSTRY IN MONTANA

Shows the camp of the Frantz Corporation looking northeast ....

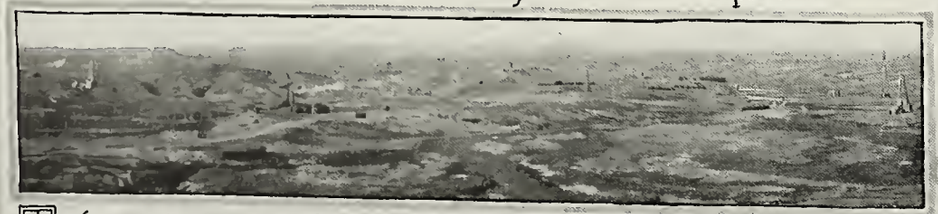
Shows Clayton 18 #2 drilling in....

Shows a portion of the Mid-Northern Camp looking west, The Frantz Camp may be seen in the distance....

Shows a view looking west across the Green lease and holdings of the 56 Petroleum Co., The rig in the foreground at right is Clayton 18 #2 which has just been completed..

Shows a portion of Mid-Northern Camp looking West....

A view looking east across the Wildschutz lease, The building to the right is Power #1 and the building in the distance is the Mutual Oil Companies Pumping Plant ....



A general view of the field looking east across the Green lease, The machine on the extreme left is Mid-Northern Clayton 18 #2 which had just been completed at the time picture was taken, with an initial production of about 2200 barrels

A view looking across Mid-Northern-Wildschutz lease showing a portion of Mid-Northern Camp on right The building in the centre is Power #1....

DENVER OFFICE NEWS

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Vacations

Vacations are really wonderful things, if we may be pardoned for putting our thoughts in just that phrasing. Every hard-working man and woman deserves one. A great majority of the Denver Office employes will have had theirs by the time this copy of the Review is off the press. As we start to compile all the past, present and future news which is on hand or in the offing, there are still many to go.

Mr. C. J. Barkdull accompanied by his wife, left September 1st for a two weeks' trip to Salt Lake City. Mr. Barkdull joined the Midwest Refining Company as auditor a little over a year ago, coming to us from the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. Since his affiliation with us he has made many friends who wish him a very pleasant trip in the land of the Mormons.

Utah has its attractions, undoubtedly. What they are, we do not know. Nevertheless, W. S. "Billy" Nicoll together with the "missus" and "Billy, Junior" (and perhaps a few golf clubs) will spend two weeks in and around another Mormon habitation known to the Gentile world as Ogden, Utah. He, no doubt, will return with several "gulfer's" scalps dangling from his golf bag.

In gathering the news for this issue, we have been slightly handicapped by several of our assistants being on vacations or getting ready to go. E. L. Muehler, who has been covering the General Accounting Division for the Review, is on an extended tour a la "gypsying."

Paul Werth, our Traffic Department representative, is taking his second week, having had his first earlier in the summer. However, Paul handed in his "dope" before he left. Right here we wish to call your attention to his writings. They are clever. This boy has a keen sense of humor which he is able to put down in print in a delightful manner.

Pictures

Money made the mare go in the days gone by
Pictures make our magazine pleasing to the eye.

And that is just it. How many are there of us who really care to pick up a magazine with page after page of the printed word without an illustration? Very few, we'd say. The Review lays considerable stress upon its request for pictures, drawings and the like. They don't have to pertain to company business. Snapshots of your vacation trips and week-end outings are desired. Furthermore, all pictures will be returned if requested, so you are not going to lose any thing. Magazines edited by other companies fairly bubble over with pictures of this nature, so send in your snapshots, for pictures tell the story.

Our Sport Page

Nicoll Wins Widow's Trophy

Billy Nicoll, the premier golfer of the Denver Office, trotted in winner in the Widow's Trophy given by Hedgcock & Jones, on Sunday, August 20th, having defeated his opponent one up at the 18th hole.

A Foursome in the Offing

Leslie A. Thompson, Jr., and Floyd "Chick" Curran, representing the Ninth floor, were slated to meet Nicoll and Nugent of the Eighth floor in a sociable foursome sometime in August. However, it never took place. Therefore, the Denver Office has a treat in store for them when this does take place, and a large gallery should be present.

Jenkinson in Tennis

All the glory and publicity should not go to our local golf enthusiasts since the absence of baseball in our vicinity. No less a distinguished person than George Jenkinson of the Western States Oil & Land Company has reached recent fame in tennis. George got into the semi-finals in one of the recent tournaments in this city. We're looking for better things in the future, George.

W. I. Rehr, a Midwest man who gained fame last year as local city champion, did not do so well this year, but made a good showing nevertheless.

Ex-Midwest Players in Post Tournament

"Pep" Moore and Claire Morris of Greybull, and George Pickett and Harry Cassidy of Laramie are taking part in the Post Tournament in Denver. Moore is catching for Hendrix's Kansas City team, Morris and Cassidy are with Elitch's, while Pickett is pitching for the Cheyenne Indians.

Legal Department News

Kent S. Whitford, with Mrs. Whitford and her sister, spent a pleasant two weeks vacation at Eldora Lake during the latter part of August.

Miss Leonora Gunston returned from her vacation August 21st. It is rumored that with persistent tutoring on the part of her brother and "Rudie," she learned to drive the family Chevrolet fairly well, but we think there is still room for improvement as reports have come to us that she so engineered said "Chev" that she broke down the back yard gate and pulled up a clothes-line post, all in the same evening. And it wasn't dark, either.

Mr. John D. Clark, Vice-President and General Counsel, recently returned from an Eastern business trip.

During the time our efficient stenographers, Miss Edith Hammond and Miss Leonora Gunston, were away vacationing, we applied to Mr Barkdull for a "pinch hitter" to "stenog" for our learned legal lights, which he almost supplied. Mr. Whitford, in testing out the capacity of the aforementioned p. h., dictated a land description, a part of which was: "The land is described by metes and bounds, beginning at the mile post, etc." When the transcript was placed on his desk, it read: "The land is described by leaps and bounds, beginning at the mail post, etc."

Let us observe in passing, that when it comes to hard work and plenty of it, Frederick D. Anderson is a fiend for punishment. He grapples with ten or twelve new legal tangles every day, and after assiduously delving into C. J., R. C. L., and the statutes, not to mention all known text books, digests and law reports, he always emerges with a solution. And in addition, he keeps a steno busy all day with his dictation, and has time left to eat, sleep, mow the grass and go to church.

On Sunday, August 20th, Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Barnes, with their sons, John and Kimball, Jr., and with Mr. and Mrs. Merwin Bristol as their guests, drove to Troutdale for dinner. It was Kim's first attempt at mountain driving, but he handled the new Dodge like a veteran. "A gay time was had by all," and the party arrived back home just in time to escape the young cloudburst that overtook a number of motorists along Bear Creek.

Another Assistant

This is the first issue in which the Legal Department news items have been successfully covered. In order that the Midwest Family may know more about this department and its doings we have asked Merwin Bristol to cover this field. He has consented and h first contributions are published in this issue. Incidentally, Mr. Bristol will be admitted to the Bar in Colorado on September 11th when he will take the required oath. He passed his examinations last spring. More luck to you Merwin.

What Will We Do When Winter Comes?

Since the Picnic a good deal of interest has been displayed by the boys of the Denver Office in playground ball. The question arises why not an Inter-Department Indoor Baseball League this winter? There is enough of us, and it would get the boys together in fine style. Still another suggestion is bowling, and another is basketball. By the time this Review is off the press, it will be time to organize in any one of these lines. So it is up to you, as to what we will do. Whether we will keep physically fit, or just lay around and let the avoirdupois accumulate.

Wedding Bells

Whether or not it was the spell of the mountains, we are at a loss to say. Nevertheless, it all happened on Saturday afternoon, August 19th, at Idaho Springs, a small watering place about forty miles from Denver, where Miss Blanche Yeomans and Mr. Archie L. Clark had quietly motored to enjoy the cool, refreshing breezes of our Rockies. The Reverend Mr. Thompson tied the knot, and they returned to Denver as Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Clark.

Mr. Clark has been in charge of the Cost Accounting Division for over three years, having commenced his service with the Midwest Refining Company August 1st, 1919. Before coming to us he was in the employ of the Standard Oil Company, Indiana. He is from Columbia City, Indiana. Mrs. Clark is a Denver girl.

As a result the girls ate Baur's candy and the boys smoked El Sidelos.

The newlyweds received a fine floor lamp from Mr. Clark's associates in the office to help furnish their new nest at 519 East 18th Avenue. The Midwest Family welcomes Mrs. Clark, and wishes you both luck, prosperity and happiness.

Two Prize Winning Views Taken by Roy Johnson of Sales Accounting Division during His Vacation

No. 1—Fall River Road
No. 2—From the Berthoud Road West of the Continental Divide

S-A-A-B-D D-O-I-N-G-S

Moving Day

Rattlety bang! Crash! Kr-u-nk! And a few more such expletives, so soothing to the nerves. "What on earth is coming off?" "Oh, it is just the Sales Accounting and Billing Division moving." "What, again." "Yes siree, this makes nine and a half times, if we remember rightly." And so it was. Wednesday, August 23rd, 1922, marked the ninth and a half move made by this department since December 1, 1915. A good average. This time it was from the suite of rooms adjoining the traffic department on the ninth floor to the old Purchasing Department quarters on the 8th floor. The process of moving reminded us a good bit of a circus—for circuses you know are always on the go, or rather move. Typewriters and chairs being dragged along the hallways reminded us somewhat of the Shetland ponies that are led along, and like comparisons to the big safe which put one in mind of Tusko, "a foot taller than Jumbo" so recently in our midst.

"Bill" Miller, who oversees all of the moving in these parts, was "boss of the lot", while fifteen huskies of the Sales department aided Lem Jones in executing "Bill's" orders.

We are now comfortably located in the BEST QUARTERS we have ever had; which only proves that "everything comes to him who waits."

Jake's Paradise

Adjoining our new rooms, until recently, was the storeroom. Now, here was a literal Paradise for our own Jake Bohmann. If there is anything he loves, it is to delve into rubbish and see if there is anything he can use a la Andy Gump. Then he begins to pull the wires in an honest endeavor to get same. But "Bill" Miller fearing that Jake would soon want everything in the storeroom decided to remove the temptation and, as a result, the storeroom has been moved to our old rooms on nine. Jake will now have to get along with his present working equipment.

Changes in Our Department

"Bob" Craig, who has been with us since last March, returned to North Denver High School on September 6th from which place he hopes to graduate next spring. His place will be taken by D. L. Murphy of the General Accounting. We hate to see "Bob" go, as he has developed into a good boy. Good luck to you, kid. And incidently "Murph" is welcome.

Crawford May, who was formerly with us, has again entered our employ. During the last year "Crawf" has been with the Audit of Freight Receipts Division of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. The increased amount of work in our department made his addition necessary. He needs no introduction to the Midwest Family.

Roy Johnson Ill

Roy Johnson was taken suddenly ill while attending a wedding the other night and was forced to stay home for a day to recuperate. Fortunately—at least for Roy—it was not his own wedding, although Dame Rumor was busy.

Sales Accounting Division Vacationists

Tom May has recently returned from his vacation spent at Eldorado Springs and home.

Roy Johnson took a trip to Estes Park and over the Fall River road during his vacation. Outside of working around his new house, he did nothing else that was startling.

Art Johns ranched it for a week, and then returned to help out during the first of the month rush.

Traffic News

Kahn Goeth on His Vacation

Like the man in Aurora, Ill., who, in the ninety-two years of his young life had never been farther than six miles away from his farm, finally permitted himself a treat and took in the State Fair, miles and miles away—so Kahn, after a year of hard labor in the office, which to him seemed 92, launched forth on his vacation.

As stated in the last issue of the Review, we had hoped to give a full and a meticulous account of this vacation, but Kahn has foiled our plans, more or less, by holding out on the facts. But after carefully gathering up the crumbs of information dropped by him we have secured enough of them to make a small loaf.

"I loaf and invite my soul."
—Walt Whitman
"I loaf and invite a good time."
—Milt Kahn.

"A good time, not scenery, that's me", says he. "I take all the scenery I want right with me." And he did.

On the dining room wall of Kahn's abode hung a chromo of glad tints, depicting a fairy-like scene, a vista of mountains dimly in the distance, nearer a tropical jungle and in the foreground, gracefully surrounding a limpid lake, a grove of tall and slender cocoanut palms. Underneath was the title, neatly engraved on a brass plate:

"Milk from Contented Cocoanuts"

This, Kahn carefully stowed away among his luggage, and when every requisite to a good time was present, including the fermented juice of parsnips—but the scenery was meager—Kahn would haul out his picture, thump the strings of his ukelele three and twenty times, and then

"Other men may be blest,
But Kahn was glorious",

as Burns says of Tam O'Shanter.

And in a most desolate part of the State in a village of ramshackle houses and where one would least look for scenery, Kahn discarded his chromo.

In a boarding house where he stopped, also stopped a young lady of the *genus flapperius* with hair rolled up and h'm rolled down; and the following scrawled in pencil on a post-card and sent to one of his fellow employes speaks for itself:

The town is all dead
But the Flapper is not,
What do I care
If the weather is hot.
We go out and walk
on the burning sand—
They ain't so bad, the
Views around here, AND—
When she ties her shoes
I want to remark
The scenery is greater
Than Yellowstone Park.

NOTE—Since writing the foregoing we have been so unfortunate as to get the following actual statistics on Kahn's vacation.

(Explanation of symbols: Asterisks indicate blowouts—One (*), blowout, tires; Two (**), blowout, other than tires.)

He took four (4) trips to Idaho Springs.
1st trip **
2nd trip **
3rd trip **
4th trip **
All house parties.

He took one (1) trip to Cheyenne. **

And two (2) trips to Lupton. On the last of these two trips he had just drunk some fresh milk when a thunder storm came up and soured it. ****** The stars tell a curdling story.

Old Employee Back

James Izett, better known as "Jimmie," who was with the Midwest for several years up until about a year ago, is back with the Rate Division of the Traffic Department. "Jimmie" needs no introduction to the Midwest Family, and as he is a hale fellow well met and a fine scout, it is needless to say that we welcome him.

Denver Geological Department

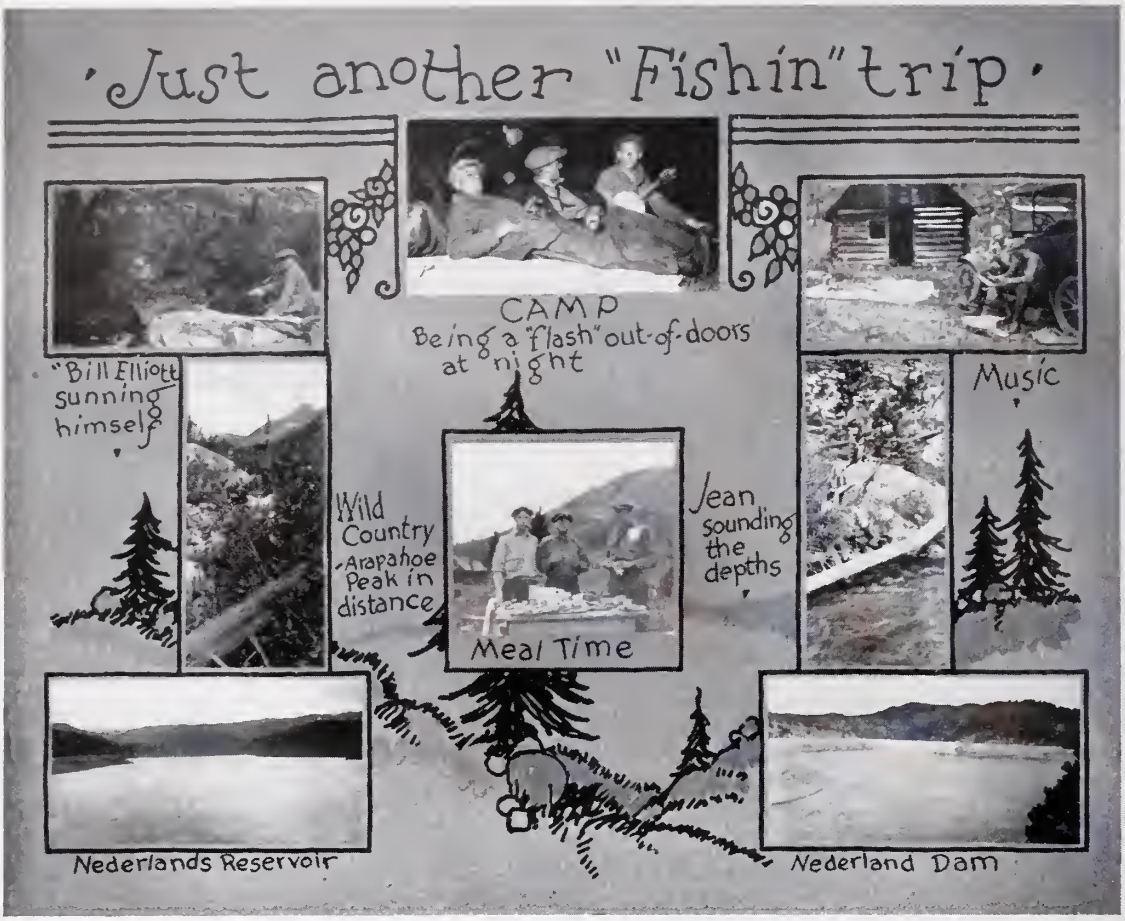
Personals:

Former employes of this department have been heard from as follows: C. B. Osborne and V. J. Hendrickson are now with the Homestake Exploration Company at Great Falls, Montana. Robert Higgins has completed some work in connection with the Moffat tunnel. J. H. Pearson is now under United States Civil Service on coal appraisal work, Income Tax Unit, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C. Harriet Van Nostrand who hiked (and rode) from Denver to Yellowstone and Glacier National Park sailed for Alaska on August 14th and with her sister will hike (and ride) over parts of Alaska.

E. G. Sinclair and E. L. Estabrook of the Casper office called at the Denver office during August.

At the Geologist's bi-weekly luncheon, Midwest geologist lights a cigar; Continental geologist opposite says, "I suppose that is a Midwest cigar?" Answer: "No, its merely a Key West cigar."

At recent luncheons of the Rocky Mountain Association of Petroleum Geologists, M. O. Danford, Vice-President of the Mid-Northern Oil Company spoke very interestingly about the new discoveries and development work on the Sweetgrass Arch near Kevin and Sunburst, and about other development work in Montana; also about the progress of drilling for oil with a Diamond Drill on the Woody Structure near Soap Creek in Montana. Mr. A. K. Barnes of the Legal Department spoke about the relation between the Geologist and the Legal Department. Mr. H. B. Carpenter, the Midwest Road-Oil Specialist, spoke about road oil and asphalt calling attention to the fact that these two articles are now being made at Casper from heavy black oil from the Lander Field in Wyoming.



Another Fishing Trip

There is a difference between going fishing and catching fish. In fact, there used to be in the days prior to the present arid condition of the country. But that has nothing to do with the latest expedition along this line. Sunday morning, August 13th, found four of the Sales Accounting Division members camped in the country along Middle Boulder Creek near the foot of Arapahoe Peak in quest of the illusive—not-to-be-found trout. We had reached our destination the night before, pitched camp, explored the nearby creek, "munched" our supper, and "hit the hay." Here it was morning, and fish yet to be caught, so why EAT. After considerable exertion, "Gene" Illius and "Bill" Elliott landed about a baker's dozen. The rest of us including Olaf Mauldin and the writer didn't score. However, we have alibis. Olie broke his fishing pole and the writer didn't fish. However, we caught a few interesting pictures which are submitted for publication. All of us had a dandy time, and our trip through the historic old mining section of Nederland and Eldora was a mighty interesting one.

Notes From the Stenographic Department

Mrs. Zella Baird is at her desk again after a four weeks' rest at Decker's up the Platte. She tells us that when she was not eating she was sleeping, and vice versa.

Miss Stephens is spending her vacation at home, with occasional day trips to the mountains.

Mrs. A. P. Lutz ("Goldie") is too happy for words these days, occasioned by the fact that she and her husband have just recorded a deed for their new home at 1140 S. Grant. We congratulate them.

Miss Elizabeth Roache has returned from a week's vacation, having taken the first week in March. She reports a quiet, restful time at home. Incidentally we might add that she brought back with her a very beautiful diamond. Mr. Peterson took his vacation at the same time, but we are not implying that this has anything to do with the ring episode.

A box of candy is always welcomed in this department. It not only makes us happy, but it usually indicates that two others are made happy also. The latest event of this kind came as a surprise when we were apprised of the marriage of Mr. A. L. Clark and Miss Blanche Yeomans, which occurred at Idaho Springs Saturday August 19. We wish them all the happiness that this world affords. We wonder who will be the next to take a chance on the matrimonial sea. Well, anyway, it is hard to beat Baur's candy.

We were delighted to receive several calls from Mr. F. J. Kelleher, (excuse please, one "l" only) during his vacation which he spent in Denver. We are always glad to extend the right hand of fellowship to that boy.

Miss Martha J. Burton, who is connected with the department of Animal Husbandry, University of Missouri, at Columbia, Missouri, has been spending three months' leave of absence in Colorado. She has substituted in the legal and stenographic departments here and has made many friends. We regret that she has to leave us.

Miss Mary Waller and Miss Anne O'Donnell spent two weeks at Allen's Park. They took several side trips, among them was a day spent at Longs Peak Inn. The illustration shows Miss Waller making friends with one of the inmates.

Elk Basin Doings

This has been a rather busy month with us and the end is not yet. We have finished well number 11 on Elk 8, but it did not help our production so very much, being pretty light.

We also finished well 13 on Elk 5 and that was better, much better. We also deepened well 4 on Elk 5, with gratifying results. Then we had a fire which consumed a Star machine working on Well 18, Elk 6 and that was no joke.

By the way, what is the difference between a jitney and a Ford? Give it up? Well, one is nickel and the other tin. That's a new one.

Dad Smith has moved his machine right next to the cook house and is drilling well 22 on Elk 6. He steps right off the walk onto the cook house porch and loses no time at his meals.

Loren Lee took his vacation, also his car and spent the time with his folks (and others) at Riverton. Dewey Sandell did likewise and both report having the time of their young lives.

Col. Eddy and family took in the Park and enjoyed it thoroughly.

Homer Biswell has a new Chevrolet and is learning its peculiarities while Doctor Thixton and wife are busy exterminating the rabbits. But "Pard" must live you know and the bunnies are very plentiful hereabouts. The doctor and spouse also took a trip to the coast and what they say about that country is a plenty. In fact they like it out there.

We have lost our old friend Rafferty. He bought him a fruit ranch out near Spokane and raising all kinds of things. Harry McAllister, for a long time our stage driver also has moved to that country and from all reports is doing well.

The Dunhams had a very pleasant party and the house was filled to overflowing with their many friends, who reported "a pleasant time was had by all."

The weather here just now is a very uncertain proposition. It rains when it shouldn't, blows when it hadn't "orter" and in many ways is unreliable and fickle, also disagreeable. It snowed on the mountains the other day and soon we will get ours. It is something to look forward to, but hardly with pleasure.

Our visitors of the month have been numerous. Jack Diehl was with us, strenuous as ever and was so anxious not to be delayed in getting away on his vacation. And do you know what he pulled off? He slipped away and got married in Billings; said never a word to anyone about it and the first we knew of it was when we came across an item in the Billings Gazette announcing the event. We loaned him some fishing tackle but had no idea what he would catch. He also toured the Park with his bride.

We are now starting a well up on top of the world. It is on Tip 2, and will be way up yonder, really at the top of Mormon Hill; also spudding in well 14, on Elk 5, so you see what I remarked about our being busy is a fact. We are changing many of the oil and water lines, preparing for the winter and doing such other jobs as are seasonable at this time.

Paul Hardie is getting rotund, if you know what I mean and seems to like it.

Our friend Roberts of the Gas Plant is no longer one of us. He has moved to Hardin where he has real estate interests and talks of building a hospital. He is a good sport and is missed.

"Mike" Handron left for the east where he will spend his vacation visiting his family and friends 'way back in Pennsylvania and it is quite a trip these days of more or less uncertain train service, but he is old enough to look out for himself.

Hugo Aronson, the "Big Swede" is with us again and you can hear him long before he shows up. He likes to say things—say them often and say them loud. He is some worker and lets you know it. But I am forgetting our visitors.

Knickerbocker paid us a visit, also Sinclair and Mr. Estabrook and we have just seen the dust of a Cadillac which conveyed Mr. Peake and wife on their way to the Park. Of course there may have been others—doubtless were, but that will give you an idea of the kind of angels we entertain, not unawares either.

A word of warning. Don't go into the Prior Reserve with a gun. You may lose it and pay for doing so and those folks have no sense of humor, not at all. Guess they don't care for visitors up that way.

John Lee is happy. Our production has climbed in a gratifying manner and as I have remarked before, that's nuts for John, likewise he smiles. And there was Rader. He is an inquisitive cuss. He goes to a well, takes its temperature, feels its pulse, notes its blood pressure and then tells you what that well is doing or should do. Nice fellow—we all like him and were sorry when he left for parts more or less unknown—to us at least. Hope he will play a return engagement, we were too busy to see all we wished of him.

Well, it's raining again. Guess we had better get in out of the wet, for a month or so.

Big Muddy Notes

First aid demonstrations under the supervision of the U. S. Bureau of Mines are being held in Muddy Field for the benefit of instructing oil field workers in treatment of those requiring first aid. The gymnasium which has just been completed has been set aside for the purpose and no doubt much benefit will result by those attending the lectures and demonstrations.

On Friday Sept. 1st a number of Midwest employees were invited to a dance and social at the Ohio Oil Co. Cookhouse. The occasion being a presentation to Mr. L. Yealey, Superintendent for the Ohio who is leaving Big Muddy to take up new duties for his company in Montana.

On Monday Sept. 4th the Parkerton school house was opened for about two hours so all pupils might report and have their names on the register. The superintendent Mr. Waller informs us that there were 170 pupils at the opening which is slightly better than last year. The gymnasium is now in readiness for indoor games and exercises and will be much enjoyed by the pupils.

Mr. Henry Humphrey, chief clerk at Big Muddy left Saturday Sept. 2 on his vacation during which time he expects to make a tour of the western hemisphere. "Humps" as he is lovingly called here has the well wishes of all that he may enjoy his vacation to the utmost and that we may soon welcome him back and that he may return to us with renewed vigor to again assume his duties in the office.

Field Garage

With the closing of the Chicken season the boys are figuring strong on big game, Mr. Davis having already purchased his high field glass power. Some of the gang can't get away long enough they figure and so they have organized a track team with the hopes of plenty of jack rabbit pie. Altho the boys won't tell how many boxes of shells they have shot, they are sure that they got their share of chicken.

A few of our men are of the good ole country type and one or two are just a little poetic, the other day one of the boys caught a whiff of Alfalfa between drags of acid and smoke and was heard shortly after reciting a poem of his virtuous childhood days. It is as follows as near as we can remember. In case you want the poem in true form and meter stick around the garage during noon hour—history repeats itself—

"He met her in the meadow
When the sun was setting low
And they walked on together
In the twilight afterglow.
She watched him while gallantly
He lowered all the bars,
Her soft eyes bent upon him
As radiant as the stars.
But she neither smiled nor thanked him
For she knew not how (Oh ain't love Grand)
For he was just a Farmer boy
And She—A Jersey Cow."

Fond recollections often inspire us to do great things. The deacon said you get a Ford and then go to Hell and several of our boys have Fords, we never dispute a Deacons word.

One of the boys just returned from a trip in Montana and told about stopping at a certain hotel where he spent some time. This hotel was particularly interesting to Walt, he not having had much experience traveling in northern Montana anyhow. The front of this hotel had U. S. written on it and the rear was in Canada. In the rear of this hotel they had a long counter about four feet high highly polished with a brass rail running parallel with the floor about 8" above the floor, the man behind the bar was named Murphy and was a man of brains and eloquence, his company was sought by many men and his service was in great demand. Walt said he sure did envy Murphy and that he'd sure like to have a position of great responsibility even tho he did have to leave Casper.

Some men are great writers—others write a great deal—one of the latter class visited a wild cat in central Wyoming and looked wise a lot and asked a great many questions that proved that looks don't go for much, returned to his desk and wrote (as the prelude is of little interest we will omit same—) "And at every revolution of the Giant Bull Wheels, the angry bits tore into the bowels of the earth" And hundreds of people whom he might have served, had he stayed at the plow, read and believed that he was a man of broad brain and of great knowledge, and would probably argue that the Walkin Beam is not the factor that controls the bite of the Angry Bit.

Bill Powell strayed from the home pastures with G 72 and a full feed on Sunday August 27, Whitt says he was headed South the last he saw of the pair, we presume that Colorado was his destination, and expect that that country

will be too wild for Bill. At any rate we know he will be glad to get back to Casper on the Platte.

One of the boys tells of the following experience while visiting a few of the M. R. boys at the Denver Office a short time ago. He arrived at the reception room about twenty minutes before lunch time and was introduced to the information girl, (a pleasing little girl of Woodbury complexion and wavy blond tresses) who eyed him with wonder and almost fear, who sighed with relief when he withdrew a clean white handkerchief from his hip pocket, who asked about that wonderland so very far away, where so many men were, who were pleasing in every way, except that they were just a little barbarous, where they struck oil in post holes and didn't need clinging type women to make their world go round. She even asked if it were true that they made sandwiches to correspond with the weather? whose center was of sand and compressed air, that blew said sand in your face when you took a bite, thus making you feel at home. She had heard that they were called Casper Sandwiches. She asked how he could go back to such a place where so much danger lurked, "Why how could he enjoy dating up a native daughter who just couldn't have a nice soft skin. "The Skin You Love To Touch" after spending a few days in the only burg in the world." To which he replied: "The name of that burg is Casper, and it holds some of the finest skins and cooks they ever made." And he didn't roast in Casper.

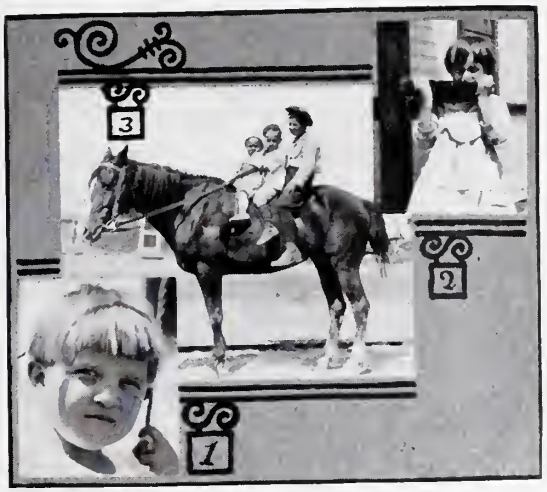
Deep in his heart he forgives her for what she said and inferred for he knows she has never been here, but is looking forward to the time when she will visit our City and feel for herself the vimy atmosphere that cannot be described by mere words. He said Denver is a wonderful place, has wonderful people etc., but that he prefers Casper and if her people would only come and see for themselves instead of taking the word of journeymen they would not think we are still hiding from the Indians. He said that the following would describe his feeling when the little Blond compared Casper to Denver. Mr. Jones of Casper was entertaining Mr. Smith of————every time he pointed out a school, hotel, business block etc. Mr. Smith would say, "Oh that's pretty good but we have one in our city far better built in less time. Finally Mr. Jones wearied and decided to get his mail and take his friend home for lunch. As they came out of the P. O. Mr. Smith said "What's that tall building across the street?" and Jones replied "Derned if I know it wasn't there last night."

We invite the little blond and the other girls of the Denver Office (including the little girl that walks so fast, but not quite fast enough to keep one clear headed coworker from catching her left hand, we're for you—Congratulations, we understand why you were glad to go back to Denver) who have queer ideas about our City to come and see for your self and even to be one of us.

Some of the Causes For Pleasant Home Life in Salt Creek

Son of Elmer C. Rupp, formerly at the Midwest warehouse, and transferred on April 3, 1922 to the Western States Land Company, where he is now field clerk and warehouse man.

The chubby youngster in the picture was six months old at the time the picture was taken and weighed twenty pounds. He was just six hours too late in arriving to be a Christmas present for his dad last year.



No. 1. Helen Shepherd, Dutch Camp, daughter of a Midwest Oiler at No. 1. Station.

No. 2. Virginia Jordan, daughter of James Jordan, cook at Northwestern Camp.

No. 3. Whoa! Carpenter Foreman Bill Miller's main gang: chauffeur Kenneth, Ralph next, and Robert in the rear.

DIFFERENT ANIMALS

Mildred—"I overheard that dear young man telling you I danced like a zephyr."

Ruth—"Zephyr? He said heifer."

Scenery Around Salt Creek

One of the attractive side-trips near Salt Creek is towards the Tisdale Oil Structure. The above shows Tisdale Hot Water Well.

Near Tisdale

How Salt Creek Midwesters spend Sunday afternoons.

Standing and kneeling left to right: Miss Froyd, Miss Davis, John Grant, E. H. Davis and Warren Runkle.

August Drilling Activities

(Continued from page 3)

Lucky Buck No. 2 Well No. 1 deepened from 1125 to 1213 ft. Shot from 1151 to 1187 with 140 qts. Cleaned out to bottom after shot and production increased from 4 to 190 barrels.

On Sept. 1st drilling deeper work was under way on two other wells.

Our Neiber Dome test well, located in this district on SW¼ Sec. 13-45-93 which was 200 feet deep on August 1st, was 800 feet on Sept 1st with 15½ inch easing standing cemented to shut off water which had broken in from sands above. This well was started at the base of Ft. Union formation and four small sands making water were penetrated before the 15½ inch was cemented at 632 feet.

Elk Basin Field: Our production here was furnished from 49 wells during the month, with one new well, No. 13 on Elk Claim No. 5, completed, which started off with a production averaging 65 barrels. Also an excellent new producer was added when well No. 4 on Elk No. 5 was deepened from the First to the Second local sand, resulting in an increase of production from ten to 100 barrels. Three wells were also cleaned out with a good increase in production in two of same, and the work not quite completed the first of the month on the third.

Greybull-Torchlight Fields: In these two fields but 18 wells remain which furnished our production during August—eight in Greybull and ten in Torchlight.

Unterzuber Well No. 4 which had gone to water was plugged and abandoned, the work being completed on the 16th.

R. B. West Well No. 1 in which the producing Greybull sand had for the past several months been paraffined or mudded, so it could not be produced, is now being repaired. The bottom 65 feet of this hole was crooked and casing could not be run down to the top of the sand. Accordingly, the lower part of same was filled with rock, capped with cement, and is now being drilled out in an attempt to straighten and produce well again.

Osage Field: We have eight wells here now that furnished our August production, which was not very large.

Well No. 24 NE¼ Section 24-46-64, being drilled deeper to test Lakota sand, went through the Dakota at 1670 to 1720, obtaining water running over the top. Same was cemented off at 1730 feet August 19th, and on September 1st was shut down awaiting for cement to set.

Well No. 34 E½ NE¼ Section 24-46-64, a gas well which has ceased producing is now being plugged and abandoned.

Midway Test Well No. 2, NE¼ Section 23-35-79. September 1st this well was cemented in 8¼ inch with 150 sacks at 3320 feet. It will stand until Sept. 16th and then be tested to see if water is shut off successfully, and if so, drilling continued in 6¼ inch hole.

Baxter Basin: The crew on this well on NE¼ Sec. 11-17-104 spent the entire month fishing for wire line, tools and underreamer lost in the hole when rig was burned night of July 1st, last. Everything was recovered, however, hole cleaned out, and drilling started Sept. 1st, well being 2205 feet deep at end of that tour.

Crowe Well No. 2 NW¼ Sec. 19-37-85, Notches Field. This hole 950 feet deep on Sept. 1st, and drilling. Getting no surface water, 20 inch was not used, and at about 450 feet an 18 inch hole was started to carry 15½ inch pipe. The Lakota sand was penetrated at 912-938 feet, filling hole with water. Going to drill 975 feet and if no more sand encountered, cement the 15½ inch string at that point.

U. S. Bureau of Mines Preaches First Aid

(Continued from page 2)

a course to fit them for work in gas and smoke and apparatus will be ordered for use at the Gas Plant with these men able to step right in and carry out any rescue or emergency work necessary.

All who attended the First Aid classes for the full five periods, will also receive Government Certificates. This First Aid instruction and work has been effective but is only a starter and already plans are being worked out to keep interest alive and directed along these lines. A First Aid Club is in going order at the Gas Plant and the aim of the Company will be to repeat and extend First Aid instruction to all employees, together with the continual encouragement of extra care in the field work, and the fully equipping of all field work with safety devices and measures, and first aid outfits.

The Midwest men who completed the First Aid courses and Oxygen apparatus classes follow:

FIRST AID CLASS

Salt Creek, Wyo., Aug. 28, 29, 30, 31 and Sept. 1
Afternoon (Midwest Class)

Buck Burch	Franklin G. Scott
James Foy	Gary W. Jones
Joe Shanks	Edward Buddrus
Max Hill	Henry H. Patterson
Kesner L. Long	Truman McCleary
Marvine E. Farlow	C. M. Bailey
Hayes W. Young	Carl A. Renz
Ralph Hendrickson	Elmer G. Husted
Lee M. Cramer	D. J. Sturr
Arthur L. Hayden	Erwin A. Froyd
Lyle C. Garner	John Gerhardt
Gregory S. Powell	W. C. Welch
W. N. Stout	Leslie Snow
Rudolph E. Anderson	Edward A. Flinn, Sr.
Walter S. Walton	A. K. Jensen
A. Clarence Andrews	Dick Reilley
Kenneth Kerr	Ray Freeman
Clarence Jones	Ernest Forth
Dan Trudgen	Leonard Ward
Robert M. Laws	A. J. L. Hutchinson
J. W. Hunter	George Scott
Charles W. Murphy	Fred Brown
Charles E. Fickle	Lee K. Worth
John J. Nance	Welch Harrison
Carl H. Kinney	Harry W. Owen
Edward S. Murray	Kenneth B. Nowels
Dave Lewis	Claude T. Henry
John W. Beckett	John Moyar
George E. Smith	John Schultz
Will E. Breeden	Harry S. Boissert
Clyde S. Sanders	Jarret Law
R. B. Hamilton	Oswell Albright
H. A. Chandler	Carl S. Luedders
M. J. Buford	Worth W. Waldron
Frank K. Borsch	Robert L. Owens

APPARATUS CLASS (Oxygen Apparatus)

Gas Plant September 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

Frank M. Stauffer	Oscar Larson
Elmer E. Jensen	Will E. Breeden
Steve Conrag	John Kossar

FIRST AID CLASS

Salt Creek Consolidated Camp of Midwest
September 4, 5, 6, 7, 8

James R. Doyle	W. L. Wolf
Dan Sooby	Miles G. Robinson
Pete Snyder	Floyd Carter
Harry Briggs	William G. Leach
Frank Blunt	Mike Karpany
William H. Watkins	Ralph Stoltz
Silas B. Tandy	William Millern
E. A. Charpenning	E. D. Cunningham
William R. Payne	Andrew Karpany
Herbert F. Woods	Carl Krueger
Lee Samuels	

FIRST AID CLASS

Salt Creek, Wyoming, August 28, 29, 30, 31 and September 1. Evening Class

(Midwest Class)

William A. Simons	Joe V. Bentley
A. H. Lamont	John Tony
J. G. House	Lyle C. Garner
C. F. Gross	Adam Darling
John M. Ferguson	H. L. Traylor
Max Scully	R. F. Cahill
David D. Ferguson	C. R. Bennett
William Roeschke	John E. Scully
Herbert Petrie	Ralph R. Rogers
Fred Amende	Lyle Platt
Horace A. Bishop	Walter Turk
Russel S. Hallitt	W. C. Anthony
William L. Ferguson	Elmer E. Miles
S. B. Bently	Walter Drake
J. J. Coash	

FIRST AID CLASS

South Camp August 28, 29, 30, 31, and September 1. Morning Class

(Not Midwest Men)

Lloyd Benning	Harry Skinner
Herbert Henton	Michael Turner
Andy Denny	Clinton Pake
Michael Boyce	Fred Walden
Clarence Lano	Sam Buettenback
Ralph Hershey	Charles Hauptman
Jack Thomas	Lillie Denny
Harve McVey	Katherine Russel
Leonard Butler	Mabel Nevels

FIRST AID CLASS

Gas Plant September 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 1922

(Diploma Holders)

Pat Haley	O. Kemp
A. F. O'Malley	H. B. Dass
D. C. Harmon	O. A. Shorteb
C. O. Johnson	H. W. Hamilton
W. E. Ulery	J. A. Parker
D. G. Safford	F. W. Powder
S. S. Smith	William A. Mackem
H. G. Brissenden	Carl Carlson
Alfred Dubs	M. R. Magee
R. Y. Macdonald	J. P. Morrissey
A. Rosengsen	J. F. Jansen
E. E. Jensen	E. Holland
H. H. Ingersell	H. J. Happersett
R. R. Baldum	Joe Fellabaum
R. J. Findley	C. O. Pierson
Harry Hollis	F. E. Stevens
P. Duffy	J. A. Purdin
A. C. Bulson	H. M. Mowrey
John J. Smelser	Frank McKenna
Jens Harkensen	Ross Wentz
Robert Bates	John Monahan
H. A. Yost	S. Caborag
R. A. Gardner	L. M. Paddock
A. E. Larson	G. W. Harris
H. J. Moran	C. G. Bagent
William Carman	A. D. Olson
O. Larson	W. E. Smelser
Geo. W. Harvey	C. C. Cochran

Sampson's Pedigree and Sam's

Last Christmas Mr. E. K. Ballard went down South on his vacation. When he returned he brought back with him a beautiful little bull pup named Sampson. The southern genealogists spent considerable time tracing Sampson's pedigree, as the pedigree was longer than the dog, but finally had all the information run down and the document duly drawn up and forwarded to Denver.

"Here's that pedigree at last," said Elmo. His little boy, who was standing near overheard the remark and asked what a pedigree was.

"A pedigree," explained Papa Ballard, "shows his line of descent."

Shortly thereafter was heard a tremendous explosion, and the hired man Sam, who had been engaged in labors of a mysterious nature in the basement of the house, was seen to shoot through the roof, spoiling all the shingles. His flight through the air was marked by corks and pieces of broken bottles and other debris.

"Oh, papa," said the child, "look at all his pedigree."

To avoid a colorless existence: keep in the pink of condition; do things up brown; treat people white; be well read; get out on the green under the blue as often as possible.

Who's Speaking?

We had our picture took,
Willie and me—
Reading a little book,
Willie and me.
We both have curly hair,
Willie and me—
Ain't we a pretty pair,
Willie and me?
We're truly so deep in love,
Willie and me—
True as the stars above,
Willie and me.
Had summer tarried,
Willie and me—
Would have been married,
Willie and me.
Now it's all over with
Willie and me—
I love a man named Smith,
Willie, not thee!

Out West

Oh! Give me some land
On the bright diamond sand
Where the breezes so often do play;
Where the rain-fall is light
And the sun shines so bright
And the birds sing sweetly all day.
Oh! Give me some ground
Where trout streams abound
And sweetest perfumes fill the air;
Grain fields smile in the sun
And the bees they do hum
Mid profusion of wild flowers so rare.
Oh! Give me a home
Where antelope roam
Where coyotes do howl all the night;
Where the owl and the bat
And the prairie dogs chat
And you have a whole year of sunlight.
Oh! Give me some soil
Where they're drilling for oil
And the Midwest out bid for a lease;
Where rigs may be seen
In valleys so green
And the sound of drills never cease.
Where mountains look down
On prairies and frown
I'd build me a home of the best;
In that wonderful clime
Of golden sunshine
In the glorious land of "Out West."

By Miss Lola H. Ruhl,
Lost Springs, Wyoming.
Age 14 years.

AN ESSAY ON THE FROG

(By a Norwegian Boy.)

What a wonderful bird the frog are;
When he stand he sit, almost;
When he hop, he fly, almost;
He ain't got no sense, hardly;
He ain't got no tail, hardly, either
When he sit, he sit on what he ain't got, almost.

To Be
100%

You Must Be
Able to Give

First-Aid
Treatment

To the Fellow
Who Gets Hurt

Can You
Do It

?

Have You Joined

A FIRST-AID CLASS?

IF NOT DO SO AT ONCE

MAKE IT 50-50

Do Not Accept From the Other Fellow
What You Cannot Give to Him

Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council

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The Only Way Out Is Through

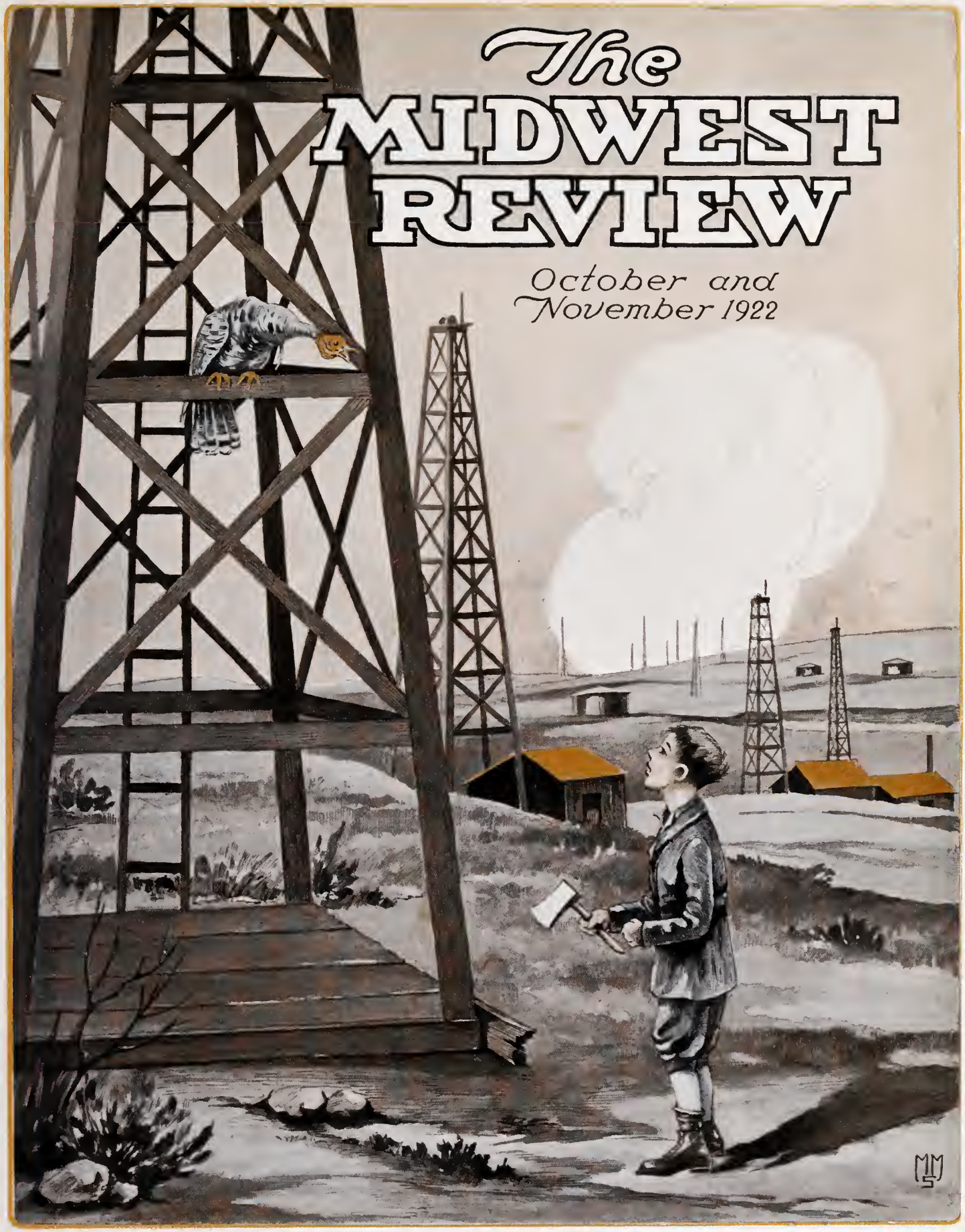
The only way out of a job Bill knew
Was through!
He never once thought of going around
Or tunneling under it, into the ground,
Or turning back—none of these would do.
"The only way out of a job is through";
Said Bill; and—well, he proved that he knew.
"Let's build a derrick and go overhead,"
One said.

"The job is wrongly shoved on us;
It rightly belongs to the other cuss.
Let's slide right by and leave it flat."
But Bill with a grin said, "None of that!
It isn't my job by rights, 'tis true.
But the surest way out of a job is through"—
Whatever they put on Bill, he'd do.
Bill learned a lot that none other knew,
Going through.

Jobs hunted Bill up and got in his way
Till it even affected the poor boy's pay!
And the others said: "Just watch that duck—
Some stupid fellows have all the luck!"
But luck had never a thing to do
With Bill's success, for the head guys knew
Bill's only way out of a stint was through.

Now they call him "Boss," those others do;
And you,
If you for your motto will take old Bill's
And use your several brains and wills
And look less oft at the office clock,
Will soon have boosted your personal stock
Till the "luck" of Bill may be your "luck" too.
Remember his came because he knew
"The best way out of a task is through."

—*Strickland Gillilan.*



Published for

Vol. 3 *The Midwest Family* No. 10

by MIDWEST REFINING CO.

This "Bird" Wears 'em
on His FOREHEAD-
WHERE DO YOU
WEAR YOUR GOGGLES?

This Fellow Wears
'em on His EYES -
WHERE DO YOU
WEAR YOUR GOGGLES?

The Midwest Review

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On another page in this issue of the magazine, appears an artiele outlining the building up of one of the institutions of whieh the Midwest Refining Company, and ineidentally, the whole Midwest Family, is exeeedingly proud. That is the Salt Creek Gas Plant. The artiele tells in detail how this wonderful plant has been developed; how it started from a tiny little by-produet affair and grown until today it is the largest plant of its kind in the world. But the artiele does not tell of the deep interest, the hard work, and elose attention to every little detail, the almost daddy-like eare whieh has been bestowed upon this plant by A. W. Peake, W. R. Finney and the plant superintendent, A. C. Andrews. And ineluded with them should by right be ineluded every loyal worker in the ranks at the plant. The gentlemen above, however, have been largely instrumental in building,equipping and sueecssfully operating the coneern, and their suecess only goes to show how whole-hearted interest and hard work and being on the job will win out. The Family eompliments them.

We eannot refrain from throwing an editorial bouquet to L. L. Beehtel, superintendent for the eompany at Grass Creek. Mr. Beehtel, as stated in another eolumn, has planted trees on his main street, and has gotten them to growing in good shape. Mr. Beehtel is among those in the Midwest organization, who appreeiate the fact that the business of getting the oil out of the ground, isn't all there is to his job as an executive of the Company.

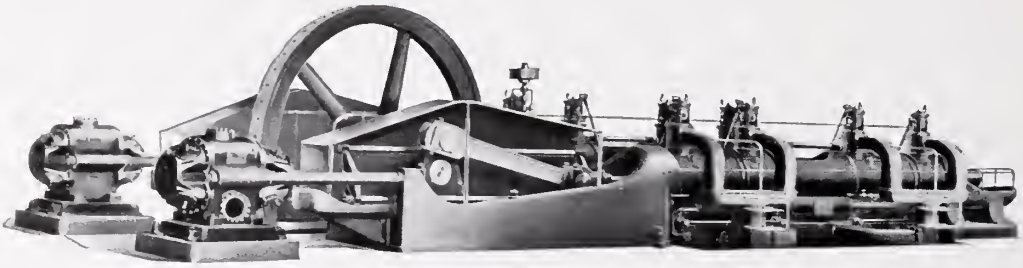
Having had some experienee in the war business in Franee, we are going to prediet that some of the fellows out at the Gas Plant who have had similar experienee, are going to have a hard time to keep from grabbing the new gas masks there when the cook whangs the old triangle for meals. These old vets will want to eonsider it a gas alarm.

Now give us a lift with our next number—our Christmas edition of the Review. We always like to get out a real number at Christmas time, and we must have your eooperation. See what you can do for us in the way of news in each field. Get us in some real Christmas stuff from each field, and get it in to us early. By early, we mean not later than Deeember 1. We must have it by that time if we are going to get out the number in time for before-Christmas delivery. See what you ean do to help us out. Don't put it off.

The Review through its editorial columns, would like to express the sineere appreeiation of the Casper Offiee and other Casper employes of the Midwest, to the Company for its delightful Halloween Party, given Oetober 31, in the Masonie Hall, in Casper. The Company was the host, and a jolly bunch of employes were the guests. It is such courtesies as this, on the part of the Company, that assist in the promotion of the spirit of good will. The eompany afforded this delightful event through the intereession of Mr. R. S. Ellison.

Well, here's hoping that Thanksgiving will find every Midwesterner sitting down to his annual turkey dinner and feeling that spirit of thankfulness which all of us should feel. Beeause we all of us, even those who feel that fate or something else, has not treated them as kindly as they hoped, have a great deal to feel thankful for. Being alive and able to work, is something, you know.

Development of Salt Creek Gasoline Recovery Plants



Cooper Twin Tandem gas engine direct connected to Cooper gas compressors.

After a trip thru the Mid-Continent fields, viewing gasoline from gas plants and personally talking to the leading men in this industry, it would only be fair that the followers of this fascinating game should know what the Midwest Refining Company has accomplished in this line.

The Salt Creek Field, Natrona County, Wyoming, being located far away from other fields and forty miles from Casper, the nearest railroad point, has presented rather a problem in constructing and operating gasoline plants due especially to severe winter weather, lack of good roads and shortage of water.

Early in 1916, the Midwest Company realized that conservation of the gas in the Salt Creek Field was the only course to follow so they secured the services of A. W. Peake, who had already had experience in designing and constructing of gasoline plants in the California field. After a careful survey, he built the first plant during 1917, meeting many almost unsurmountable obstacles naturally encountered in a new field. He was especially hampered in the transportation of heavy machinery and other heavy material over the sometimes muddy and rough country roads.

The first plant, now known as No. 1, located on Section 36, Twp. 40, Range 79, consists of six, 16x8x16 laidlow, two stage compressors, belt driven by six, 165 h. p. Bessemer gas engines. This was originally built as a two stage compression plant running at 250 lbs. Standard practice was followed in the cooling coils, accumulators and storage tanks. Two, 9x18x16x16 expanders were installed for the refrigeration of the gas. The plant was started January 1, 1918, and after a few operating difficulties has been running smoothly ever since.

The main problem was to get this product into Casper and Peake built a forty mile, 3″ welded line even against the advice of many old time pipe liners. This has proven a decided success and this practice has been followed by other companies in different parts of the country. As pumping this gasoline under 500 lbs. pressure and receiving it at Casper in open tanks gave a very heavy evaporation loss, it was soon decided that a Topping plant in the field to make blending naphtha would be necessary. Standard tub stills were erected and a stable grade of naphtha taken from the crude which, when mixed with the raw casinghead, gave a fairly stable blend and reduced all handling losses.

During all of the early campaign, Peake was assisted by J. E. Cullen, who on his return from the army was made Superintendent of the refinery then being constructed at Laramie. His place in the Gas Department was taken by W. R. Finney, who had worked under Peake in California and had also worked for the Empire Companies at Bartlesville, Oklahoma, designing and constructing absorption and compression plants.

During the summer of 1919, three units were added to the No. 1 plant. As the production gradually increased, the Top-

ping plant was enlarged and during the development of the field more booster stations for transporting gas to the main plant were added.

During 1920, another plant was built known as No. 2. This has nine, 165 h.p. Bessemers, driving nine, 16x8x16 Ingersoll-Rand compressors. At this time, additional cooling coils were added for the Nos. 1 and 2 plants and several 30″ x 35″ blending towers installed. The use of these replaced the need of additional refrigeration. This plant started January 1, 1921, and brought the capacity up to ten million cu. ft. per day. As the second Wall Creek sand had been developed meanwhile in the field, furnishing more gas for handling, the extraction was considerably increased. In keeping with the large plant, the camp was extended by adding new office, warehouse, men's club house, laboratory and residences for the operating force. As the field continued to develop and the old wells proved to be long lived producers, it was decided in the fall of 1921 once more to increase the capacity of this central plant. Before beginning the extension of the compressor plant, it was decided to make extensive improvements in the main camp. A boarding house capable of seating two hundred men was built, also bakery, refrigerating house, pipe and machine shop, a main bunk house and cottages, all of these being necessary to the isolated location.

At this time the enlargement of compressor capacity was made to provide for an additional ten million cu. ft. per day, with plans laid for increasing this unit up to forty million cu. ft. per day, if necessary. Three, 21½ x 36 Twin Cooper engines, direct connected to 15 x 32, two stage compressors were installed. These units each have a capacity of nearly four million each. This brought the capacity of the 1, 2 and 3 units up to approximately twenty million cu. ft. To reduce the fire hazard, they are all under separate buildings but located on the same twenty acres and arranged conveniently around the camp.

As the plant called for more electricity and the Producing and Pipe Line Departments were in a position to use current, a 700 K. W. power plant was installed. This consisted of two, 300 h.p. Stirling boilers, one 500 h.p. Allis-Chalmers turbine and one, 200 h.p. Ames Uniflow engine, with Worthington condensers and pumps and Westinghouse switch board. This power plant was built in the most severe winter weather and was put in operation in April 1922. With this power available the compression plant was built to use motor driven pumps and other auxiliary machinery which has proven advantageous.

Construction of No. 3 Cooper plant was started January 10, 1922, and follows the same practice as the other units, being 250 lbs. compression, water cooling and naphtha blending in the 30″ x 35′ towers. To allow the central plant to run full capacity, the gas collecting system was enlarged until it consists of fourteen different booster stations with the necessary gas lines, these booster stations being scattered throughout the field and are equipped with 80 h.p. Bessemer engines, type eight units, direct connected and single stage compressor cylinders. With the increased production of the Cooper plant, it was necessary to build another line to Casper, same being a four inch line, forty miles long, welded solid without gates or expansion joints. This line is buried and was completed in all details in less than six weeks. With the four inch line in service, it made it possible to use the old three inch to pump naphtha from the Casper Refinery so that the Topping plant was discontinued. The plant as now operating handles twenty million cu. ft. of gas per day and will average four gallons per thousand so it is doubtful if there are any other plants in the country that make more gasoline per day.

The necessity of making a sweet product was taken care of by the installation of a treating plant and with the well equipped laboratory, it has been possible to deliver a good product to the refinery in Casper. Much credit is due the research laboratory for the general progress in the entire development of this plant as they have been responsible for developing many things that have reduced the operating troubles and expenses. A sand filter from natural rock is used for clearing up off color gasoline, chloride of lime is used in the sweetening plant, continuous rec-

(Continued on page 25)

New Welded Line From Salt Creek to Casper

By H. A. Yost, Welding Foreman

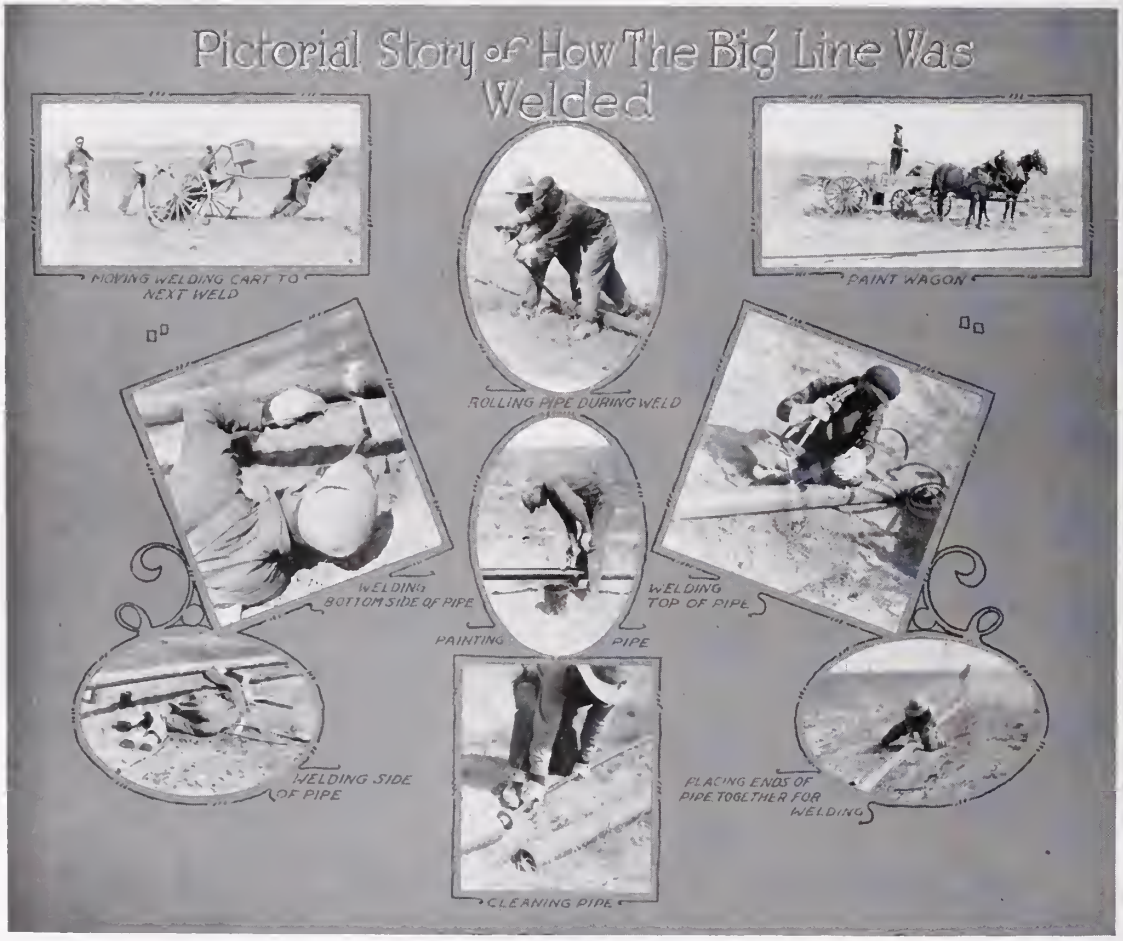
In preparation for the increase in production of casing head gasoline from the new compression plant in Salt Creek, a new four inch welded line was laid from Salt Creek to Casper.

Forty miles of extra heavy pipe, capable of standing pressure of 1,200 pounds, was used in its construction. In order to reduce the number of joints, this pipe was ordered in forty foot lengths, and chamfered on the outside to facilitate the welding.

It was necessary to rig special frame work on the trucks which strung this pipe along the line. As will be noticed in the accompanying illustration, the pipe overhung the truck on both ends for considerable distance. The stringing was completed well in advance of the welding, in order that there would be no delay, after the actual work of pipe laying was started.

The welding began in the forepart of April at the Gas Plant, working toward Casper. On the 19th of April the work had progressed southward far enough to warrant the erection of a line camp, which consisted of five bunk tents, two sheep wagons which were used as kitchen and dining room, a trailor which served as an additional dining room and a second trailor which carried a water tank to furnish the supply of fresh water for use in the camp. The crew consisted of about thirty-five men: welders, welder's helpers, painters, truck drivers and teamsters.

In order to facilitate transportation the


Pictorial Story of How The Big Line Was Welded
MOVING WELDING CART TO NEXT WELD
PAINT WAGON
ROLLING PIPE DURING WELD
WELDING BOTTOM SIDE OF PIPE
WELDING TOP OF PIPE
PAINTING PIPE
WELDING SIDE OF PIPE
PLACING ENDS OF PIPE TOGETHER FOR WELDING
CLEANING PIPE

Personnel of the Welding Crew
WELDERS HELPERS, PAINTERS AND TESTERS
H. A. YOST
FOREMAN IN CHARGE OF WELDED LINE CONSTRUCTION
CHIEF COOK AND HELPER
A.C. BURGESS ASSISTANT TO YOST IN CHARGE OF TESTING
CREW OF WELDERS WHO WERE ON THE LINE AT THE FINISH, LEFT TO RIGHT STANDING, BURGESS, A.C., BURGESS, MORRIS WESTBY, FINLAYSON, SITTING LEFT TO RIGHT SHACKLEFORD, PEDEN, SHAW, CAMPBELL
WELDING CREW WHO WORKED ON LINE FROM START TO FINISH LEFT TO RIGHT MORRIS, CAMPBELL, SHAW FINLAYSON, WESTBY.
R.G. WESTBY WHO DID NOT HAVE A LEAK IN ENTIRE LINE HE WELDED

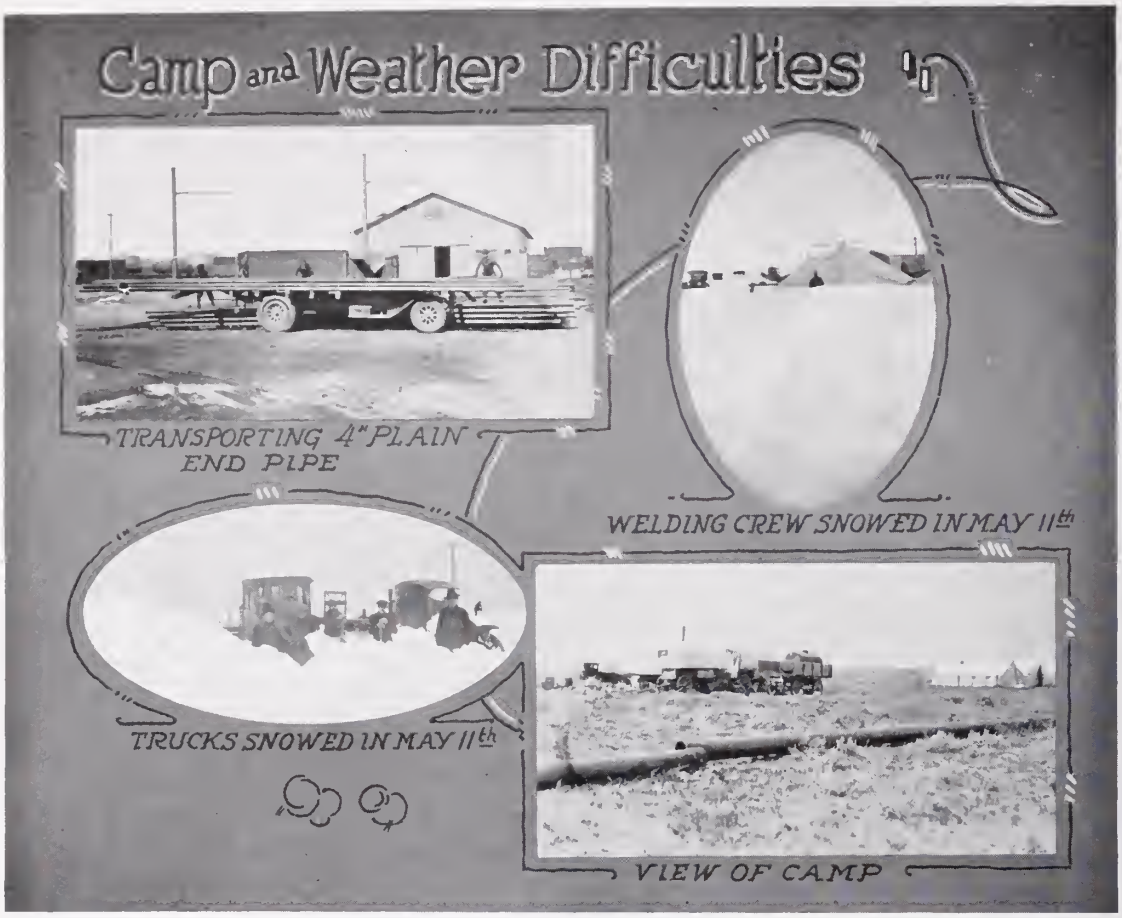
gas and oxygen tanks light were mounted on two-wheeled earts rendering them very mobile. The equipment was of the Oxweld type.

The pipe lengths were welded into sections of approximately 1,700 feet, and these seetions were then joined together by overhead welding. Rapid progress was made, laying an average of over a mile a day. At the eompletion of every additional five miles of line, a gate was welded on and an air pressure of 350 pounds turned into the line to eheck for leaks. The inspeetion was eondueted by A. C. Burgess who, with his helpers, tested eaeh joint, painting it with soap suds to deteet eseaping air. The painters followed the inspeetors and eoated the pipe with a heavy preparation of ereosote before it was laid in the diteh.

Progress was such that it was neeessary to move eamp every five or six days, pushing on toward Casper and making good time until the big snow of May 10 whieh bloeked all progress. Twenty-three miles of line had been welded up to that time, and the eamp was located on the Teapot road at Twenty Mile Hill. The snow literally buried the eamp and the boys had to shovel their way out of their tents. Work was suspended for about eight days, and it was neeessary for all hands to turn out and rustle fuel, whieh eonsisted of sage brush and sueh wood as eould be found, in order to hold out until trueks eould get through from Casper with eoal and supplies.

Work was started again on the 17th of May, progressing rather slowly on aeeount of ground and weather eonditions. As the air warmed up and the ground dried out, operations speeded up aeeordingly, and the line reaehed the Refinery in Casper on the 2nd day of June and reeeived its final air pressure test and was put into operation at onee.

The diteheing had been previously eompleted and was ready for the line whieh


Camp and Weather Difficulties
TRANSPORTING 4" PLAIN END PIPE
WELDING CREW SNOWED IN MAY 11th
TRUCKS SNOWED IN MAY 11th
VIEW OF CAMP

was thrown in as fast as the welding permitted. In all, a very creditable showing was made, and had the weatherman treated us more kindly, a record for pipe laying would have been established.

To one not accustomed to this line of work, it might seem, in passing, that pipe liners lead a lonely life, but it was not so in our camp, as the evenings were made pleasant by boxing, base ball, pitching horseshoes and other games too numerous to mention. It was with considerable regret that the last camp was broken up and the boys realized that their companionship of the last few weeks had come to an end, and that the good grub which Charlie Baker had served up for them, was to be food for their memory only.

Holmes is Superintendent

Joseph A. Holmes, who has been a member of the Midwest Family for about two years now, working in various fields and in Casper points, including the office, has been made superintendent for the Midwest at Baxter Basin, and has already taken up his new duties. Mr. Holmes for the past few months has been in the Grass Creek field. He was captain in the army during the late unpleasantness, is a splendid chap, and will be well liked in his new location.

Esmay to Montana

Wayne E. Esmay, who has been in Utah for the Exploration Department for the past several months, has been transferred to Hardin, Montana, and is in charge of a test well in that section for the Company. Esmay is one of the substantial workers with the Midwest, was formerly stationed in the Salt Creek field, and has had lots of all around experience.

"I've got that down Pat," said Mrs. Flanigan, as she gave her son a dose of castor oil.

September Drilling Activities

Salt Creek Field: Twelve producing wells, all in the Second Wall Creek Sand, were completed by the Midwest Refining Company in Salt Creek Field, during September, 1922. One of the new wells, namely, Midwest Oil Company, 16-A SW¼ Sec. 11-40-79, tested 17 barrels so, under existing regulations providing that all wells with initial test of less than 75 barrels are entitled to shooting, will be shot before turning over to the Pipe Line Department for three days test and connection with main delivery line.

The first 24 hour production of the 12 wells, according to field gauge was 11,264 barrels. Two of the wells were shut in temporarily.

The Company, during the month operated 15 days or more, for production purposes, 339 wells. There was, on October 1st, including new wells completed by outside companies, entitled to produce, 524 wells, as a total for all companies in the field. On October 1st we were drilling and carrying as locations to be drilled, 75 wells. On September 20th it was agreed at a meeting of the various Salt Creek producers, that all drilling operations in the field are to be suspended on December 1, 1922 until May 1, 1923. A committee of seven was appointed to pass upon starting of any new tests and settle any controversies that may arise.

At the beginning of the month we were at work on cleaning out and repairing ten old wells. When the agreement was reached that drilling be suspended December 1st, all crews employed on old wells were transferred to new drilling wells, except three, in order that we might complete all wells recently or newly located that we are entitled to produce if completed in time.

Big Muddy Field: Two wells completed in Big Muddy Field during September, Whiteside No. 3, Well No. 6, with initial production of 80 barrels, and Whiteside No. 4, Well No. 3, with initial production of 50 barrels. Thus, on October 1st, with all the wells producing the month before still on the list, the Company was obtaining production from 131 wells. Five strings of tools were going October 1st, and it was decided to finish that amount of wells during the winter and also drill new wells. R. B. Whiteside No. 52 and 53 thru the Shannon Sand, this Fall, cement off water at that point, and shut down until next Spring. Another well, Barber No. 2, was plugged and abandoned during the month, such work being completed on September 22nd. Two more that have gone to water are still standing in cement and on the third, Padden No. 2, we started pulling casing to abandon on September 23rd.

We completed cleaning out three old wells during the month, one of which, R. B. Whiteside No. 51, was shot with 100 quarts of nitroglycerine in the First Wall Creek. The usual increase in production resulted, with a specially noticeable increase in the case of the well shot.

A. E. Humphrey No. 33 was deepened from 3184′ to 3246′, shot from 3125′ to 3221′ with 15 quarts and from 3103′ to 3117′ with same amount. Production was thereby increased from 5 to 74 barrels daily average.

Grass Creek Field: No new wells drilled or started in this field in September. We had 79 Midwest wells furnishing production and 32 of the Mutual Oil Company, for whom we are operating there. Two new wells were drilled deeper through the sands below, with results as follows:

Meeteetse No. 7 Well No 11, deepened from 744′ to 955′, shot with 20 quarts, production increased from 0 to 37 bbls.

Ridgley No. 10, deepened from 880′ to 1040′, shot from 967 to 987 with 40 quarts, production increased from 6 to 86 barrels.

No further drilling deeper work will be done during the winter months, and both the Ohio and the Midwest Refining Company, who are the only operators in the field, decided to suspend drilling deeper work until next Spring.

Nieber Dome: Our Nieber Dome Test Well, located in Grass Creek district, on SW¼ Sec. 13-45-93, which was cemented in 15½″ casing Sept. 1st, was drilled out and on testing found water not successfully shut off. Decided to re-cement 15½″. On October 1st crew was making preparations to do work for the second time.

Elk Basin Field: Our production came from 52 wells here during the month, with

two new wells completed. The first well, No. 8 on Elk No. 7, finished on September 14th, tested 40 barrels daily, and the other well, No. 22 on Elk No. 6, finished Sept. 25th, proved to be a small 15 barrel producer. One other well in the field proper, No. 14 on Elk 5, was drilling on the first, being 1770' deep. Three other wells located last July for this year's program, will not be drilled until next Spring, as it was decided to postpone commencement through the Fall and winter period. However, under requirements of three Government permits, located on edge of present producing area, which were recently received, arrangements were made to start a deep test well on Elk No. 11 claim, and a depth of 500' for the present, that on Tip No. 2 to 500' and perhaps deeper this Fall; on Tip No. 7 will make grade and move on timbers as a start on first well location there.

Three old wells were cleaned out and put in better condition with a marked increase in two of same and a small increase in the other.

Greybull-Torchlight Field: Eighteen wells, or the same number as existed in August, continued to furnish our production during September.

R. B. West No. 1, which was found to have been straightened after drilling out cement, was tested on beam September 20th obtaining less than one barrel of oil and has furnished no production since. Hole apparently caving badly around bottom liner. We will test further before deciding to abandon. Another well, Stonepoint No. 3, will be cleaned out before cold weather sets in, then all cleaning out work will be suspended until next Spring.

Osage Field: The eight remaining wells here furnished a daily average production of about 19 barrels during the month.

It was decided to surrender our acreage there and abandon all wells, except new water well in Dakota Sand on Section 24, dispose of our material and camp, leaving a representative there for the purpose of cleaning up our remaining material and to handle oil purchases from outside companies.

Well No. 24 NW¼ Sec. 24-46-64 in which we cemented off water in the Dakota Sand August 19th, resumed drilling September 4th and obtained more water in the Lakota Sand at 1774' to 1845', with a nine foot break of sandy shale at 1783 to 1792. Flow estimated at 3000 barrels daily. Encountered the Sand September 7th, drilled through it to 1852' and well now standing to be either sold as water well or abandoned.

Midway Test Well No. 2 NE¼ Sec. 23-35-79. On October 1st this well was carrying 6¼" casing at 3485', and water was found successfully shut off in 8¼" casing at 3320'.

Baxter Basin Field: NE¼ Sec. 11-17-104 On September 6th encountered the Second Wall Creek Sand at 2392' with gas pressure starting off at about 1,000,000 cu. ft. daily and increasing to about 2,000,000 cu. ft. at 2400'. Arrangements made to mud in this sand on Sept. 13th and balance of the month, after several days wait for mud hog pump has been spent in connecting up same and starting mudding process.

Crowe Well No. 2 NW¼ 19-37-85, Notches Field. Progress was slow on this well during forepart of the month as the result of a couple of short fishing jobs, shut down for repairs to band wheel and badly caving hole. However, on September 20th started to run in a string of 15½" casing, and cemented same thru the Dakota Sand on September 25th. Same will be allowed to set for two weeks before drilling is resumed.

Herriman to Mid-Northern

Tommy Herriman, formerly chief clerk in the Osage Field, has been transferred to Winnett, Mont., the Cat Creek Field, and is now with the Mid-Northern Company. Tommy has many friends in the Casper Office where he formerly worked.

Elk Basin Paints Up

The painting force recently finished painting a large number of small houses and other buildings in the Elk Basin Field. Tar paper houses were given coats of paint, first being securely battened down with new battens, and are now ready for the winter. Superintendent Eddy has recently dragged his streets and they present a good appearance.

Woman Truck Driver Marries

Miss Young and Her Husband

In the September number of the American Magazine, there was an artiele in the section devoted to interesting people, regarding Miss Mable Young, The "Woman truek driver."

Miss Young has worked in and around Casper for several months, and we have come to know her very well and are glad that one of our out of the way sections of the country has received the eredit that is due. We did not give Miss Young's exploits any undue notoriety because it is an aeeepted faet that a poet is not without honor except in his own home town. In this artiele devoted to praising Miss Young the elosing words were regarding her matrimonial prospeets. She was quoted as saying "that she did not give marriage any undue thought, but knew that when the right man eame along she would be glad to put to use her knowledge of cooking and housekeeping."

This artiele is written to announce that Miss Young has found the "right man." He is embodied in Mr. Harley Mathews, a truckdriver in the employ of the Midwest Refining Co. He is known to the Salt Creek field as "Hoeks."

Mr. Mathews and Miss Young were married on August 20th, in the city and eounty of Denver. They tried to keep the marriage a seeret, but murder will out. So Hoeks passed the cigars, and received the joshing that was eoming to him.

We, the employees at the Casper Storage Yard join in wishing them all the joys and pleasures of life. And hope that like all love stories their life together may be "and they lived happy ever after."

Crude Oil, $10.40 Barrel

Before pipe lines were put into general use, a plank road nsed to haul erude was built from Titusville, Pa. to Pithole in 1866. Following is cost of one barrel oil shipped to New York at that time:

Government tax	$ 1.00
Barrel	3.25
Teaming, Pithole to Titusville	1.25
Freight, Titusville to N. Y.	3.65
Cooperage & platform expense	1.00
Leakage	.25
	$10.40

First Aid at the Casper Storage Yard

During the early part of September, Mr. Gavin, one of the instructors of the Bureau of Mines, of the Department of Interior, spent a few days instructing the employes at this point into the lost art of applying First Aid.

The classes were well attended, and the great good was appreciated. At the last meeting or class, a permanent organization perfected so that the good work that was started could be carried on. The need for the continuation of this work could be seen. So much was shown in so short a time that to be able to apply First Aid correctly, it would be necessary for additional practice.

At a meeting held at the Casper Storage Yard on September 12th this group of employees decided upon a definite course or line of work. The course was divided into three sections, one section each week. Teams were organized and were assigned to the work that would be expected of them.

The interest in this work is very keen, as we have had an average of 40 at the classes. To keep the interest up to the peak, a committee was appointed to arrange entertainment for the members of the First Aid Society. We contemplate a very enjoyable time this fall and winter.

First Aid Classes

First Aid classes are flourishing at Salt Creek Gas Plant, Big Muddy and Casper. At the Gas Plant, they are conducted under the auspices of the "High Test Club," a new organization. Classes are held two or three evenings a week and a great deal of interest is taken in them. The classes in Big Muddy are held weekly and are going fine. Every Tuesday evening at the Storage Yard in Casper, the teams get together and tie each other up.

In due course of time we will have First Aid artists scattered throughout the entire organization. In the last issue of the Review, we published the names of the First Aid graduates in Salt Creek. We have recently received from the Bureau of Mines the lists of Casper and Big Muddy graduates. When you get hurt go to one of these and get fixed up. Here they are:

Trained at Casper, Wyo., Sept. 11-15, 1922

Tracy N. Shaw, Safety Mgr.
Jay Dolph, Inspector
W. J. Corbridge, Time Keeper
Chester M. Miller, Truck Driver
Charles O. Wyn, Truck Driver
H. D. Nichols, Truck Driver
Geo. A. Gunderson, Electrician
Evan Evans, Machinist
Chas. E. Van Stone, Machinist
R. L. Crockett, Still man (Standard Oil)
Otto Franklin, Warehouse man
Chas. Kear, Truck Driver
Raymond V. Cushman, Truck Driver
Harry Foard, Laborer
Wm. Hougham, Laborer
E. L. Slater, Laborer
Thomas Mills, Laborer
Elmer Inman, Laborer
James M. Kelly, Laborer
Ray C. Bowman, Laborer
Chas. Kubler, Checker
Abraham Decker, Laborer
Don Saunders, Laborer
John M. Saunders, Gang Foreman
Geo. L. Goodrich, Laborer
Wm. Sherrod, Laborer
Thomas S. Daley, Warehouse man
Sidney A. Wilson, Laborer
Ross E. Scribner, Truck Driver
Thomas P. Counts, Checker
Frank R. Butler, Truck Driver
Bernard F. Fehlman, Accountant
Miss Ninetta Davis, Geologist
Miss Gladys Johnson, Clerk
Miss Cornelia Meier, Clerk
Chas. White, Blacksmith
Robert S. Ellison, Vice President
Anthony G. Fidell, Ass't. Gen. Mgr.
Lewis A. Robinson, Truck Foreman
Edward J. Treglown, Chief Clerk
Thomas B. Virgne, Foreman
Geo. Jacques, Foreman
Claude Prewitt, Truck Driver
Leo Wiloth, Laborer
Clair A. St Louis, Truck Driver
Elbert T. Stewart, Truck Driver
Chas. A. Scott, Truck Driver
Chas. A. Richardson, Laborer
Guy Campbell, Laborer
Jacob W. Ruby, Mechanic
Lee Hale, Fireman
John I. Hale, Fireman
Wm. J. Bryant, Laborer
Wm. Ramsey, Laborer
James A. McBurney, Foreman
John McKendry, Checker
Barton D. Rabun, Laborer
John T. Brown, Laborer
Perry Arner, Foreman
Frank Evensizer, Laborer
Harry Middough, Laborer
John H. Bunce, Laborer
Emory N. Bowman, Clerk
Harry E. Moss, Clerk
Albert L. Allen, Warehouseman
Edger N. Davis, General Helper
Edger W. Davis, Superintendent
Ambrose Donko, Mechanic
Ben Hamill, Chauffeur
James Henning, Mechanic
Bert Landon, Welder
Wm. D. Luke, Mechanic
Carl McCormick, Mechanic
Eugene S. Martin, Watchman
Harry Paulson, Mechanic
Leo F. Ressguire, Mechanic
Geo. A. Sullivan, Blacksmith
Everett C. Whittenburgh, Garage Man
W. J. Parker, Chief Clerk
James B. Davis, Stillman Helper (Standard)
Vann Chambers, Stillman Helper (Standard)
R. L. Crockett, Stillman Helper (Standard)
Richard M. Hubbell, Steam Fitter (Standard)
James F. Hook, First Aid Man (Standard)
C. W. Anderson, Chemist (Standard)
N. B. Loden, Stillman (Standard)
Albert Johnson, Clerk (Standard)
Chas. P. Ames, Engineer (Standard)
Chas. M. Strickler, Foreman (Standard)

J. Latto, Laborer (Standard)
Nathan L. Cox, Warehouse man (Inland)
Walter Drake, Expert Driller (Bureau of Mines)
Elmer E. Miles, Gauger (Bureau of Mines)

Midwest Oil and Refining Co., Employees given First Aid Training at Parkerton, Wyo.—Sept. 11-15, 1922.

G. A. Barron, Laborer
F. E. Anderson, Machinist
Elmer E. Klahr, Superintendent
Chas. G. Scott, Tool Pusher (Ohio)
H. A. Stewart, Laborer
Elmer A. Anderson, Carpenter
Henry Heasler, Connection Foreman
Robert S. Vidler, Truck Foreman.
F. D. Broadbent, Laborer
C. F. Breed, Carpenter (Ohio)
Alton Harmon, Machinist (Ohio)
Duncon C. Stewart, Carpenter (Texas)
J. A. Sterling, Laborer (Texas)
J. L. Waller, Supt. of Schools (County)
Lucia R. White, School Teacher (County)
Gordys White, School Teacher (County)
Mary Olive Blaney, Daughter of Laborer (Midwest)
Alice Thomas, Daughter of Laborer (Midwest)
Joyce Scott, Daughter of Tool Pusher (Ohio)
Hattie Scott, Wife of Tool Pusher (Ohio)
Lyle Scott, Son of Tool Pusher (Ohio)
Mary Moore, Daughter of Driller (Midwest)
Esther Klahr, Daughter of Supt. (Midwest)
Sarah Klahr, Daughter of Supt. (Midwest)

New Three Room Houses

View of new row of three room houses at Salt Creek Home Camp. Buildings similar to the above are being constructed at

Dutch Camp, Salt Creek Consolidated and Canadian Camps for Midwest Employees. Altogether about sixty were finished the past summer.

Parkerton School Carnival

The Parkerton gymnasium was likened to the people's festival in the days of ancient Babylon which opened up with all its glory and din on the evening of Oct. 20th. The carnival was a great event and had been arranged at the school by the teachers and pupils. Every effort was made by the willing workers and their reward was the great success of the event. Over three hundred dollars was taken in during the evening.

The great Wortham Shows did not have a thing on the event in the way of side shows.

Two cakes were disposed of during the evening by bids; one being for the most popular girl and the other for the homeliest man of Parkerton. Miss Esther Klahr proved to be the winner in the contest for the most popular young lady of our fair village—winning by a large and decisive score. However in the second contest the competition was more keen, being a close contest between Tom Gifford our deep well driller of A. E. Humphrey 32 fame, Henry Humphrey and M. E. Diamond. Gifford and Humphrey however cast votes for themselves being eager for the honor. Gifford however won—but there are others in the field who might have given him a close race had they been entered.

Creating a Surplus

An automobile owner installed a carburetor that was guaranteed to save twenty per cent on fuel. Then he put in special plugs that were guaranteed to save twenty per cent. Then he added an intake super-heater that was guaranteed to save twenty per cent. He next added a special rear axle that was also guaranteed to save twenty per cent. He put on high-pressure "cords" that promised a twenty-per-cent saving. And now with a fuel economy of 120 per cent he has to stop every hundred miles and bail fuel out of his gas-tank to keep it from running over!—Exchange.

Salt Creek Schools Growing

The Salt Creek School organization, under Superintendent William Sinclair, tho crowded and lacking some facilities for complete efficiency is doing splendid work. Pupils at Home camp now total over three hundred and at the new South camp schools there are over one hundred enrolled.

A new teacher has been added to the Home camp primary department due to the presence of more little tots than could be taken care of in one room. This now makes a teaching force of nine in the two Home camp buildings, the Wilson and Lewis Schools. Three teachers are at South Camp and one each at the Glenrock-Carter, and West Ohio Camp Schools.

Geologists Meet In Denver

The meeting of the Ameriean Assoeiation of Petroleum Geologists held in Denver on Oetober 25th, 26th and 27th, was a big event for the geologieal and petroleum engineering staffs of the Midwest Refining Company, not only for the edueational and inspirational value of sueh a meeting but for the opportunity it offered of getting together in a social way. The sessions opened on Thursday with papers on the Mexia Field, Texas, and various phases of the petroleum geology of the Roeky Mountain Region. In the evening the Exploration Department of the Midwest Refining Company gave a dinner at the Albany hotel for the visiting Midwest men. Mr. Bretsehneider gracefully weleomed them and then gave a brief review of the aehievements of the Exploration Department during 1922. Their efforts have been rewarded this year by the diseovery of oil near Shiprock, New Mexieo. In the Kevin Field, Montana, they have brought in the largest well that has been found there this year. Several of their other Montana wild cat operations look very promising.

Technieal sessions of the Assoeiation eontinued on Thursday evening and Friday morning. Friday afternoon a large party was taken on an automobile trip through the Denver Mountain Parks, returning in time for the big banquet of the Assoeiation in the Magnolia room of the Albany hotel. The evening was enlivened by some of Mr. Wegemann's inimitable stories of the plainsmen, and Mr. O'Leary, of the Western States legal staff, brought down the house with his aeeount of the trials and tribulations of the lease men who try to get land to satisfy the ever changing reeommendations of the geologists.

So numerous were the papers on geologie subjeets eoneerning the Roeky Mountain Region whieh had been worked up under the inspiration and prodding of the genial Viee President of the Assoeiation, Mr. Max Ball, that although on Saturday the time allotted for eaeh paper was greatly redueed it was impossible to eomplete the program.

A party of about twenty geologists from various parts of the United States left Denver Saturday night for a trip to the Salt Creek Field. Unfortunately for the trip but for the good of their edueation in Wyoming weather a premature blizzard was raging in Casper Sunday morning. In spite of the storm five heavily loaded ears started for the field with the hope that the weather would elear before the day was over. At 20-Mile Hill the blizzard blew worse than ever and three ears turned baek. The oeeupants of the ears whieh went through enjoyed a good meal at the Salt Creek boarding house and saw a few derrieks dimly through the snow but had no opportunity to get a view of the tremendous expanse of the field. At Teapot the storm lifted for a moment and the escarpment and most of the derrieks eould be seen. One result of the trip should be that none of the geologists present will reeommend to their eompanies the starting of any operations in Wyoming until the elimate ehanges.

Among the papers presented at the meeting, by Midwest men were the following:

C. H. Wegemann—Stratigraphy of the Oil Fields of Wyoming.

The Salt Creek and Teapot Fields.

E. L. Estabrook—Faulting in Wyoming Oil Fields.

Analyses of Wyoming Oil Field Waters.

D. E. Hageman and H. A. Stewart—Structure and Stratigraphy of Baxter Basin, Wyo.

E. G. Sinclair—Oil Possibilities of the Black Hills Region.

Stratigraphic Sections of Wyoming.

C. Max Bauer and E. G. Robinson—Comparative Stratigraphy in Montana.

E. A. Hall—Recent Developments in the Cat Creek Field, Montana.

R. C. Coffin and H. A. Aurand—The Carboniferous of Colorado.

R. S. Ellison—What the Oil Company Expects of the Geologist.

The big success of the meeting was largely due to the energetic efforts of Mr. Max Ball, while Mr. Wegemann contributed greatly to its success by calling in his entire staff for the occasion. Mr. C. M. Rath and Mrs. Ada Mastbrook of the Denver office, were the main stays in organizing and handling the details of the conference.

The Midwest men attending were as follows:

H. A. Aurand
C. Max Bauer
H. C. Bretschneider
R. C. Coffin
E. L. Estabrook
E. A. Froyd
D. E. Hageman
Ellis A. Hall
K. B. Nowels
D. E. Lounsbery
Thos. H. Allan
J. E. Redburn
C. M. Rath
E. G. Robinson
E. S. Shaw
E. G. Sinclair
H. A. Stewart
C. H. Wegemann
L. O. Whyman
Harold T. Morley
Harrison A. Schmitt

Starting Young

A small girl asked her mother: "If I grow up will I have a husband like papa?"

"Yes, my dear," mother replied.

"And if I don't get married will I be an old maid like Aunt Susan?"

"Yes," was the reply.

The little girl thought for a minute, put her hands to her head and said: "Well, I am in a fix."

Two farmers met on a country road, and pulled up their teams.

"Si," said Josh. "I've got a mule with distemper. What did you give that one of yours when he had it?"

"Turpentine, Giddap!"

A week later they met again.

"Say Si, I gave my mule turpentine, and it killed him."

"Killed mine, too. Giddap."

Dr. Roach A Busy Man

One of the busiest individuals in the Salt Creek Field is Dr. Hames Roach, Midwest doctor, and in charge of the Midwest Hospital. The Dr. cares for the sick and injured folks all over the field, and is on the go so much of the time that the attached picture is about the only thing that we have been able to get of him in the way of a picture for some time. (The figure on the right is the doctor, and the one on the left, showing his teeth, is one of the doctor's most faithful assistants). Doctor Roach has been in Salt Creek for nearly three years, and is one of the old residents.

Prof.—I am going to speak on liars today. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter of the text?

Nearly every student raised his hand.

Prof.—Good. You are the very group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter.

Salt Creek in Religious Running

Human relationships, community welfare and good old fashioned religion advaneed a long jump at Salt Creek, with the completion and dedieation of the new community church. The building, and it is a mighty fine one, was eonstrueted by the Midwest Refining Company. It is to be furnished and maintained by the eommunity ehureh organization.

Reverend S. R. Sheriff, the pastor, arrived in the field early in Oetober, and proved his understanding of the situation and his good sportsmanship, by moving into the study and the ehoir loft with his wife and two small children, until some other place could be arranged.

The Reverend Mr. Sheriff eomes from West Virginia, where for two years he ministered to the wants and needs of the eoal fields and lumber camps. He has a splendid education, is a graduate of Washington and Jefferson University, and also a graduate of the Theologieal Seminary of the Davis and Elkins State Presbyterian College of West Virginia.

The serviees dedicating the new ehureh were held on the first Sunday in November. Prominent Presbyterians of the State, and Midwest offieials were present for the effective ceremonies. Exeellent mnsie, including anthems by an augmented choir, was a feature of both afternoon and evening serviees.

The eommunity ehureh organization is non-denominational in seope and interests, but is under the State Presbyterian Board from the point of organization and financial support, about half of the minister's salary being paid by the Presbyterian Board.

The community of Salt Creek has responded to the new religious movement in splendid shape, and already the membership of the church is solid and representative. The Sunday School has grown and developed until a hundred and fifty children are attending the afternoon serviees. The Ladies Union, the social and working organization of the ladies in connection with the community ehureh, is a live, going factor, and this eapable gronp are planning bazaars, bake sales and church suppers in addition to their regnlar semi-monthly afternoon meetings. The Ladies Union has done mueh solid work in providing the new ehureh with fixtures, eurtains and other details.

Serviees are held regularly eaeh Sunday, both in the afternoon and evening, in the new building jnst opposite the Wilson Sehool at Home Camp.

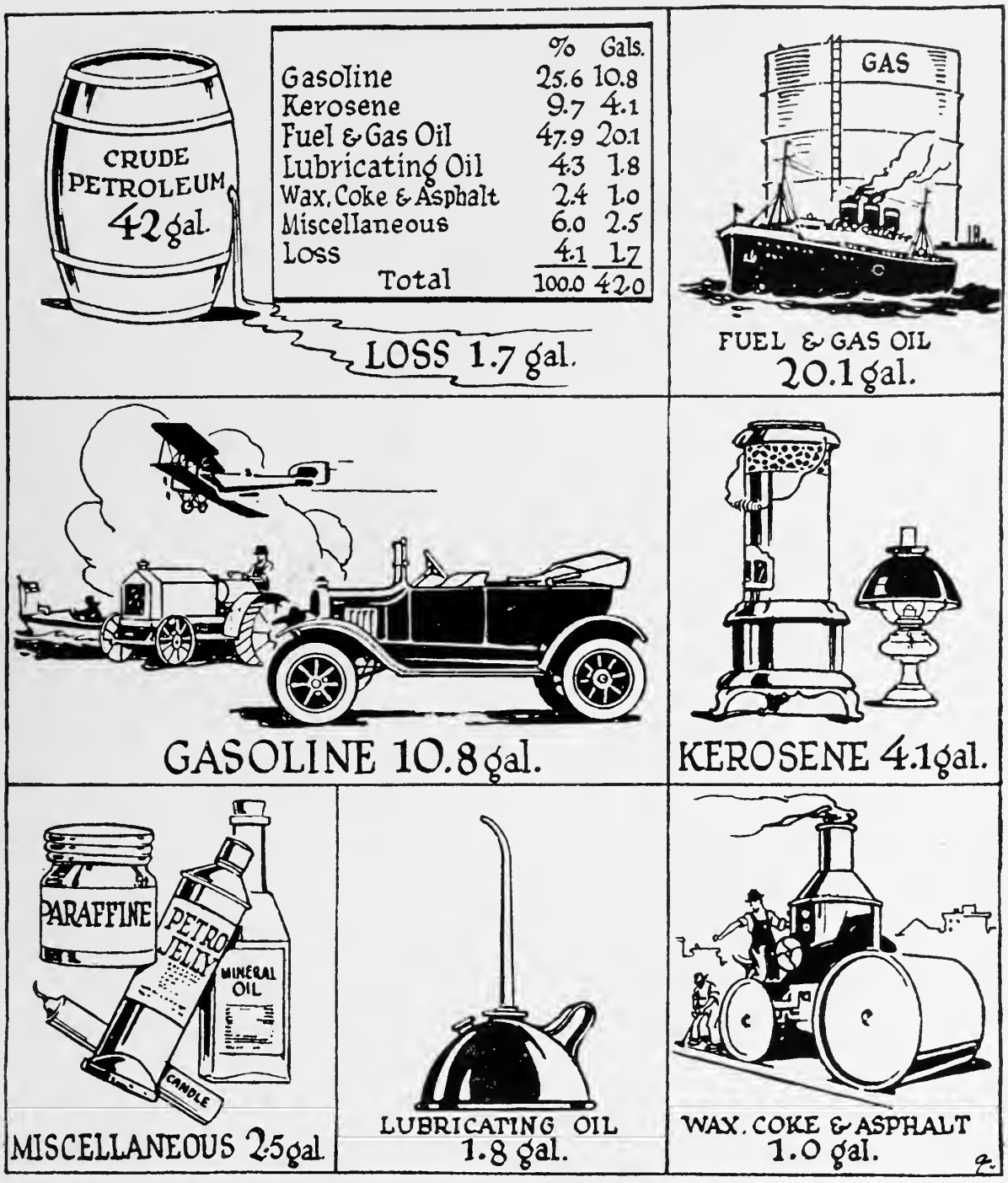
Gas Plant Chief Clerk

The above is a snapshot of C. C. Christensen, who has been ehief clerk at the Salt Creek Gas Plant for the past three or four

months. Mr. Christensen was formerly in the office at the old Midwest Refinery in Casper, and was regarded as an exeeptionally high class man. That regard stays with him in his new job, and "Christy" has made lots of friends on all sides.

"Were you ever pinched for going too fast?"
"No, but I've been slapped."

What Becomes of a Barrel of Crude Oil



Examination of recent figures showing over half a billion barrels of crude oil produced for use in America last year and only 123 million barrels of gasoline made from it develops the fact that it takes nearly four barrels of oil to make one barrel of gasoline. Yet the crude oil of the United States and Mexico is produced primarily for gasoline.

A digest of oil figures compiled by the American Petroleum Insitute for 1921 shows that 405,000,000 barrels of oil were used in the form of petroleum products other than gasoline.

There are forty-two gallons of oil in a barrel. Of these 25.6 per cent goes into gasoline; 9.7 per cent kerosene; 47.9 per cent fuel and gas oil; 4.3, lubricating oil; 2.4 wax, coke, and asphalt; 6 per cent miscellaneous and 4.1 per cent loss.

Praises Handling of Fire

In a letter to R. S. Ellison, vice president, Midwest Refining Co., Mr. F. B. Tough, chief petroleum technologist for the Bureau of Mines, at Washington, says the following regarding the fire in the Salt Creek Field in September:

"A recent letter received from Mr. Mills, described graphically the bad fire that occurred in Salt Creek September 23, when Well No. 4-A, NE¼, Section 14-40-79 caught fire.

"I wish to take this opportunity to not only express my sympathy for the loss of life occasioned but to compliment your company on the excellent work done in fighting this fire. From Mr. Mills' description this piece of work ranks, as far as speed and efficiency, with anything of its kind that has come to my attention. When you see Mr. Lewis and the other men concerned, please hand them a good word for me."

The Review would like to call attention to the pictures accompanying this article. They were taken by William Carman of the Gas Plant at Salt Creek and give an excellent idea of the difficulties encountered in fighting this fire and protecting the bodies of the unfortunate victims.

Picture No. 1 shows the battery of thirteen boilers used in throwing the steam which put out the fire. No. 2 is a general view of the fire; No. 3 shows the men preparing a screen of asbestos and corrugated iron which is to be set over the body of a victim to protect it from further incineration; No. 4 shows the screen set down by the body but not close enough, and the men are driven back by the intense heat; No. 5 shows the screen placed over the body, which was recovered a few moments later.

Father (to young suitor)—Why, young man, you couldn't even dress her.

Suitor—Z' at so! Well it won't take me long to learn.—Lord Jeff.

Salt Creek's Disastrous Fire

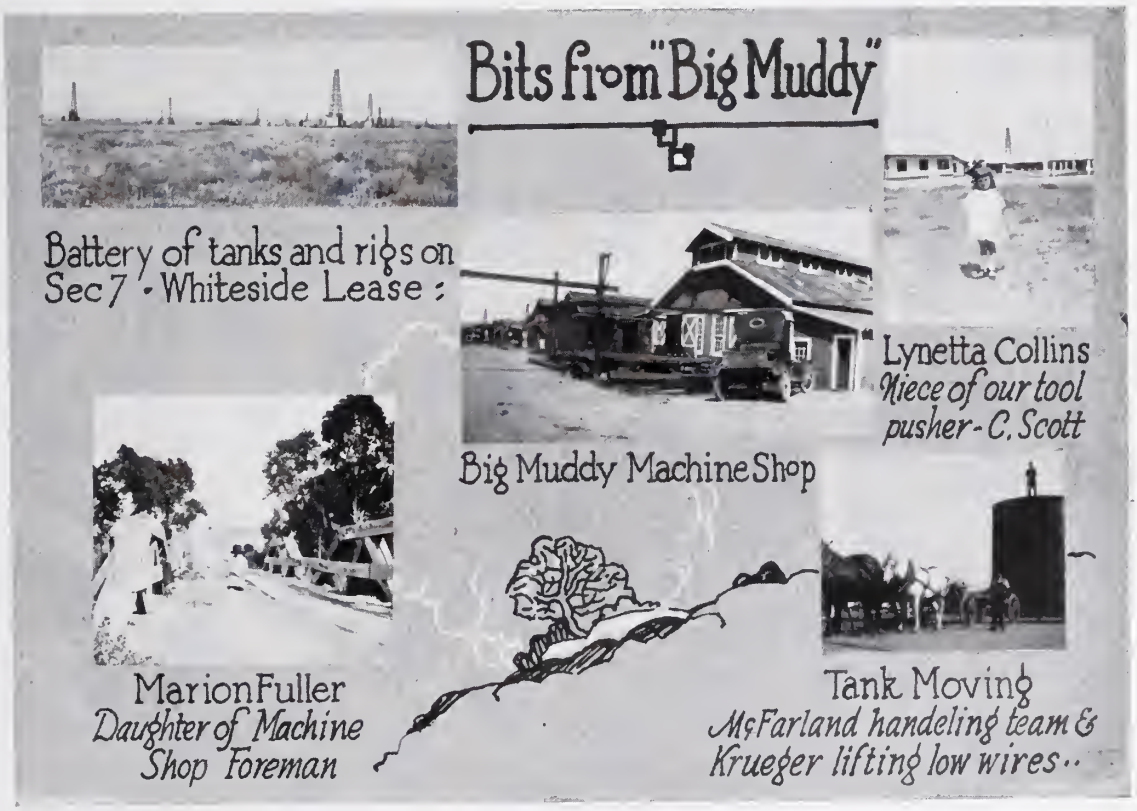
Coming without a second's warning, Well No. 4A, in the Salt Creek field burst into flames September 23, with a roar that could be heard over most of the field. With scores of interested spectators right on the ground, watching the gusher, the fire claimed three victims. Lance died in the rig, Duncan a few feet away, and Randall in the hospital. The details of their deaths are harrowing, and the narrow escapes of others in the rig were almost uncanny. One outstanding fact, however, is that nothing was left undone that might have helped or saved. The calibre, the heroism of Salt Creek men was more than proven a score of times.

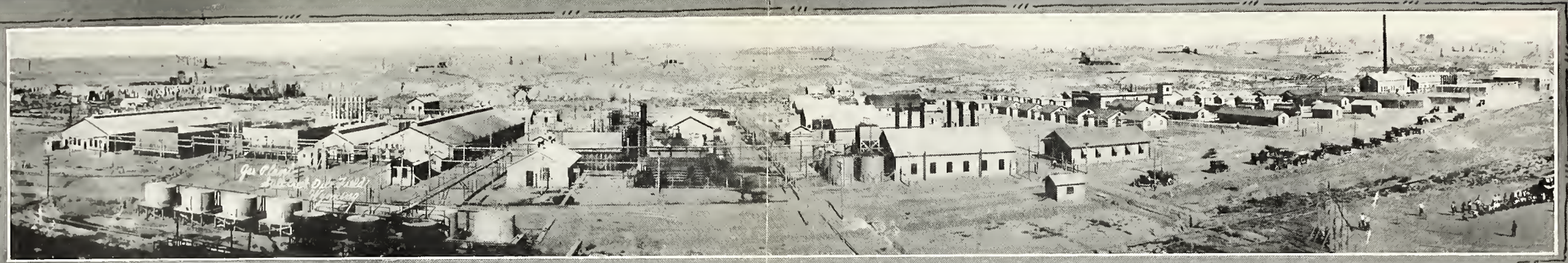
Word went out, orders were given and with a concentration of resources, marvelous in efficiency, tremendous in scope, batteries of field-boilers were set, water lines laid, steam and gas connected up, teams, men, trucks, paraphernalia, all massed against the monster serpent of flame, shooting hundreds of feet in the air.

Hundreds watched the consistent, thorough concentration of forces after dusk, the flames lighting up the whole north half of the field.

With twelve field boilers under full pressure, water lines played on the flames and the burning impedimenta surrounding the casing head. Under protection of movable shields the forces and water lines crept closer, the ground and burning debris steamed, reeked and was cold, the valves were opened simultaneously and in twenty seconds the tremendous clouds of steam, rolling in banks thru the flames snuffed out that giant torch and the fight was over and never has a bigger, harder job been more effectively carried out in the Salt Creek field, a veritable triumph and a marvelous manifestation of Midwest efficiency.

"Yes, they are supposed to be connected with some of the best families in town—by telephone."

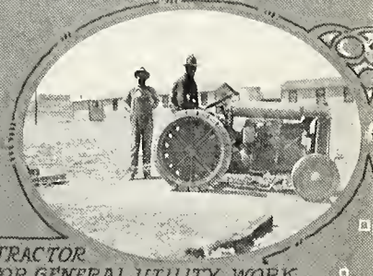

Bits from "Big Muddy"
Battery of tanks and rigs on Sec 7 - Whiteside Lease
Lynetta Collins
Niece of our tool pusher - C. Scott
Big Muddy Machine Shop
Marion Fuller
Daughter of Machine Shop Foreman
Tank Moving
McFarland handeling team & Krueger lifting low wires..



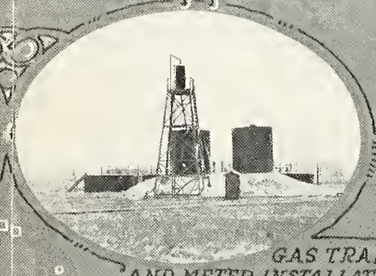
AT LEFT, NOS. 1 AND 2, COMPRESSION PLANTS; TOPPING PLANT IN THE CENTER; CAMP, OFFICE AND WAREHOUSES ON RIGHT POWER PLANT WITH SMOKE STACK AND COOPER PLANT AT EXTREME RIGHT

Salt Creek Gas Plant As It Appears Today

GAS COOLING TOWER LOOKING EAST



FORD TRACTOR USED FOR GENERAL UTILITY WORK



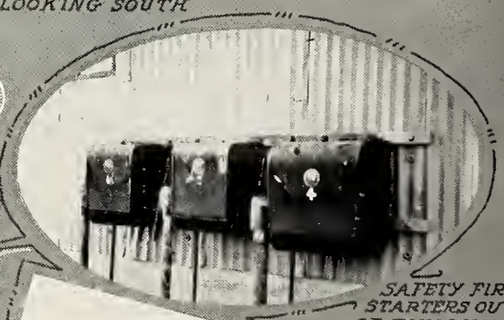
GAS TRAP AND METER INSTALLATION

ACCUMULATOR HOUSE LOOKING SOUTH

PIPING BETWEEN COMPRESSORS AND GAS TOWER

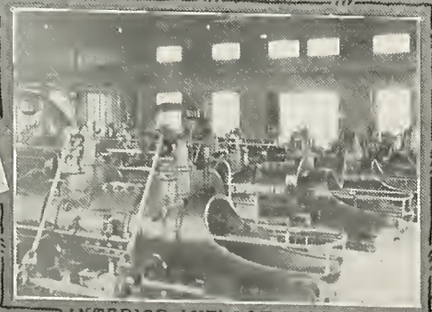
GAS COOLING TOWER

TENT CAMP USED ON CONSTRUCTION



SAFETY FIRST-MOTOR STARTERS OUTSIDE OF BUILDING

COOPER PLANT LOOKING EAST



INTERIOR VIEW OF COOPER PLANT

INTERIOR OF ACCUMULATOR HOUSE

COOPER PLANT LOOKING NORTH

Cutside Dope

1—Our genial head comptometer, Louise Anderson, is sure enjoying herself at the City Park Tennis Courts on Saturday afternoons when she isn't doing window shopping.

2—M. E. Edwards, he who handles the shot gun like he does poker chips or petty cash, was in a quandary on his recent hunting expedition in Jackson Hole country, not knowing for sure whether the brute he met in the woods was a blaek bear or a China Poland. Let the screen tell.

3—Theo. Huegli or to be brief, "Ted" was on deck when the fire alarm sounded the other day, but for some known reason is unable to tell if our office building fire escape runs to the roof or not.

4—No wonder the girl shut Rutz off on the line, as he had already phoned the 'steenth couple regarding the dinner party!

5—Kelly hung on to his "Mutual" stock till he made WESTERNSTATES look like a drop in a bucket shop.

6—Kid Freeland can give Ponzi pointers when it comes to reading the ticker, and when he makes that million the new 16th St. Viaduct won't see him for dust.

Thermopolis Gets Gas

Early in October, the Midwest Refining Company turned gas from the Golden Eagle gas well into the mains for transmittal to Thermopolis, and as a result, the Hot Springs city is now burning natural gas. There is a tremendous flow from the Golden Eagle well, entirely adequate for supplying not only Thermopolis, but other points also if necessary.

Bonds Of——?

Blessed be the tie that binds
My collar to my shirt,
For underneath that silken band
Lies half an inch of dirt.

Mrs. Waldron's Flower Garden

The accompanying pictnres show what determination, interest and a little water will do in the way of producing a beauty spot. Mrs. W. W. Waldron, wife of the Midwest Superintendent at Northwestern Camp, Salt Creek Field, loves flowers, and last summer determined to have some. She filled her flower boxes and carried water from a reservoir a hundred yards away, and as a result showed up with a fine nasturtium display, as well as some vines, and several varieties of potted plants. The Waldrons have occupied their home in the Northwestern camp for a number of years, and it seems like a real home to them.

New Offices at Salt Creek

New offices have been built and equipped at Northwestern Camp and Canadian Camp of the Midwest in the Salt Creek field. At both of these points are concentrated a number of men and Canadian Camp for the North end and Northwestern Camp for the West end of the field are the logical concentration points for office and administrative organization.

Mr. W. W. Waldron is Farm Superintendent of the Northwestern Camp and his clerk is Mr. Harold R. Hamilton. Mr. C. G. Flesher is Farm Superintendent of the Canadian Camp and Edwin R. Hamlin is in charge of this office. Both organizations are a part of the field organization and under the Production Department Main Office and Superintendent D. W. Lewis.

Earthquake at Salt Creek

To prove that it is not necessary to go to California or anywhere else for a real thriller, Salt Creek snapped home on October 25th, at 6:15 p. m. with a real earthquake.

Everyone inside a building felt the shocks distinctly. The tremors lasted for about four seconds in the form of two separate quakes. Dishes, stoves and mantels rattled and even the leaves and petals of many potted plants were shaken off.

The greatest excitement in the field was centered around the Salt Creek Pool Hall where card games, rubbers and all were broken up "right now." Everyone piled out of the Midwest Hotel and almost every residence turned inhabitants into the street all in a few seconds. Eyes were wide with excitement and first comments ran the gauntlet from "What hit my house?", "Where is the explosion?", to "It isn't Hallowe'en yet," or "I'll bet a comet hit us."

It was a sure enough earthquake and tho fortunately the tremors were not strong enough to do any damage, it will be many a day before the first earthquake in Salt Creek history is forgotten. The quake was felt at many surrounding points but nowhere it seems were the tremors as distinct as in the Salt Creek field. The shocks were recorded by seismographs in Denver and at one or two other points in Colorado.

Oldtimers Attention

The following letter was received by Mr. Clayton, timekeeper at the Storage Yard. Needless to say the letter, although it was addressed to him and intended for him, the writer of the letter had mistaken his individual, there apparently being another T. S. Clayton.

Because of the interesting data in the letter and inasmuch as the writer might possibly be known to some of the "old timers" in the field we are having a copy printed verbatim. We hope that there is at least one who knew Mr. Henderson, and we know that he would be delighted to hear from him or them:

New York City,
8/28/22.

Dear Friend, Tom Clayton:

Some time ago a friend of mine by the name of Seth Hathaway, an old rider of the cattle ranges of Wyoming and at one time was with Buffalo Bill's wild west, was at my home here and your name was mentioned. I said to him, I was going to try and look you up, so I wrote to the postmaster of Casper and he gave me your address. There is no doubt you would be surprised to hear from me, as it has been about thirty-seven years ago since I seen you in 1886. I was working for the CY on the Platte river.

One day I went to Fort Fetterman to have a tooth pulled. On my way back I met you at Deer Creek. Coal was just struck there. We was in my tent drinking; you and I got to talking about an old friend of yours by the name of Jack Sutton who you used to know down around Greeley, Colorado. I knew Jack when he was living in Colorado and I mentioned his name to you and you said you knew him about five years ago. I run onto Jack here, as he made N. Y. City his headquarters; had a good visit with him. He left N. Y. after that, went on the road with his wife and his wife's nieces, were acrobats, and they traveled with circus in the summer, and theaters in the winter. Two years after that I run across Seth Hathaway and he told me Jack had died down in Louisville, Kentucky, and is buried there. So I thought that you would like to know. Seth Hathaway comes to see me often and we have a good many talks over old Wyoming days. Do you run across any of the old 71 (Quarter Circle) boys, "CY," Cross "A" that was on Old Woman Creek, or any of the OX that used to be on Powder River near the "21" outfit? The 71 was on Sweetwater at the Three-Crossings. If so, would like to hear from any one of them and if any old timers ever comes to N. Y. City tell them to look me up at my address. Always have something to eat and a bunk. Well, would like to hear from you once in a while. Think I might stroll out your way in a year or two and will look you up and see how changes has taken place.

Hoping to have a reply from this letter soon, I am,

Your friend,
Jas. H. Henderson,
300 East 134th St.,
N. Y. City, N. Y.

His Far Off Only Job.

Settlement Worker—"What makes your husband look so worried, Mrs. Mixer?"

Mrs. Mixer—"He's dreadin' the time ma'am when he'll have to go back to work."

"Whom does he work for and what does he do, Mrs. Mixer?"

"He works for the Salvation Army, ma'am. He Santa Clauses."

Night View of the Salt Creek Gas Plant

The picture above shows how the Salt Creek Gas Plant illuminates up at night. The picture was taken by Mr. R. Shuhart of the Gas Plant Family.

Casper Field Garage

Mr. Burke H. Sinclair,
Casper Office
Dear Mr. Sinclair:

I received your letter on or about the 23rd and really intended getting something out for you, but Colonel I've been very busy due to a lot of work in the office and things of importance out of the office. I probably would have gotten something had I had about ten days to two weeks in which to have worked on same. I appreciate your desire to get something from each office, and at any time am very glad to do anything you ask, within reason. And take this time to congratulate the staff on their work.

Mr. Estabrook has some wonderful pictures of Mesa Verda Park that I am sure everyone would enjoy.

I think I can get you a copy of some of Bill Neigh's best works for the next issue, probably find time to scan thru same and pick out the best, provided you think same would go well —I know some who have seemed anxious to read same, as you know he was a real humorist.

One of the boys well past the tender age replied as follows when asked why he never married:

"I've led a wild life
Earned all I spent
Paid all I borrowed
Lost all I lent
I once loved a woman
That came to an end
Got me a dog
and Have a real FRIEND."

All I can think of now. Regretting that I am unable to do more this time,

I am yours respectfully,
Jack Cosbridge

Salt Creek Lyceum Opens

The Ralsted-Frank trio of entertainers, three young ladies, as the first number of the Ellison-White Lyceum Course given in Salt Creek, came, were heard and conquered, on October 17th. The three young ladies proved themselves artists. The program they gave was entirely popular, and proved to be one of the greatest hits ever brought into the field. The Salt Creek Hall was packed, and the ordinary seating facilities were increased by one hundred chairs brought over from the hotel.

Five Midwest men believing that the people of Salt Creek would appreciate and respond to the best type of entertainment, took all responsibility in underwriting eight Lyceum programs at a total guarantee that ran into the four figures. The response shown toward the first number proves that their bet on the standards of interest of the people of Salt Creek was a safe one.

The next Lyceum number is scheduled for November 15, and the program will be given by the famous Cardin-Lienrance Orchestra.

The five Midwesters who underwrote and are managing the Lyceum entertainments are D. W. Lewis, Harry Bossart, W. J. Portis, G. A. Gatewood and G. S. Powell.

He Wants Some Consideration

The Denver office of one of the small independent oil companies, recently received a letter from a stockholder, of which the following is an exact copy:

October 4, 1922.

The————————Oil Company,
Denver, Colorado.

Dear Sir:

The————————Oil Company, of which I am an innocent stockholder, and into which I was lured by unscrupulous promotors, clads itself in the mantle of dignity and silence, and instead of giving its stockholders, who are legitimately entitled to it, that medium of attention, by sending out a yearly report, keeps mum, and is only stimulated to some reaction by the hard pleadings of these beguiled stockholders. I am the unhappy owner of 500 shares of your stock, which I bought 10 years ago and which cost me up to date about $750 in cash and interest. I think I ought to receive some consideration and at least receive a belated year's report.

I thank you for an early consideration of my humble request.

Very truly yours,
A STOCKHOLDER.

New Ambulance for Salt Creek

A new Dodge Ambulance of the latest design has been purchased recently for use in the Salt Creek Field. It will be delivered at the earliest possible date.

Now don't get hurt or sick just to get a chance to have a ride. If you must ride, see "Dick" Reily, he'll give you a ride in his "commercial."

—Beat Utah Aggies—

Patronize our advertisers. They merit your support.

Scene—A couple car-riding.
He—My clutch is awfully weak.
She—So I've noticed.
—Lord Jeff.

She—I'm cold.
He—Let's try the cover of darkness.
—Pitt Panther.

Waiter—Has your order been taken?
Waitee—Yes, and so has Bunker Hill!

Bristol Makes Progress

In June, 1922, Merwin Bristol, a member of our Legal Department, was graduated from the Denver University Law School. He was admitted to the bar in

Merwin Bristol

Wyoming in October, 1921, where he stood first in a class of 10. On September 11, 1922, he was admitted to practice in Colorado, having taken fourth place in a class of 52 applicants.

Bristol entered the employ of John D. Clark in Cheyenne, Wyoming, over seven years ago, and has been with the Midwest Refining Company for three years.

Salt Creek Club Boosts Roads.

The Salt Creek Motor Club is safely established as a thoroughly going community and civic interest organization in the Salt Creek Field. The Casper-Salt Creek road, as a condition, has, like the proverbial snow-ball, been gathering unto itself and arousing the ire and strong feeling of resentment of all who have had to travel it. The Motor Club took upon itself the direct sponsoring of good-roads and in the November election, following out the decision to carry thru as strong a program as possible, the Motor Club went to the bat politically with the completion of a hard surface road, Casper to Salt Creek, as the main issue.

The Club wrote letters to candidates for the governorship, state senate, state legislature and county commissioners of both parties and got directly behind those candidates who were able to conclusively prove their spirit and willingness to back and help put thru a real road.

The officers and members of the Salt Creek Motor Club are representative of all of the larger companies and camps in the field. Mr. A. C. Andrews, Superintendent of the Midwest Gas Plant is the President and Warren Runkle, J. J. Hale and Fire-Chief Walton, all of the Midwest are members of the board of directors.

A series of pienics and outdoor-get-togethers, given by the Motor Club helped to make last summer interesting.

Two Banks in Salt Creek

One day, no banks and the next day, two banks, with local representatives of several more, is the record of Salt Creek.

On Saturday, October 21st at 9 A. M. The Bank of Salt Creek opened its doors for business and at 10 A. M. The Salt Creek State Bank hung out its shingle and opened both doors.

The Bank of Salt Creek is sponsored and backed by several prominent field men with the addition of J. H. Montgomery, formerly of Manderson, Wyoming, who will act as President.

The Salt Creek State Bank is the enterprize of several well known Casper business men, mostly of Wyoming National Bank connections. Mr. Roy Wyland will act as President.

(Continued from Page 3)

ords are obtained and recorded on the amount of oxygen in the gas coming to the plant. A suitable installation for making good, pure drinking water has been installed following their investigations and a continual water treating process for boiler purposes is used. As it has been necessary to use condensed water in engine jackets, the laboratory crew developed a deaerator for making this water suitable for this use. Considerable work has been done on charcoal absorption and it is now used for testing incoming and residue gas for its gasoline content. The most important feature that the laboratory has worked out is the installation and operation of a complete gas fractionating plant. This allows the regular operating force to determine absolutely what gases they are handling and what is the quality of vapors being lost from the storage tanks.

The supply of gas in the Salt Creek Field is gradually increasing and no doubt we will be called upon to extend the central plant with such other additional plants as we may be called upon to construct and operate as production develops thruout the field.

Salt Creekian In Madison Square

Howard Tegeland of the Midwest Refining Company at Salt Creek, who has ridden head and shoulders above all contenders in the stampedes, rodeos and round-ups of the west this year left for New York City late in October where he will carry Wyoming, Salt Creek and the Midwest thru to fame in the greatest replica of the old west that the world has ever seen to take place at Madison Square Garden, Nov. 4th to 14th.

In the contest riding events of this summer and fall, Tegeland has tied up a high water mark for Firsts. He has shown a brand of free and easy bronc riding that is almost new in the land that gave birth to and developed this type of prowess. He has opened the eyes of judges with his forward "scratching" and his ability to "kick back" while riding a plunging animal. For contest riding he has developed a type of artistry that has seldom if ever been equalled.

Tegelands accomplishments in bronc riding for this season are as follows: At Mission, S. D. First; Hyannis, Neb. First; Yoder, Wyo. Second; Cody, Wyo. Second; Cheyenne, Wyo. First; Bozeman, Mont. First; Ennis, Mont. First; Casper, Wyo. First; Pendleton, Oregon First; and Richville, Wash. First in riding and Second in Bulldogging.

Halloween Dance

That's what they said when they left the Masonic Hall after the big Halloween Dance given to its Casper employees by the Midwest Refining Company.

Now that expression is a pretty good indication that someone had a good time. They sure did and most all of them were there. The manager of the hall said it was the largest crowd he ever saw in the hall.

The members of the committee are to be congratulated for their splendid work, decorations, eats, program and all. Everything went without a mishap and all had a good time.

The general enthusiasm that prevailed, proves conclusively the appreciation of the employees toward their host, the Company. We hope that other enjoyable occassions of this kind may follow.

When do we have another?

Salt Creek to be White City

A survey has been completed for new street lights at Salt Creek Home Camp, and when the new system is installed, the greatest oil field camp in the world will have added the last touch of modernity.

Over one hundred lights in all, mounted on twenty foot wooden poles are to be placed and these added to the scattered lights already existing will block out the oil field city like a cameo on a black background. And over all the fantastic super-glow and reflection of the immense waste gas torch that lights up the whole center part of the field with its weird waverings.

New lights have already been installed at No. 1 Station and around the Tank Farm. An underground cable forms the connection, thus eliminating the danger of aerial wires near the great storage of field crude.

Warehouse Ready for Occupancy

The new Midwest warehouse building at Salt Creek Home camp, the scene of a hilarious house-warming the middle of last month, will soon be ready to shove off for real business.

A complete inventory is being taken of all material and as soon as this is completed, the active moving of all the stock, numbering some seven thousand items will be rushed. The plans now call for the moving process to be finished by December 1.

The new warehouse is a splendid building with a 50x70 solid cement basement. The main and second floors are both 50x96 with a third floor storage attic that is 30x96. The office is a very fine room 24x50 at the front of the building. A wide platform surrounds three sides of the building.

An electric elevator, cement oil storage room in the basement and a fine modern cement, fire-proof oil dispensing room on the main floor are only a few of the modern equipments.

Teapot Now Small Village

The much boomed town of Teapot, located on the main Casper-Salt Creek road, about eight miles south of the center of the field, now includes a general store, restaurant, pool-hall and soft drink parlor, a filling station and several shacks and tents as dwellings, with one or two more pretensious small cottages.

Salt Creekers to New Orleans

T. Welch Harrison of the Main Office Force of Midwest Home Camp and Fred R. Morrow of the Office Force of the Midwest Commissary represented Salt Creek at the big National American Legion Convention in New Orleans last month. Both had the time of their lives and say that they wouldn't mind moving South for awhile. Mr. Harrison visited at his home at Prior, Oklahoma on his return trip.

Salt Creek Band, Wyoming's Best

The Midwest Salt Creek band, composed of company employees of the various departments of the field and directed by Mr. William Schilling, Midwest engineer and Superintendent of the Haydite Plant, made a trip to Casper on October 23 and literally blew their way to fame and a lasting reputation. They played at the Henning Hotel, on the main business streets and at a local political meeting.

The Midwest Band has been organized for about six months and altho it has suffered as a result of numerous changes of personnel it is a good one.

Under the capable direction of Mr. Schilling, improvement has been rapid and the band is now playing a repertoire of selections of the very highest class. The financing of the band is being carried out by a monthly subscription plan with members of the community, donators to the amount of one dollar each month.

A series of bi-monthly concerts is slated for this winter that will be free to all interested.

Harry Phillips to be a Dentist

Harry T. Phillips, Gas Plant warehouse clerk and member of the Midwest Council, left for Chicago to enter Dental school. We all wish him the best of luck and hope that at the end of his three years course, he will come back to Salt Creek and fix us all up.

Make Nice Trout Catch

George Bailey of the Big Muddy Midwest family, is a fisherman of parts. Recently he spent a Sunday afternoon on Deer Creek, in the canyon, and came back with one of the nicest strings seen recently. The largest was 18½ inches long, and the entire catch of fifteen fish, weighed approximately thirty pounds. John Heasler assisted in the job, being under the tutelege of Mr. Bailey who is an experienced hand. The picture herewith shows Mr. Bailey on the right and Mr. Heasler on the left, with the catch between them.

DENVER OFFICE NEWS

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Enthusiasm

At the present moment we cannot recall whether it was Henry Ford or Irvin S. Cobb who said that genius was fifty percent enthusiasm and fifty percent hard work. However, when a new job is proposed those who take hold of it generally maintain a better percentage of enthusiasm than quoted above. But as time goes along old man Hardwork gets a stronger foothold, and soon gives Enthusiasm the K. O. Thus it is in writing for the Review.

Now, friends, writing for the Review, especially in the Denver Office, takes on the attitude of "let George do it." But if said George happens to slip a little, why hell's a-poppin', that's all. "What's the matter with the Review?" "Gee, this issue is punk." And like expressions are heard. Whereas, if the person making such remarks would come down to earth a bit, maybe they might think different. This is no pink tea affair.

The Denver column in the Review is now being run on a miniature newspaper basis with the advertising end omitted. By this we mean, we are covering news only. We venture it safe to say that almost every one of us writing in the Denver Office is doing it on their own time and not the Company's. Now, friends, it takes a good many solid hours to thump out all the stuff that we have been handing in for publication during the last few months, and, incidentally, a continued stream of enthusiasm. We are doing the best that's in us to get all the happenings at this end of the world, but we miss lots of them. So if something is not printed which you think should have been, don't blame the staff. Blame yourself, for the Review is as much yours as ours.

Bowling League Formed in Denver

No sooner had we gotten our "WHAT WILL WE DO THIS WINTER" article out of our system, than arrangements were started for a bowling league. The chief instigator along this line was one of our learned legal lights, namely, Mr. F. D. Anderson. To him goes all the credit for its start. He gathered all data, and "pepped" the thing up in general.

Over forty men signified their interest. At the first meeting, about twenty-five of these were present to discuss things. Mr. Anderson was the popular and unanimous choice for President of the league, while Henry Vervalin was elected Secretary. Al Russell was chosen as treasurer.

After about a week given to trial rolls, which was necessary to arrange teams on a comparative score basis, six teams were chosen. There was almost enough for an eight team league, but it was deemed advisable to only have six, and this is proving a good decision. For as we have stated elsewhere in our column, enthusiasm always runs high at the start, but after thirty weeks—well, we have seen more than one baseball league flop.

A thirty weeks schedule was arranged starting on September 27th, and ending Wednesday evening, April 25th. The get-a-way was made in good style. A large crowd turned out to cheer their favorites. Enthusiasm ran high. Alkali Butte, Derby Dome, and Ferris Dome teams took their initial series.

At the start we did not have time to name the teams. However, since then it has been decided to name the teams in alphabetical order and after various operating oil fields.

To make it short and sweet, the team names and captains are as follows:

Team	Captains
Alkali Butte	A. J. Hughes
Big Muddy	Floyd Curran
Cat Creek	O. C. Krause
Derby Dome	R. G. Cocoanower
Elk Basin	A. L. Clark
Ferris Dome	"Billy" Nicoll

The second series of play proved as exciting as the first. Art Hughes, the Alkali Butte captain, went into the lead for High Individual Game with a roll of 223. He also took the lead in high individual series with a 578 roll.

The third and fourth series proved enthusiastic for all interested, and now we are on the eve of the fifth series which is the last of the first round. This series will bring together the first and second teams, third and fourth teams, and the fifth and sixth teams.

A set of by-laws has been drawn up, a copy of which is in the hands of every man. A successful season is looked forward to, and many an enjoyable evening is in store for the Denver Office Employes. If you don't play, turn out and cheer the boys. Also bring the wife and kids, or if you are not that far, bring the lady. There are plenty of seats for spectators.

And remember, our hats are off to "Andy."

Standings at the close of the fourth series are as follows:

Team Standing

Team	Captain	W.	L.	%	Total Pins	Av.
Alkali Butte	A. J. Hughes	9	3	750	7505	625
Ferris Dome	W. S. Nicoll	8	4	667	7620	635
Elk Basin	A. L. Clark	7	5	583	7643	637
Cat Creek	O. C. Krause	6	6	500	7506	626
Derby Dome	R. O. Coconower	4	8	333	7144	595
Big Muddy	F. Curran	2	10	167	7224	602

First High Team Series

Cat Creek.....2034

Second High Team Series

Alkali Butte.....2005

First High Team Game

Elk Basin 748

Second High Team Game

Derby Dome 738

Individual Averages

1.	A. J. Hughes	166-1	16.	J. H. Izett	121-9
2.	R. O. Coconower	147-5	17.	W. A. Elliott	121-5
3.	R. E. Hamilton	146-5	18.	Bob Halfp'ny	118-2
4.	O. C. Krause	144-3	19.	E. E. Ewers	118-1
5.	L. G. Truby	139-6	20.	O. B. Mauldin	117-5
6.	W. S. Nicoll	136-4	21.	H. A. Jones	117-3
7.	A. Johnson	136-3	22.	S. S. Stebenne	117-1
8.	R. P. McNic'las	136-0	23.	C. E. Boyd	116-6
9.	M. E. McAlpine	134-6	24.	C. J. Barkdull	111-4
10.	F. D. Anderson	134-1	25.	J. E. Robinson	110-0
11.	W. L. Greiner	133-7	26.	H. A. Schwartz-	
12.	A. L. Clark	132-7	27.	M. E. Very'n	102-2
13.	C. L. Kaup	131-5	28.	Floyd Curran	98-6
14.	F. E. Marriott	129-9	29.	R. O. Dietler	98-1
15.	Vic McOsker	128-2	30.	C. A. Grant	97-9

First High Individual Series

A. J. Hughes 578

Second High Individual Series

M. E. McAlpine 489

First High Individual Game

A. J. Hughes 223

Second High Individual Game

O. C. Krause 191

OH! SO SUDDEN.

A big box of Darby's candy (and it was good, we sampled it) came to the stenographic department on Monday, October 23rd, which indicated that another "fatal leap" had been taken. Upon inquiry we learned that Mr. Arthur Peterson and Miss Elizabeth Roache, two popular employes of the Denver Office, had stolen a march on us and decided on Wednesday evening, October 18th, to pay the minister a visit with the result that they were married. We had not expected it quite so soon, but it's all right with us, and we extend to them the hearty good wishes of the Midwest Family and thanks for the candy. And, incidentally, the boys smoked Van Dykes. Congratulations, "Pete" and "Betty."

GOOD BYE GIRLS

Myron (Mike) Dietler was married October the 23rd to Miss Marjorie Wyatt and has left the Traffic Department, where he has many friends. We all hate to see him go, but the Midwest Family extends their congratulations to him and its best wishes for a long and happy and prosperous life for them both.

S-A-A-B-D D-O-I-N-G-S

Art Johns has moved again. This time to become a commuter. He has hied himself to Lakewood, where he is now living on ten acres with lots of apple trees in the offing. As a result, he has now become known as "Apple Jack" Johns. "And he runs like hell for the 5:15."

Tom May, a pen-pusher with a rep, has recently been under the weather, having had his tonsils removed. Doc. Foster did the job, and a good one, also was the price. We know, we've been there. However, Tom survived both, and is back with more pep than he has displayed for some time.

Homer Baker, who has jumped bells on the Ninth Floor for several years, has recently been added to the Sales Accounting and Billing Division. Homer always hits the ball, and is trying hard to make good on his new job. Homer first gained his reputation as being mascot of our almost champions in baseball in 1920. Needless to say he was the best mascot we ever had. Good luck to you, kid, on the new job.

Speaking on the opening of the Bowling League: "Better come down and see the boys off tonight," remarked one of our members. "Who is going away?" queried Tom May.

The Midwest is not without its representatives at the Polo Grounds. Ray Hamilton and "Rick" McNicholas, two of our local baseball satellites, took their year's savings and their vacations and journeyed eastward. We are in hopes to give more details in our next issue.

Never Time to Quit

There's time to part and a time to meet,
There's time to sleep and a time to eat,
There's time to work and a time to play,
There's time to sin and a time to pray,
There's a time that's glad and a time that's blue
There's a time to plan and a time to do,
There's a time to grin and show your grit—
But there never was a time to quit.

Filling Station Gossip

Motorists who come through Mount Morris en route for Chicago have about the following conversation when they stop at the filling station here:

If it's a Cadillac, the driver says: "How far is it to Chicago?"

"One hundred and forty miles," is the reply.

"Gimme twenty gallons of gas and a gallon of oil," says the driver.

Then comes a Buick and the chauffeur says: "How far is it to Chicago?"

"One hundred and forty miles."

"Gimme ten gallons of gas and a half gallon of oil," and he drives on.

Along comes a flivver and the driver uncramps himself, gets out and stretches and asks: "How far is it to Chicago?"

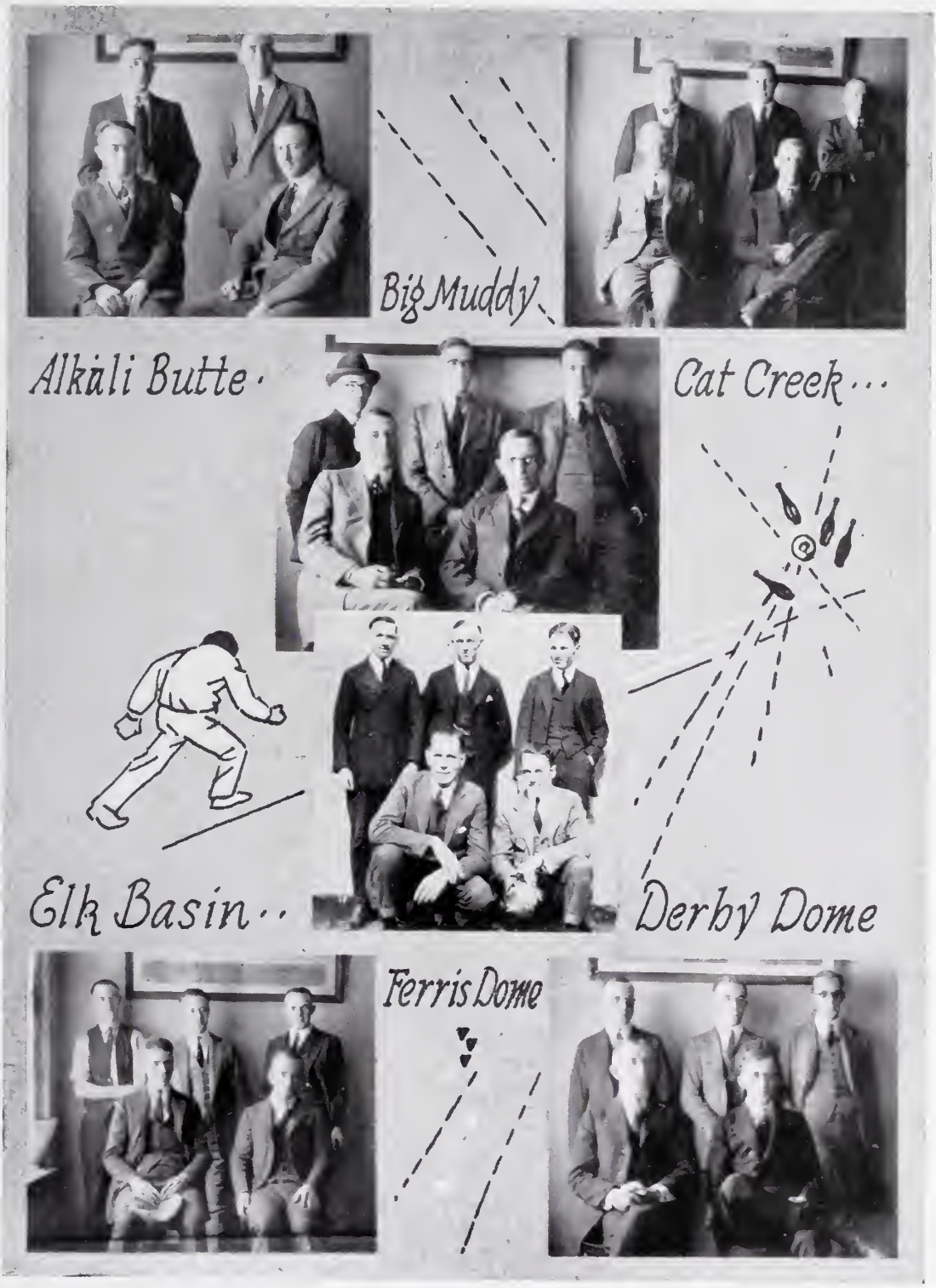
"Oh, about one hundred and forty miles."

"Is that all? Gimme two quarts of water and a bottle of '3-in-1,' and hold this son-of-a-gun until I get in."

Eighth Floor Jottings

Mr. C. J. Barkdull and Mr. W. S. Nicoll, two emigrants to the Mormon state on their respective vacations, have long since returned plus goodly coats of tan. C. J. motored together with the Mrs. in their good Maxwell via the Royal Gorge. "Billy" and his family rode the Union Pacific.

Mr. E. J. Muelher is now doing time on the Grand Jury. We understand that he is help-

Denver Office Bowling Team

ing with the investigation of the Denver Police Department. Oh, well, it's just as bad in Los Angeles.

Miss Muriel Stevens says, "Gosh, I hate to see those long skirts coming in." We agree with you, Muriel, we don't like to see them either coming or going.

Picnics are dangerous. Remember what it did to Muelher. We see many turtle doves cooing gently over fair damsels' desks. Oh, well, we were single once, too.

Most any sunny afternoon during a lull in the file room you may behold George or Vic peering over the eighth floor precipice to the roofs below. They must be calculating the distance, preparatory to doing nose dives. We don't want to play favorites, so if the boys do it on a wager, we'll bet it will be a tie.

Whenever some bird brags about his unfailing memory ask him to name twelve vice-presidents.

Martin Thompson Promoted

With the return of Ray Jones to old U. of C. for the continuation of his pursuit of higher education, Martin Thompson was promoted to the vacancy. Martin has been with the company for several years, as special messenger in the Traffic Department.

Miss Jean Hanlin, a sister of "Shorty" Hanlin, who will be remembered by many of us as a good employe and one of the mainstays of our old ball team, has taken the position left vacant by the promotion of Martin Thompson. She is a cheery young lady, and the Midwest Family bid her welcome.

Elmo K. Ballard spent two weeks vacation on his fruit farm, harvesting the apple crop and making cider.

Paul Werth, who is chief assistant to Mr. Ballard, has been such a busy man during the last few weeks, that his thinking apparatus has been unable to concoct any fodder for the Review. However, it is hoped that he will be himself again soon, and that we may be favored with some more of his articles in the near future.

Mr. H. G. Naylor has just returned from a business trip to the East.

Tom Canaday of the Casper Refinery was in the Denver Office for a day on a business trip.

A Word of Thanks

While we are on the subject of "Nuptials," we desire to state that Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Clark wish to thank the members of the Denver Office for their kind thoughts and the beautiful floor lamp which they are sure will help light their way along Life's pathway.

Mrs. Sinclair was entertaining. She must have favors. But what? Ah, sheep! As they do not grow them small enough in the largest sheep center in the world, an S. O. S. mesage was sent our good friend "Bill" Miller asking if he would not be kind enough to "wrangle" up a few somewhere in these parts.

But "Bill" is a busy man, and probably not experienced in the sheep buying market. However, he secured Miss Dorothy Coleman to act the roll of Little Bo Peep. She did it nobly. But where she went, we are wondering.

Now Denver is noted for having one of the largest and finest sheep markets in the West. Whether Miss Dorothy went thitherward or not has not been divulged.

Nevertheless, after a strenuous afternoon, the kind desired were located bleating blatantly 'neath the shadows of the D. & F. Tower.

Athos, Porthos, and Aramis

How often in fancy have we traveled with these three and their good friend D'Artignan through their exploits in Dumas' "Three Mus-

keteers." Now, we have three living exponents of these probable fictitious characters right in the Denver Office. Olaf Mauldin, Bill Elliott and Roy Johnson have raised mustaches (again,) and they are making journeys around to the country—not on horseback as is days of yore—but via their good "Henries." They even did La Veta in a day and a half, and this point lies nigh to two-hundred miles to the southward. With their beautiful adornments—and Olie's is a beautiful red—they have a hard time keeping the ladies away. But then it was ever thus, even in the early seventeenth century.

An Auto-Load of Denver Office Employes on First Armistice Day, November 11, 1918.

Legal Department News

Early in September Frederick D. Anderson conceived the idea of organizing a bowling league, composed of Denver office employees, and is now the father of a man-sized league of six teams, which bowls on the Recreation Company's alleys on Wednesday evenings. More news regarding the league will be found in other columns of the Review.

Mr. John D. Clark continues to keep the rails hot between Denver and eastern points. He was able to witness two of the world series baseball games.

A. K. Barnes has done considerable traveling in Wyoming during the past month on legal business. He piloted John B's Cad from Casper to Newcastle at a rate of speed reported to be anywhere from fifty to ninety miles an hour, and enjoyed the spin very much, but John B, who was along as a passenger, was not so thrilled and finally had to call a halt as he was threatened with palpitation of the heart. On a later trip from Denver to Greybull Kim reports having had a rotten time, due to the fact that he was sick on the train during the night.

Kent Whitford expects soon to open a factory for the manufacture of a novel hair tonic. While riding on the train one day he met a long lost friend whose head resembled a billiard ball, and secured from him a guaranteed formula, for the sum of $5.00, which not only will restore hair growth, but natural color also. Kent has tried it himself and reports that where once there was but a void, there is now a feathery down, and that after each application his hair assumes a different color. He tells us of someone who experimented with this new-found marvel, whose hair turned all colors of the rainbow at once. We conclude that the value of this discovery is problematical, as it may raise vari-colored feathers instead of hair; however, it may be a boon to the millinery business, and also might be used to brighten up the zoo, by raising pretty feathers on monkeys and elephants.

Leonora Gunston, though suffering from a bad cold, insists that long skirts are a menace to health as well as locomotion.

R. O. Dietler and Merwin Bristol, with their respective spouses as spectators, adjourned to the bowling alleys one evening about midnight, and bowled three fast and furious games for the purpose of establishing their average scores. The scores were too small to mention, but the vigor and enthusiasm of the contestants was such that Dietler didn't feel quite the same for some time, and Bristol was a physical wreck for a week.

Edith Hammond attended a "flapper party" on October 11th. It is rumored that she appeared in an abbreviated costume and bobbed hair. She has promised to distribute snapshots of the costume.

Glimpses In the Denver Office

Important Equipment Lacking

A man who had never driven an automobile, recently purchased a high-powered car. After a few lessons he was full of confidence in his ability to manage it all alone.

He started out for a ride and got along all right until he came to a place in the road where there was a steep decline. Then the car began to gather speed from its own weight and the driver became confused. He frantically manipulated every device on the instrument board, but the car only moved forward all the faster. The telegraph poles began to look like a picket fence, and our motorist friend gave up all efforts to stop the machine, bending all his energies to steering for the middle of the road.

Faster and faster the car flew until when it had reached the bottom of the hill it was traveling fifty miles an hour. After it struck the level road the speed gradually diminished, and finally, quite by accident, the driver did something that caused it to stop. He was just leaning back to take a full breath when a traffic cop on a motorcycle drew up alongside of him.

"Say!" yelled the cop, "what do you mean by speeding along here at fifty miles an hour? Don't you know you are likely to kill somebody? Why in blazes don't you use your noodle?"

"Noodle!" gasped the man. "Noodle! Where in the heck is the noodle? I pushed and pulled and jiggled every other darn thing I could see I don't believe there's a noodle on this car!"

Denver Geological Department

The first of October found almost the entire geological force in the field. Je. Redburn is at his desk again after about six months field work.

About Sept. 5th, Mr. Harrison A. Schmitt, formerly employed at Salt Creek, joined the Denver Divison as assistant to Mr. Harry Aurand.

Mr. D. E. Lounsberry joined the force about October 1st. Mr. Lounsberry has done geological work in Burmah and India.

About October 1st, Mr. C. Max Bauer, Geologist in charge at Billings, visited the Denver office.

Recent activity in northwestern New Mexico and adjacent states has stimulated geological interest in that region and on October 2nd, Messrs. C. M. Bauer, H. T. Morley and D. E. Lounsberry accompanied Chief C. H. Wegemann to join with other field parties in the southwest. According to the newspapers a new oil field has been discovered.

The American Association of Petroleum Geologists will hold their meeting in Denver, October 26, 27 and 28. This will be the first meeting outside the Mid-Continent fields. Indications point to a large attendance. Many of the Midwest geologists are to present papers and enter into the discussions. Much preparatory work is now being done in Denver for this meeting.

Mort Parsons of the Denver office took an auto trip through Yellowstone Park the past summer, and the pictures above are some of the pretty beauty spots that he saw.

E. A. Froyd of Salt Creek is a Republican Candidate for the Wyoming Legislature and stands a good chance of representing the Geological Department in the next session of the law making body.

Messrs. Ellison, Estabrook and Bretschneider made a recent trip to the "Four Corners Region" where they were in touch with some of the field parties of the southwest. Incidentally they traversed Mesaverde National Park on their way.

While traveling over the plains of one of the Indian Reservations in the southwest the following conversation occurred between Mr. Bretschneider and Mr. Ellison just as they were passing an Indian who was driving a herd of goats: Bret.—"Bob, how would you like to milk about 200 goats every morning before breakfast?" Bob—"I wouldn't do it, I would let the 'kids' do it."

"I am 85 years old, young man, and I can't remember ever telling a lie."

"Well, you couldn't expect your memory to be much at your age."

Notes from the Stenographic Department

Bride-To-Be Entertained

An event of more than usual interest occurred at the beautiful home of Miss Dorothy Hingley, 1253 South High, on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 23. This was a pre-nuptial party planned by the stenographic department in honor of Miss Elizabeth Roache who will soon take the "fatal leap". The affair was a miscellaneous shower, and was a complete surprise to Miss Roache. The gifts consisted mostly of Haviland china and elegant pieces of embroidery, all of which will be useful as well as ornamental in her home.

A luncheon was served by the hostess, the bridal scheme being carried out in every detail. The ices were molded to represent kewpies, hearts, slippers and turtle doves.

The occasion was enjoyed by all, and particularly by the bride-to-be who is a general favorite. We wish her much happiness.

Miss Dorothy Ledbetter has recently joined our forces. Her sister, Mrs. Hazel Rucker, who has been associated with us for the past two years, left for California on September 18, intending to make that state her future home.

Mrs. Louise Revelle has returned from a two weeks' vacation spent in Boulder, Longmont and Greeley. She reports "crops good" in northern Colorado.

Mrs. P. A. Lutz is now located in her new home on South Grant. A house warming would be in order and very appropriate.

This department extends its sincere sympathy to Mrs. Zella Baird our head stenographer, whose husband, Roy W. Baird, died very suddenly on October 11. Mr. Baird had been in his usual health, and on the evening of his death had taken his mother, who was visiting them, and his wife to dinner and later to a show. He was taken suddenly ill soon after they arrived home and died in a very short time. His funeral was held on Sunday, October 15, under the auspices of Arapahoe Lodge A. F. & A. M. No. 130, of which lodge he was a member. Mr. Baird left many friends, and our hearts go out in deepest sympathy to Mrs. Baird and the family.

If you are too lazy to open the front door when Opportunity rings the bell, do not expect her to go to the back door and knock.

Rewrites and Omissions

Some times things go wrong. So it was in making up the September issue of the Review. As the Review is now being made up by mail, several proofs and galleys went astray, and the following were omitted:

Picnic Prize Winning Pictures

"Knee Deep"
Winning the first prize. Photographed by O. B. Mauldin

"Yes or No"
Second prize picture. Won by W. A. Elliott

"Mort" Parsons, Mrs. Mort, and their grandson in "Mort's" "Flying Gardner" in which he and the Mrs. made a trip to Blackfoot, Idaho, and through Yellowstone National Park. Also in this issue is some snapshots "Mort" made in Yellowstone.

Struck Dumb

Dido—Do you remember when you were first struck by my beauty?

Aeneas—Yes, dearest. It was at the masked ball.

"Dat's a fine new brudder yo all's got Lilly."

"Yes'm, but de doctor say he ain' up to par."

"Ain' up to par! Lan' sakes, givem time. Yo par is over six feet tall."

Young Lady (who had just been operated on for appendicitis)—Oh, doctor! Do you think the scar will show?

Doctor—It ought not to.—The Lyre.

—Chaparral.

"That's a hell of a note," said the monkey as he sneezed into the saxaphone.

OFFICE AND FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

A glimpse of Mary Waller making the acquaintance with one of Enos Mills' friends at Estes Park where she spent her vacation.

Harry Schwartzlose together with his wife and daughter traveled to Los Angeles on his vacation. The above picture shows Harry and his daughter Betty Mae, on the beach in front of the Palisades at Santa Monica, California.

Casper Storage Yard

Some of the boys claim that Frank Butler should have glasses of some high magnifying power. Ask him about it.

Miller is back from his recent sick spell. We are all glad to have him with us. He is just as ornery as ever.

Mr. L. A. Robinson has been sojourning in the vicinity of Rock Springs for the Company. Pushing material to Baxter Basin.

Flat Sturgeon is again cavorting around on his truck. We are glad to have him and his humor with us once again, yes.

Mr. Geo. L. Goodrich has left our pleasant surroundings and contrary to all animal instinct he has gone north for the cold months. George has been transferred to Cat Creek. We wish him joy in his new location, and hope that he will make advancement.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K.Anderson are the proud parents of a baby girl. We certainly hope that the little mite will have all the joys and none of the sorrows that humans are heirs to and that she will grow up to be a joy and pride to her parents. We thank thee Andy for the smokes.

Mr. Ray Hughes and wife went to their homes in Missouri for their vacation. Mr. Hughes has returned less one perfectly good wife. Mrs. Hughes decided to stay a few days more. Therefore Ray is again making the acquaintance of bachelorhood.

Flat Sturgeon has returned from his dry-stead. Which he claims is as dry as ever.

Baldy Bowman has heard of the "promised land". Said land is located somewhere in Utah. He is contemplating organizing a caravan and leading an exodus from this desert with the chosen into the promised land. Applications for reservations in the caravan must be made at once.

Mr. J. R. Dunbar Superintendent and wife, spent their vacation in the southern part of Missouri and in the Ozark mountains. We make this distinction because from the reports brought back by Dr. Dunbar, the Ozark hills are extremely hard on tires.

Mr. McQuick, one of the garage men went back to God's Country to spend a few days in his old haunts in and around Illinois. We suppose that when he returns he will be comparing Wyoming with those Eastern States.

Theodore Manly, a greaser or garage man, left the employ of the Company to return to his native state, (we mean one of the states of the union,) to live with his father who is very aged. We are sorry to lose him but hope he prospers.

As Seen from Mormon Hill

This is hardly the time of the year when one would expect boquets but as it will be worse later on and some are certainly due, we will proceed to hand out a few. Elk Basin, as you know, by reason of its isolation, is a community depending much upon its personnel and it is of our willing workers that we propose to speak at this time. Take for instance our pulling machine crews.

With Machine No. 1—we have Prather, Sandell and Griffin, all of the best, and with No. 2—we have Anderson, Leavell and Walter Moore; We have just put Machine No. 3—in commission and with the following crew, is doing good work, i.e.—Harris, Lowery and 'Lige Harris. The point we wish to make is this; We have the very best men on this job that can be found anywhere and while we are opposed to betting, except on a sure thing, we are willing to wager that these boys can pull more wells in a given time than any men on a similar job at any time, at any place, and come up smiling.

Then there are our drillers and tool dressers. Of the former, Syd. Smith is the dean and we have in addition Floyd Blakesley and Earl Brehaut. You can't beat them. For toolies we have Guy Long, Homer Biswell and Franks, keen ones all of them and right up on their toes all the time. With the cleaning out strings we had Dewey Sandell and Earl Wymer and they sure made good. When they reported the hole clean, it was clean and no mistake.

But owing to the call for men at Salt Creek and due to the closing of the drilling season here, Dad Smith and Dewey have been transferred to that point, as has also C. W. Franks, and of course we will miss them. On the pipe gang Hugo easily leads them all, and is some quick worker. He sizes up a job, throws the connections together and is off for another before you know it and when he is done, why there is nothing to it, its there to stay and as right as rain. Which leads me to digress. What do you know about rain this time of the year this far north? Well we are having it and if you have been here during the rainy season you should know what that means—mud, more mud and yet more mud, and our historic hill, yclept "Mormon" is a test for the best of them. It is not so bad going up because you either can or you can't, but coming down is different; You can never tell which end of the bus is going to reach the bottom first and as likely as not you will make it sideways, which is some disconcerting and more or less unsatisfactory, to say the least. But we all do it; have to, you know and its all in a days work anyway, so we let it go at that, but it makes our visitors rather nervous.

Having disposed of which, we will resume our muttons. Pumpers?—Sure we have them and what they can't extract from the ground is simply not there. On Elk 5 we have Scotty Innes, (Hoot mon) and Davis; On Elk 6 there are Hooper and Kueck, both pumpers from 'way back yonder; and on Elk 7—Vern Wimer holds her down in fine shape. On Elk 8 we have Billy Blendt and his cheerful smile on a gloomy day is heartening. This bunch is responsible for much of our production and all take more than ordinary interest in their work.

And Mike he pumps the water, being lord of his own domain, which he shares with the cats. Mike is a character, has the finest memory of any living man, bar none and altho old Penn. still holds some attractions for him, Wyoming is good enough and then some.

Did you know that Rader was a practical joker? Well he is—ask Marker. "Manifold," "A number of objects related under one system." Thus the dictionary, but Earl has another name for them, more direct, more forceful and more picturesque. One would gather that he don't think much of the pesky things anyway and knows of a lot of things he would rather do than make the measly boxes, but like the man he is, he justs gets them out and is glad that all things have an end, manifolds among them. By the way that same Marker is some out-of-doors man. He has trapped and hunted in the far north, prospected in Montana and been Forest Ranger, Stage Driver, Freighter, Deputy Sheriff and a lot of other things in Wyoming and is now, for recreation (and swag) catching a few coyotes on the side. If you want to know how, ask him. Danny Sanford from his house on the hill, makes water, runs the condensing plant you know and can do much to make life pleasant for us, by using judgment and care in operating his still, which to his credit let it be said, he does and does well. We have a new man at the Cook House Commissary, Oscar Carlson and his assistance is valuable to Miss Marker, our competent chef and is appreciated.

Old John Lee is now in Cat Creek, with the Mid-Northern and after so many years, we miss him. You could always get a rise out of Old John and his cheery laugh was infectious.

Mr. Norman J. Weaver from Oklahoma, b'gosh, is now gang pusher, foreman and general factotum and he takes to it like a duck to water. Incidentally the new Dodge commercial is making miles these days and is never long idle at a time. Mr. Weaver has moved his family here, adding much to our little community.

Jack Diehl was here again for a few days, just about Fair time in Billings. He was renumbering our houses and when you look us up, find No. 42, on Main Street. That's us. Jack, always in a hurry, was anxious to get up to Billings to see the fair? Um-yes; a pair of them, likely. Mrs. Paul Hardie and Junior have returned from Colorado where they spent the summer in that salubrious climate and it seems to have agreed with them both. Of course Paul is happy.

We have put air, gas and vapor tight tops on our tanks; we have painted the town, we have erected new boiler houses on all of our leases, we have 'most of our pipe lines, oil and water, buried; we have had a dance, a baby or two, a visit from Col. Sinclair, likewise Mr. Finney, Estabrook, Sinclair (Geologist) and others and we expect soon, tho we do not hanker for it, our first real snow storm. After that it will be winter, all winter with us, short days, long nights, and all the rest of it.

Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council

EMPLOYE REPRESENTATIVES

George Hoffman, Casper District
Harry Traylor, Salt Creek Home Camp District
U. G. Shideler, Salt Creek Pipeline District
William Breeden, Salt Creek Gas Plant
Chester Borsch, Secretary

MANAGEMENT REPRESENTATIVES

Jake Hale, Salt Creek
H. A. Chandler, Salt Creek
A. C. Andrews, Salt Creek
A. G. Fidel, Casper

Midwest Employes' Benefit Association

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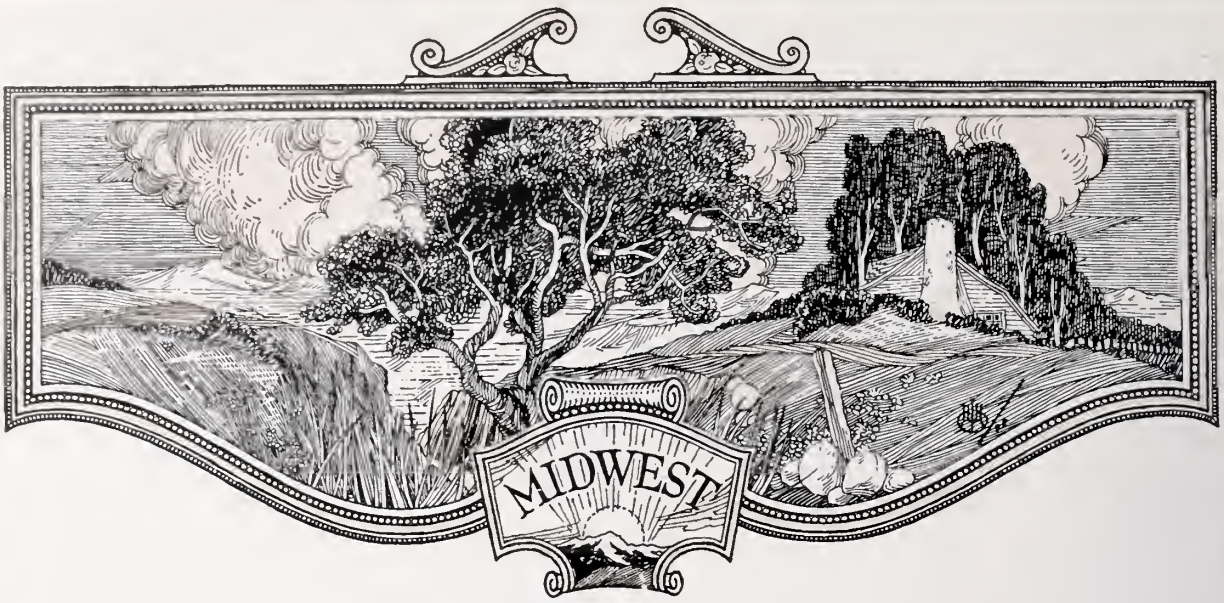

Thanksgiving

When pumpkins gleam midst shafts of corn
And the Bob-White whistles to the morn
From the old rail fence set in zig-zag trail
Fending beeches and oaks and birches pale;
When the tingling frost daubs its colors free—
That's the season of Thanks, in the East, to me.

When the sage covered hills turn to russet and gold,
And the quaking asp flames 'neath the touch of the cold;
When the silver and rose of the late setting sun
Turn to topaz and fire ere a full course is run;
When the trout streams are still and snows cap the crest—
That's the season of Thanks in the glorious West.

But the Spirit of Thanks, whether East or the West
Is the spirit that fills us because we are blest;
And from hearts that are grateful we give a full measure
To Him Who bestows this great Autumn treasure.

—A Midwesterner

Midwest Review

December 1922

VOL 3 NO 11

PUBLISHED for THE MIDWEST FAMILY by
The MIDWEST REFINING COMPANY

Cause for Worry

I got a hunch, fellers, lis'en to me—
There's trouble a-headin' this way,
Cause Christmas is comin', an' the ole Christmas tree
An' Santa ain't usin' his sleigh!
For reindeers and sich are passay, says Dad,
An' a big ottermobile is ole Santa's fad.

Now an auto's all right for some kind of work—
Where so many folks ain't in on th' play;
But s'pose the derned thing takes a notion to shirk
An' breaks down with ole Santa Claus, hey?
Just s'pose he fergits to take along chains
An' gits stuck in a mudhole 'cause he didn't take pains.

An' s'pose the ignition, it goes on th' bum,
Or th' carb'reter sticks and won't feed;
Or he yanks th' rear end clear out of it, plumb,
An' strips all th' gears on low speed.
Or fergits to git oil, or fergits to git gas
An' busts a main bearin' just like it was glass.

Now there was never a time in all of th' past
That a reindeer got stuck on high center;
But delivered th' load right prompt and right fast
An' never found nothin' to prevent 'er.
An' auto's all right to ride around town
But, I'll sure be a-worryin' till Santa gits 'round.

The Midwest Review

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"Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men," has for ages typified the spirit that we all believe in for the Christmas time. And through all these ages, men have attempted to live up to that spirit. The season of Christmas has by eommon consent eome to be a time for a temporary eessation of strife, of business aetivities, of the promotion of material aetivities. Everyone pauses to observe the Holiday and to exhibit a toleranee and a forbearanee at least toward his fellow men. He attempts also to show his good will by giving gifts, by bringing to the front his natural good nature and friendly feeling. The householder softens up and hands a eigar to the iee man and the janitor; he has a "Merry Christmas" in greeting to the stranger he meets on the street, and gives a box of eandy to his stenographer. Neighbors drink synthetie puneh together. The family savings go into gifts useless and useful for distribution to relatives and friends. The ehildren are taken to the family ehureh for the Christmas tree and there are vague and transitory allusions and maybe a bit of eantata or a fragment of drama relative to the birth in the dim ages past of a Sacred Child. Everyone admires the tree, praises the rendition of the verses or the songs, eomments with due parental pride upon the eleverness or the talent of the juvenile performers, and eontrives to earry away an extra popeorn ball or pink mosquito bar stoeking filled with indifferent treasures. And praetieally no one gives a serious thought to the real signifieanee of the day.

An orgy of giving or a temporary reerudeseenee of affeetion for one's fellow men, ean in nowise be substituted for reverential observanee of the birth anniversary of the Saviour. In giving and exhibiting a spasm of good will, we are not honoring or revereneing the Son of our Maker. We only indulge a selfish and materialistie desire to eultivate earthly good will; to repay mundane obligations; to satisfy purely physical or mental eravings.

Why not vary the eelebration this year; maybe not vary so mueh, but inelude, and by inelusion we mean why not investigate a little into the real reason for the eelebration—the anniversary of the Son of God?

Nineteen hundred and twenty-two years ago, oeeurred the Great Nativity, the birth of Christ. It is the anniversary of His eoming that we eelebrate eaeh December 25. Let's instruet our ehildren; let's take deep full eognizanee of the great event ourselves, and lift the glad Christmas season from its material side. It should be a time of religious sanetifieation as well as a giving and rejoieing season.

Keep the Safety First idea in your mind at Christmas time this year, again. Wateh the eandles and the tree and the whiskers of old Saint Niek. Don't turn a time of gladness and joy into one of pain and sorrow because you weren't eareful.

Wear your goggles when you are about work whieh might eause an injury to your eyes. It is better to take a little preeaution than days or weeks of suffering and expense.

About time to get out the old reliable New Year's resolutions whieh are used every year, and dust them up for the eoming January 1. Most New Year's resolutions are disearded after the first few weeks so they are always available for the following year.

No doubt if the Salt Creekers and the Casper people who have to go to Salt Creek on business, eould get their Christmas wish, they would ask for a forty-mile strip of asphalt highway in their stoeking.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

During the past year we have continued to face the over-production of crude oil and its resulting problems. We have also come more and more to realize that the only practical way of approximating pre-war operating costs is by the elimination of waste. We are further convinced that high taxes will continue to burden all business and that in order to remain in office the clamor of venal demagogues is ever directed at our industry. However, there are so many Midwest employees I would like to pat approvingly on the back and cannot for lack of opportunity, that I want to say at this Christmas time that I hope they feel as happy as I do over the way they have handled their jobs the past year—and that goes for Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico.

R. S. ELLISON

FROM SUPERINTENDENT GAS DEPARTMENT

The past year has been one of marked progress in the Gas Department. From a small gas plant, we have developed into a gasoline manufacturing industry with a production surpassing that of any in the country. What success we have attained has been made possible chiefly through the loyal efforts of our men, as well as the kindly consideration and help of allied departments.

With the Midwest spirit of cooperation behind us, I am looking forward to the year 1923 as the most active in our development, which will mean greater accomplishment and satisfaction for all of us.

W. R. FINNEY

FROM EXPLORATION DEPARTMENT

Best wishes from the Exploration Department. We have had a most interesting, and we believe successful, year and we wish to express our thanks for the hearty cooperation of the other branches of the Company.

A Merry Holiday Season to you all.

H. C. BRETSCHNEIDER.

FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

In retiring from active management of the affairs of THE MIDWEST REFINING COMPANY I want to thank all members of THE MIDWEST FAMILY for their splendid cooperation, which has so materially helped to make my administration successful, and to express my wishes for the happiness and prosperity of everyone in this Christmas Season and the coming year.

H. M. BLACKMER

GREETING FROM THE PRESIDENT

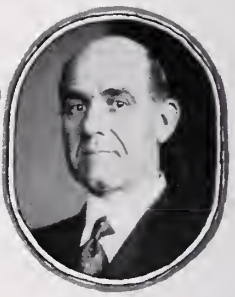
It gives me the utmost pleasure, at the outset of my administration as President of The Midwest Refining Company, to express the gratitude of the Company to its splendid corps of employees for their faithful and loyal service in the past, and in extending on behalf of the officers sincere and cordial wishes for a Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year, to bespeak a continuation of that close cooperation which will insure the lasting success of our organization.

THOMAS A. DINES

FROM GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT PRODUCING DEPARTMENT

The past year has been an extremely busy one for the Producing Department and we can justly be proud of the results accomplished. These are due to hard work and cooperation and the Company expresses its sincere appreciation for such service. Personally the work has been a pleasure, due to the wholehearted support and loyalty shown by everyone. With such a spirit manifest our department cannot fail to improve and progress until we stand second to none. Here's to one hundred per cent.

A. W. PEAKE



FROM SUPERINTENDENT PIPELINE DEPARTMENT

The Pipeline Department is the youngest department of the Midwest Refining Company but, after two and one-half years of service, we feel that we are old enough to take out place at the family table and wish each of you a "Merry Christmas." As in the case with most youngsters our early career was started amid "strikes" and "leaks" but we now boast of having one of the most loyal and satisfied bunch of workers to be found anywhere, and hope for continued success for our great company during the next year.

Yours sincerely,

G. M. VANDAVEER

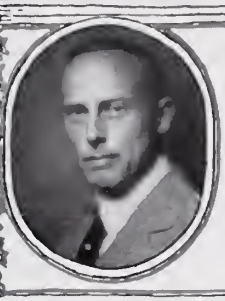
FROM GEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

Greetings from the Geological Department to Midwest friends. May you all enjoy the Holidays to the utmost and may the New Year be as good as the Old—and better.

Cordially yours,

CARROLL H. WEGEMANN

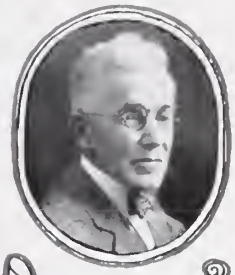
FROM MIDWEST FAMILY HEADS



M. K. BLACKMER
Vice President

JOHN D. CLARK
Vice President

T. A. PEDLEY
Secretary



L. A. REED
Director

The Midwest officials whose pictures appear on this page, join in the following greeting to the members of the Midwest Family:

"We desire to extend our very best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the members of the Midwest Family in every camp, office or other point within the organization. We desire to express our very sincere appreciation for loyal services and hearty co-operation which has been shown by all, and in extending our greetings, we also desire to extend our thanks for such cooperation. We sincerely hope that the coming year will prove to be a happy and prosperous one, for everyone."

H. G. NAYLOR
Traffic Manager

N. S. WILSON
General Manager,
Producing Department

C. J. BARKDULL
Auditor

Merry Christmas in England

By William Powell, of the Casper Midwest Family

I have been asked by the editor of the Review to write up something about the celebration of Christmas in England, the land where I was born and brought up. I tried to wiggle out of the job, but he wouldn't stand for it. I made excuses, told him that I was a eockney, and didn't know how they celebrated in England.

"Well," he said, "let them know how they do it in the Big Smoke." (London).

So if you will all be mereiful in your eritieisms. I will try to tell you something as I found this holiday to be when living there.

In England the 25 and 26 of Deeember are legal holidays, and are ealled respeetively Christmas Day and Boxing Day. Boxing Day, so-ealled over there, is really the day on which presents are opened up; henee the term "Boxing," which really means Christmas Boxes, or as we would say in America, Christmas presents.

They have many old eustoms still in foree in England, as the one of the "Christmas Waits." About a week before Christmas, and on some night after 12 o'eloek midnight, bands of so-ealled musieians make the rounds of the homes, stopping in front of them, playing a few tunes and winding up with "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." Then before leaving, they all shout out in ehorus, "Please to remember the Waits!" Meaning, of eourse, that they will colleet some reward on Boxing Day. But I often thought when they woke me up, I should like to drop a "weight" on their heads.

On Christmas Eve, we have our carol singers entertaining with hymns and the "Mistletoe Bough Song." This singing usually lasts until dawn.

On Christmas Day, it is about the same in England as it is here. There are church serviees in the morning, and the rest of the day is usually given over to feasting and frivolities. Most all homes, rich and poor, are decorated with holly, mistletoe and various mottoes. There are very few places that do not have the old bunch of mistletoe hanging up. You would be eonsidered very slow by the ladies, espeeially the young ones, if you did not kiss them

under the mistletoe. Then there are theater parties, where the old legendary pantomines hold forth, with the old fashioned clown and pantaloon, playing their tricks on one another, and with the amusement by the Harlequin and Columbine.

There are the various organizations, like the Salvation Army and fraternal orders of all kinds, ehurehes, etc., that do wonderful work among the sick and the poor, seeing that no one laeks Christmas cheer.

The turkey, although in evidenee, does not seem so predominant as the Roast Beef of Old England, and believe me, it is Roast Beef; and the plum pudding—O boy, I can picture mother now!

One thing I would like to see adopted here, that seems to be a sueeess there, is what they eall the "Sharing Out Clubs." Some one is appointed in many faetories to act as trustee. The employees put in so mueh money every pay day to be "shared out" a few days before Christmas. It helps out at Christmas time, when most people need it to buy a present for their

"sweet cookie" and others. And the little that you put by at each pay day is hardly missed.

Well, I guess I have about gone the limit, but in conclusion, I must admit that although these old customs and ways were alright, and are alright for those who like them, yet I think the ways and enstoms of the good old U. S. A. are good enough for me, and in the words of Shakespeare, "We are as good as those who are better than ourselves." And with this feeling, I should like to express myself for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to my fellow members of the Midwest Family.

Christmas at Salt Creek

The boys and girls and tiny tots at Salt Creek for Christmas will feast in the spirit and atmosphere of one of the most gigantic entertainments ever attempted in these parts.

The big oil field has grown and grown until the younger generation population numbers up around six hundred. And not a single one of them will be neglected.

Santa Claus, the jolly old saint of the Christmas season will be there making the trip probably in a truck, laden with presents for all, candy, fruit and nuts. The immense tree and decorations will be in place to help afford a proper setting for the reception of St. Nick.

Music and a short program will fill in the odd moments. But the main idea of Christmas Eve as it will be celebrated at Salt Creek this year, will be to turn the kiddies, all of them, loose for a real frolicsome time and entertain them by letting them do whatever they please. Noise, laughter, and pandemonium in general will run rife.

If you want to see childish eyes wide with excitement, childish hearts full of joy, drop in and help take care of six hundred of the healthiest, heartiest children that ever breathed, at Salt Creek. The entertainment is sponsored by the Midwest Company and made possible by a splendid donation by the company and funds raised in the community.

Benefit Association Gaining

The Board of Directors of the Midwest Employes' Benefit Association met on November 22, 1922, to discuss Association affairs.

The Treasurer's report showed that the figures are still in the red but that a substantial gain has been made in the last few months, the indebtedness having been reduced from $3600.00 to about $1400.00.

The finances of the Association had a very bad set-back last fall from flu, mostly, but since the reduction from $3.50 to $2.50 per day in benefits, effective March 1, we have shown a gradual increase in cash on hand. Of course, the number of claims always decreases during summer weather and increases again in the late fall and winter.

The Board decided, after going into the matter thoroughly, that at our present rate we would free ourselves from the loss sustained through operation in a fairly short time, therefore, no change has been made in either benefits or dues. If we are able to weather the storm this winter without going further behind, another year should put us well in the clear.

Every organization of this kind must experiment until an equitable balance between dues and benefits is reached and an adequate reserve for emergencies is built up. We hope we have reached that point but it will take another year to determine the result.

The Board solicits your co-operation in helping as far as possible to conserve the Association funds. The Association wants to pay every legitimate claim, but wants the members to see that only legitimate claims are sent in.

Jim: "How much did the assessor tax you on your automobile?"

George: "Nothing. When I took him out to the garage and showed him the car, he took out his pocketbook and gave me ten dollars."

Christmas on the Rhine

By Burke H. Sinclair, Director of Industrial Relations,
(Formerly Colonel 148th F. A., A. E. F.)

The 148th Field Artillery, which I had the honor to command during the World War, was made up in the main of men from Wyoming, Colorado and Oregon. Quite a number of these men, in addition to myself, are in the employ of the Midwest Refining Company, and will doubtless recall some of the bits of history related in this brief article.

The regiment was selected to go into Germany as the heavy artillery of the Army of Occupation. We left our station near Verdun on November 30, 1918, and marched through France, into Luxembourg, crossed the German frontier at Andernach, and proceeded by easy stages to the Rhine, arriving at the little town of Weissenthurm on the banks of that famous river on December 22.

I arrived in the town about 9 o'clock at night, but so anxious was I to see the river that I had my driver take me down the narrow cobble-paved streets to the very river bank, got out and dabbled my hands in the water. My temporary office was chosen in a house right on the river bank, within fifty feet of the water. We spent the two or three days intervening until Christmas in getting settled and getting comfortable, and preparing for Christmas.

The weather was moderately cold, and on the day before Christmas, there came a beautiful fall of snow, huge white feathery flakes, that soon laid a carpet of three or four inches of white on the ground. After supper, I walked about over the little town until about 9 o'clock. Lights twinkled from the houses; through the windows or opened doors, one could see the preparations going on for Christmas. There were Christmas trees lighted with candles in nearly all the houses. The sound of Christmas carols came from many, and a group of young women and men walked down the principal street singing carols. I was particularly struck with the singing of one very familiar carol, one that we all hear in the United States, "Silent Night, Hallowed Night." It certainly sounded queer in that far-off more or less hostile land. I learned afterward that this particular carol is of German origin.

At the house where I was billeted, there was a little girl of four years of age. I gave the German maid a little box of American candy to put on the tree for the child. The next day her mother thanked me with tears in her eyes, saying that this was the first time in all her life that the child had tasted candy.

Christmas Day was for the most part bright and beautiful. More snow came down at intervals, but the sun would come out and drive away the clouds for hours at a time. The Germans you met on the streets bowed very low, wished you a good day and a "Good Christmas." Most of our soldiers had a splendid Christmas dinner, though the ones who fared the best were those organizations whose mess sergeants had taken time by the forelock and scoured the country for some days before hand, in the face of army orders against buying from the Germans, and had corralled the available supply of geese or turkeys or chickens. My own mess sergeant was not so good a forager, so my particular mess dined on fresh pork. Pork was a novelty, and quite a welcome change from frozen beef and canned beef and canned salmon.

Some of the men cut branches from some of the great pine trees in the forests on our way into Germany, and used them for miniature Christmas trees. The regiment not only occupied the town of Weissenthurm, but in order to be accommodated, spilled over into the towns of Karlich and Kettig, only a mile or two away from the larger town. The men were all comfortably housed in these three towns. We took care to see that the German population "held out no beds on us." If a German family had a spare bedroom, or were permitting single occupants of bedrooms when they could conveniently double up, we saw that they doubled, or that they opened up the spare room, and as a result, most of our soldiers had beds to sleep in.

The day before Christmas, a widow in the town who had a brewery, called at my

headquarters and asked if we wouldn't hook one of our big tractors on a huge boiler at the railway yards and take it to the brewery for her, since there were no tractors or horses left in the country. We did so, and she sent a barrel of beer to the men doing the work for her, and presented me with a small three-gallon keg of very fine pre-war brew.

Christmas evening, I entertained a French officer at my billet. He was a very fine musician, and in one of the rooms which the German family had set aside for my use, I had a fine grand piano. This Frenchman, who was a Paris grand opera artist in civil life, played and sang. As he was singing, there came a knock at the door, and upon opening it, I found the young mother of the household, who timidly asked if she might enter. She was beautifully and expensively dressed, and wore much valuable jewelry. She came to wish us a Merry Christmas, to thank me for the child's candy, and upon being urged, played the piano very skillfully. The first thing we knew, she was playing, the Frenchman was singing in his exquisite barytone and I was doing my best with barber-shop chords. It struck me as quite odd—the French, the American and the German celebrating a bit of the Christmas Day together.

Two days afterward, our regiment received orders to proceed on eastward over the Rhine. We crossed the great river on what is known as the Engers Bridge, a few kilometers down the river from Urmitz, where Caesar built his famous bridge, and settled down for six months in the little manufacturing city of Hohr.

"Good 'Ol Dan"

(With apologies to Kipling)

The spirit or theme of the following piece also applies to Christmas and all other holidays.

You may talk of ham and eggs, corned beef and sausage too,
When on week days tired and worn you lumber in.
Steak and pork you'll kick about, good old beans and sauerkraut,
Oh you'd lick the bloomin guy that done the cookin'.
But on Thanksgiving Day, when Homeward all thoughts stray,
To mothers cookin', turkey, dressing, pumpkin pie,
And when surely you are stuck, in Salt Creek 'mid the muck,
And the oil and pumps and derricks hold you tight;
You've no cause to shed a tear, at that season of the year,
If you're caught away from Dear Ones, Home and all,
Just slick up and with head high, stroll to the Midwest Hotel near by,
And sit down with all that hungry, nappy throng,
Tables laden high with grub, and all good but that's the rub;
It's well nigh impossible to cry quits.
When you've eaten all you can, done your darndest like a man,
An stood up with a groan you've staggered out,
Lit a cigarette or pipe, or Havana nice an ripe,
Blown a smoke cloud with a sigh of deep content;
Then it is, that if you're true to yourself and justice too,
You'll think about the man behind the gun,
Who with welcome smilin' face and inimitable grace,
Put that Thanksgiving Dinner over, just like home.
Dan Trudgeon is his name and he falls for lots of blame,
Good natured kicking, grumbling, fretting from us all,
But when you're talking 'bout real stuff, he's just got it with no bluff,
And we like you, Dan, we like you sure enough.
Yes, Dan, Dan, Dan, you diplomatic devil, "Midwest Dan,"
Though we've cussed you, yes and flayed you, by the livin' God that made you,
We couldn't do without you, "Good Ol' Dan."

A Happy Christmas

The day had been cold and as always in a large City at the Christmas season he had been extremely busy. The fireside was particularly inviting this evening and he was earnestly hoping that on the morrow there might not be quite so many calls to answer altho' he knew, as others knew, that should a call come it would in no wise be passed up. He was thinking of the time when the troubles of other folks did not bother him at all; of the time when he could go to bed and not expect to be asked to go out during the night; of the time when he could busy himself about only the affairs of his private life. But now what a change had taken place. His time was never his own and he was at the beck and call of a city full of people and especially so was this true at Christmas. There were men everywhere that needed help. There were mothers with their babies whose husbands were gone somewhere, God only knows where; and there were children by the score that wanted shoes and clothing that they might continue to go to school. And besides the bare necessities they all must have something different if nothing more than a sack of candy and a small toy for the children from the ten cent store. After a while together with his wife this man knelt in prayer and asked the kind Heavenly Father to watch tenderly over these strange dear folk that had already been seen and to give him strength to see many more as the call might come. How thankful they were for the privilege of praying that on this Christmas Day much joy might be taken into these homes where. should they not go, perhaps there would be no one to tell of the Christ who came so many years ago and who, today, was anxious concerning the children of men. Thus ended his day and our young minister retired.

The next morning while engaged in his study a call came asking him to go with some of the faithful women of his congregation to a home, perhaps five miles from his. Yes was quickly said and the hour was agreed. At the appointed time these parties met and made their way to the home which was out of the city limits on what was was known as C. B. What horror was theirs when they looked within this little hut. A small room; no carpet but rough boards that did not fit close enough to keep the cold winds out. A tumble down bed with rags and burlap sacks as covering and on this lay a man. His knees were drawn up to his chin and they were informed that he had been in this condition for the last four years; not out of bed at all in all this time. "What about your living?" was asked. And the reply was that a boy, who was tucked up in the corner on an old cot, covered with sacks and rags who could not be seen, was very sick and he had been the only one to earn the living. Two small girls, one about eight years of age and the other less than twelve were bashfully standing by. Their hair had never been combed and their clothes were rags which when once fastened on were never taken off. When a pair of stockings wore out others were put on over them, as they were secured. And thus they had on sometimes two or three pairs of stockings and two or more of each garment and these were only put on as they were picked up here and there. There was no food in the house and all were very hungry. No fuel save a little wood. Something must be done immediately. After speaking kindly the minister assured them they would return shortly. That day a load of coal was sent to them and provisions carried in. But Christmas was coming.

Little by little children of the Sunday School were told and they bought what they could. And with much joy, real joy, our young friend saw the box well filled. Shoes and necessities but also many little things that would give all a Christmas of cheer.

It was drawing near the time now and each day his heart seemed to be beating faster for Christmas Day meant a day of great cheer and he together with his helpers were going to this home. And what would it mean? Just to sit there for a little while and enjoy with these folks what had been denied them. Their mother was dead and life to the children was a dreary thing at best.

This was the year of the influenza. Hun-

dreds of people were sick and dying. The minister in the midst of his work was taken very sick the day before Christmas. The morning dawned! The day of Christ. So many things to be done and he could not move. But early in the morning the faithful helpers came and arrangements were made that the gifts should go on just the same. And as he lay quietly he asked of the Lord that all the joy that would have been his could he have been there, might now be given over to these poor children who had not had a real chance in life. It was indeed a happy Christmas after all for tho' he could not go yet he had planned for OTHERS. And there was solace in that alone. Our joy is not in what we have but in what we give. How true this has proven in after years for four years have passed since this simple little story was enacted. That father died and that twelve year old girl came to live with that minister and his wife, and they arranged it so that she could go to school. She was twelve years old and could not write her name. She has been in school, a Church school, now these four years and is this year in the seventh grade. She is as happy as can be and the joy of that first Christmas has increased for her each succeeding year. And the minister? He is,

Faithfully Yours,
In the Master's Service,
S. R. SHERIFF,
Salt Creek Community Church.

Gas Plant High Test Club

Completion of the course in First Aid at the Gas Plant, resulted in the organization of the High Test Club with Ed Buddrus as Chairman, R. E. Backus as Vice-Chairman, A. J. Hutchinson as Secretary, C. S. Sanders as Treasurer, and F. M. Stauffer as Manager of First Aid. In addition three regular committees were selected, namely: Entertainment, Safety First and Membership.

The Club meets on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month in the Club Room. These meetings include the regular business of the Club, First Aid Contests, talks by men in different departments on their particular branch of the industry, and generally wind up with a short entertainment program. The present enrollment of the club includes 115 active members, all of whom are taking hold which will make the organization successful and cause it to accomplish its purpose.

Play fair with the Midwest Benefit Association. Remember, when you ask for benefits that you are not fully entitled to, you are putting your hand into the pocket of the man who works next to you, and who has paid in his dollar a month just the same; you are likewise jeopardizing the chances of the man who may be worse off than you are. Don't ask for one day's more benefits than you are rightly entitled to.

Thomas A. Dines, New Midwest President

On Wednesday, November 15th, Mr. Thomas A. Dines was elected to the presidency of the Midwest Refining Company to succeed Mr. Henry M. Blackmer who

has been elevated to the position of Chairman of the Board of Directors.

The promotion of Mr. Dines was received with joy by the thousands of employes of the company throughout Colorado and Wyoming, as Tom Dines, as he is affectionately known to his fellow workers, is exceedingly popular. It is also a recognition of his ability and hard work.

Mr. Dines entered the service of the Midwest Refining Company as treasurer some seven years ago. Soon after he was elected vice-president where he has made good with a vengeance.

He is in his early forties, is married and the father of two fine children. It is reported that like most of the Midwest executives he is a devoted follower of golf.

New Salt Creek Club House

Built and equipped for the Midwest family at Salt Creek by the Midwest Company the new club house will take premier honors as probably the greatest factor for a wholesome, hearty after working hours life in the Big Home Camp.

The excavation work was started early in the fall and now the building stands completed in its general construction, with interior finishing and the installing of fixtures and furnishings going at such a pace that by Christmas Day it is planned the whole building in all of its luxury of completeness, will be ready to play open doors to the boys.

The new club house measures 72x42 and stands two stories and a half above ground. The basement is full, light and roomy and is divided into a large Boy Scout Club Room, store-rooms and a bowling alley. This latter will not be equipped at present but if there seems to be a demand arrangements are all made for a speedy preparation for the ten-pin sport.

The main entrance, which faces east, directly opposite the old Midwest Hall, opens into a large hallway. To the right on the main floor is the barber shop, completely equipped with four white enameled chairs, individual wash bowls, plate glass mirrors and cabinets, and all the rest. It will be as fine and sanitary a shop and as "up-to-the-minute" in its equipment as any in the west. To the left of the main entrance is the opening to the big pool room. This room is a marvel, measuring the whole size of the over-all dimensions of the building with the exception of one corner where the barber shop and entrance hall are excluded.

In the front will be located the cigar, tobacco and soft drink counters, cases and fountain. Five pool tables and one billiard table, all new and of the finest mahogany will be in place. The walls will be tinted in brown and buff and the woodwork will carry out to fit with the mahogany and heavy tone of the tables and fixtures. No expense has been spared in this equipment and the boys can have the satisfaction of knowing they have the best.

From the front main entrance, a wide open stairway leads to a central second floor hallway. In the front two rooms connect with a double door effect. One of these will be furnished with a number of small tables to be used as a writing room, the other will have large comfortable chairs and a fireplace and will be a reading room supplied with periodicals and books. A conference room on one side and an office room on the other, occupy the central space upstairs. The whole rear half of the second floor is one large card and lounging room. With a fireplace at one end, equipped with card tables, large comfortable chairs and a large table in the center, drop light effects and the walls tinted a warm rich tone, pictures on the walls and a deer-head over the fireplace, this room will be as attractive as anything of its kind ever attempted in these parts.

From top to bottom the new Midwest Salt Creek Club House at Home Camp is a superlative proposition. It will be put to good use and will do a lot toward making the life of the boys in the field a little happier and more worth while. If the spirit and atmosphere of good fellowship can fast be developed among the fellows, (and it can be) that this splendid new building and equipment should inspire, then Salt Creek and the Midwest Company have created an institution whose value cannot be computed in the ordinary terms

of profit and loss. Those who are directly responsible for the Club House as it is finished can be justly proud, and full of the satisfaction that comes with a job, well done.

Vidler-White

Much space has been given from time to time in the columns of "The Midwest Review" to those members of the Midwest Family who have gone the road which leads to connubial bliss and the ever increasing number in our organization that have been drawn by its allurements, led to a suggestion from the members of the Editorial Staff that contagion might be in our midst, and Big Muddy proves no exception to such a statement.

We have several times in the past given publicity to the capriciousness of Mr. Robert S. Vidler in his attentions to the fair sex but now we have the announcement to make that Bob (more familiarly known by the bunch) has at last fallen to the charms of Miss Gordys White.

Not many weeks ago Gordys traveled from New York State along with her sister who has been appointed on the Teaching Staff of the Parkerton School, and made her temporary quarters at the Teacherage as a companion to her sister.

A few visits to the Teacherage, a few visits to the picture shows, one or two dances in company with the lady brought about a sudden change in Bob's demeanor, but alas, how sudden, the sentiment of friendship had grown into intense love and devotion with the result that Bob had determined to join the ranks of the benedicts.

At a very early hour in the morning while the majority slumbered and slept the opportunity was seized by letting the rest of the world go by. Bob beat a very hasty retreat from the Bachelor Quarters to the Teacherage in order to pick up the bride to be, and from there decided to disturb the peaceful sleep of Rev. Bentley, our Community Church preacher, that he might tie the knot to unite them into the bonds of matrimony.

None of the intimate acquaintances of the couple had been informed of the plans. A search warrant had been issued for their apprehension, but later in the day news was flashed throughout camp that Bob

and Gordys had picked upon Thermopolis for a few days recuperation.

Why this attitude of secrecy we know not, as the couple had to return to quarters, but after a serenade a confession of guilt was made by both parties. By some stringent penalties were to be imposed but the majority favored leniency, and after some discussion a good supply of the best candy was demanded for the ladies and cigars for the men.

In spite of the chuckling of the couple over their act of deceiving their friends every good wish is extended to the bride and groom for a very happy and successful married life.

Merritt Back to Casper

A. L. Merritt, formerly auditor for the Midwest, has resigned his position with the company in Denver and has accepted the place of auditor and assistant secretary of the Central Pipeline Company, with headquarters in Casper. He will make his home in Casper.

If "war is hell," where does General Carelessness belong?

Standard Sells Casper Lots

Pursuant to its plans, the Standard Oil Company, Indiana, abont the middle of November, plaeed on sale in the eity of Casper, 246 fine, well improved building lots. These lots were platted from the forty aeres which the eompany purehased a year or so ago from the state of Wyoming.

The Standard laid this traet off in lots, faeing the east and west. Sewers were laid throughout; walks were built; storm sewers were eonstrueted on all streets exeepting two, and sidewalks were laid. Asphaltum paving will be laid in the spring.

These lots are beautiful level sites, and will be the ideal spot for niee homes. Building on Spruee and Walnut streets is restrieted to $5000 houses; on Chestnut to $4000 houses and unrestrieted on the other streets.

All streets will be paved in the spring exeepting Poplar and Fifteenth streets. The latter street however, will be paved by the eity.

The priees on the lots inelude all the improvements, sueh as paving, water and gas eonneetions, sidewalks, grading, ete. The lots are sold for eash with the provision that a house must be ereeted within a year from date of sale, and no temporary buildings of any nature are to be allowed. Property can never be sold in the future to Negroes, Indians, Mongolians or Mexieans. All houses must be modern.

Thirteen lots have been sold to date, two of them to Midwest employes. Only Midwest or Standard employes may purchase this property.

Rough on Hud

A reeent eonversation over the telephone went something like this:

"Hello, is this Mr. Yunek?"

"Yes"

"This is Mrs. Hudson speaking."

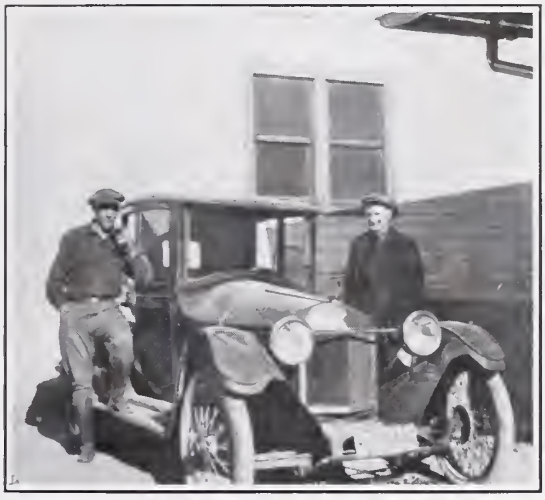
"Yes ma'am."

"Will you please go into my husband's offiee and get a paekage that I gave him to mail about four days ago. If you'll mail it for me, I'll be very grateful, if it is left for him to mail I'm afraid it will never get to its destination."

"Yes I will Mrs. Hudson, right away."

"Thank you so mueh."

Imported North American Caucasian meat hound, imported by some of the garage boys for the Quail hunting next year. His tail which he ain't got none 'tal hardly is to be used for pointing out the Quail while they are innocently feeding 'neath the waterlilies. This picture shows him on the homestretch after a hard days practice at the golf links.



Scripps-Booth Business Coupe U. T. G. 1 (Uptown Garage). Notice the smile on Mr. Powell's face, he is anticipating driving same during the bad weather. This car is in good condition and is well worth the price, Mr. Powell has same to sell, but is not anxious to perform the deed. Mr. Whittenburg smoking and thinking about his Thanksgiving turk mostly smoking tho.

Sure Cure

Brown—"I'm the most forgetful man in the world."

Black—"Why don't you buy a flivver?"

Brown—"What for?"

Black—"That will jog your memory."

Our Double Page of Kiddies

We are especially proud of the double page picture of Midwest children which appears in this issue of the Review. The only regret that we have is that we were unable to find room on the page for all the delightful offerings that we received. In fact we got in so many, that we could only use a portion of the pictures and do justice to the kiddies. Therefore, we used a part of them in this issue, and have saved the balance until next month, when we are going to print them in another feature page.

But just take a look at our boys and girls—did you ever see a nicer lot? We say not!

We sincerely hope that Santa Claus finds every single one of them, and crams every little stocking full to the top.

Building Program at Salt Creek

With the new Midwest Club House at Salt Creek almost completed, steps will be taken to go forward with other important units of the building program for Home Camp.

A splendid new picture show and theatre to seat six hundred will be started immediately, that will be managed by the company, for the benefit of employes. A large new and commodious hospital is scheduled to be started also this month.

The theatre will be located on the corner vacated for this purpose just opposite the Midwest Hotel and the hospital is to stand just north of the Wilson school.

Both of these new structures are much needed and will be a tremendous and satisfying addition to the best oil camp in the world.

Lyceum Number Pleases

The third number of the Ellison-White Lyceum course of entertainments scheduled for Salt Creek was staged on Monday, December 4, and attended by a record breaking crowd.

One of the events of the evening was the attendance enmasse of the Kasoming Camp. About 80 chairs had been reserved in advance but it required 125 to accommodate them after they all arrived. The Kasoming bunch showed the proper spirit and set a fine example for other camps to follow.

The entertainment was provided by the Casford-Reed Violin Vocal Troupe, a group of five University of Nebraska girls, four violins and piano. The program was varied and of excellent quality. The appreciation of the audience demonstrated the worthwhile-ness of this class of entertainment and showed that the people of Salt Creek like good entertainment and are willing to pay for it.

Salt Creek Council Election

The semi-annual election for members of the Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council is to be held this month, the primaries on December 18 and the regular election on December 22. Three members are to be elected this month, as follows:

Salt Creek Pipeline District, a member to succeed U. G. Shideler, who was appointed to fill out the unexpired term of Richard Pigg, who left the employ of the company. This member will serve six months, or until the June election.

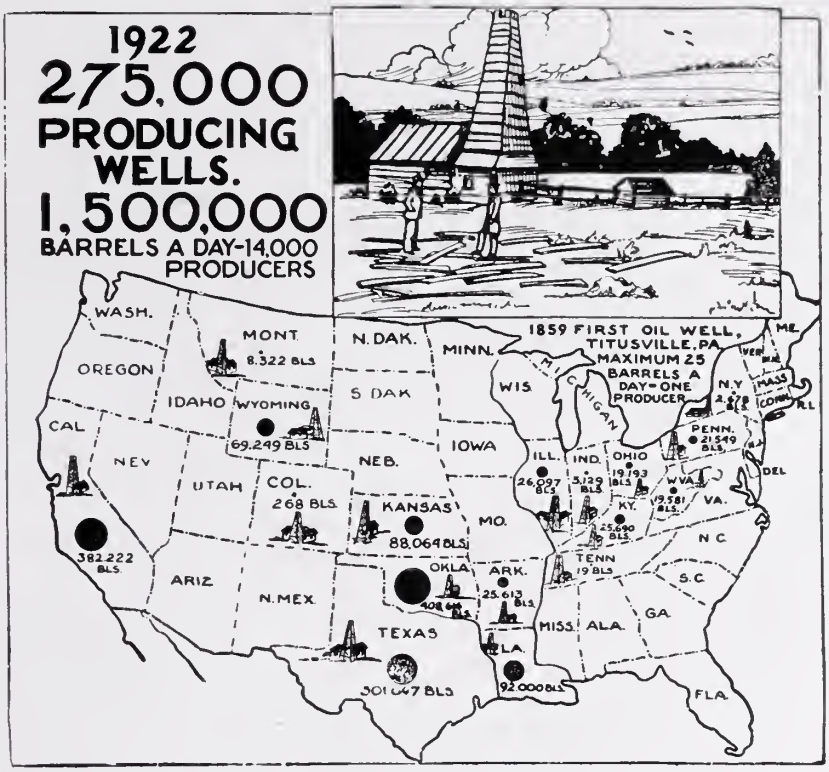
Salt Creek Home Camp district, a member to succeed Harry Traylor, whose term of one year expires this month. This member will serve one year.

Salt Creek Gas Plant District, a member to succeed William Breeden, who was appointed to fill out the unexpired term of Harry Phillips. This member will serve one year.

Salt Creek Schools Vacation

Salt Creek schools enjoyed a weeks vacation from December 4. The teachers went in to Casper for the week and attended the county teachers institute. They report a program of excellent lectures and addresses, and feel that the week was of the greatest benefit to them.

OIL INDUSTRY'S GROWTH SINCE DRAKE'S FIRST WELL



WHEN Col. Edwin L. Drake, the oil pioneer, drilled his first well in this country and produced a maximum of 25 barrels a day, the world was using fats and greases for illuminating and lubricating purposes and the automobile was unknown.

Today there are more than 14,000 oil producers in the United States, operating more than 275,000 oil wells. Their production is at the rate of more than 1,500,000 barrels a day.

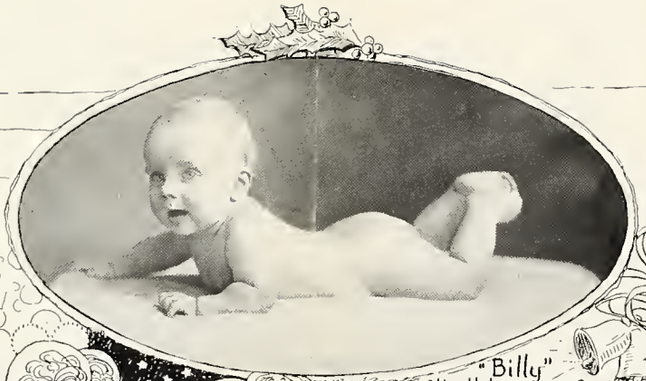
Upwards of 11,000,000 automobiles and thousands of tractors, oil-burning ships, aeroplanes, submarines, motor-boats and portable engines depend on oil and its products for power and lubrication.

The oil industry, under the impulse of the demand created by the internal combustion engine, has attained this great growth, necessary to satisfy the demand for its products, on a foundation of commercial and economic freedom.

When Col. Drake started to drill his well, he found no ownership of oil, no combination of interest, no impediment in the holding of lands which would block his efforts to produce oil. So the situation stands today.

The entire country is open to the prospector and there is none to say who may or may not produce oil.

Ellen Marker, daughter of D.E. Marker, Elk Basin. Miss Ellen is the first child born in Elk Basin, and she is still there.



"Billy" Nicoll Jr., son of W.S. Nicoll, Denver Office.

Doris Showman, daughter of D.S. Showman, Casper Office

Thomas Henry Gluyas 2nd, Son of Tom Gluyas, Salt Creek

John W. Parker Jr., son of John W. Parker, Casper Field Garage.

Group of Salt Creek Gas Plant Children

Dale Robinson, son of Lou. A. Robinson, Casper Storage Yard

Gwendolyn Jeanne Gantz, daughter of DeLoyd Gantz, Big Muddy

Russell Douglass Stewart, son of I.L. Stewart, Teapot Station

Mary Inez, Andrews daughter of A.C. Andrews, Salt Creek Plant

Jane Forman, daughter of J.J. Forman, Baxter Basin

"—Of Such is the Kingdom—"

Throughout the Midwest Family

Col. Froyd, Legislator

"From farm boy to law-maker,"—that old phrase applies to Colonel Erwin A. Froyd, resident geologist for the Midwest at Salt Creek, who was recently elected

to the state legislature, the first and only statesman representative of the great oil district.

We don't know whether Mr. Froyd split logs as a boy, studied by the light of a fireplace or for what he spent the first nickel he ever earned. We would assume he was kind to animals, had a wholesome respect for a strap and that he never told a lie. Anyway the colonel came to life in 1886 on a farm near Paxton, Illinois. His father and mother both died while he was a lad, and Froyd went to Nebraska to live with an uncle. He finished grade school and high school in Wakefield, Nebraska, following with a college course at the University of Nebraska, from which institution he graduated, not without honors in 1909, in Civil Engineering and Geology.

Mr. Froyd came to Wyoming immediately, first as an engineer connected with the Casper interests developing at Depass, in this State, near what is now Lost Cabin.

Later Froyd was associated with Mr. O. T. Midthurn in the exploration and geological side of oil development and under the latter's direction came to Salt Creek in 1909 and 10 doing some work for the Fitzhue-Henshaw interests, predecessors of the Midwest.

The colonel went into the railroad engineering game in 1912 and was with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy until 1915 both in Nebraska and Wyoming. He then spent most of a year with the Interstate Commerce Commission, in the Department of Valuation.

1916 and 1917 saw him as Chief Engineer for the Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis Railroad with headquarters at Springfield, Illinois.

Then the army as a Captain, France, with much action and many experiences,—Paris, promotion and all the rest and then homeward bound. The fall of 19 saw him with the Geological Department of the Midwest and the majority of the time since has been spent as resident Geologist at Salt Creek.

May we add that Colonel Froyd does not like publicity, that he still believes in his fellow-men and last but most all important, Mrs. Erwin A. Froyd is absolutely charming, a delightful hostess and superlative as is our praise of the colonel, we agree with him on the old phrase, better half.

Home of H. H. Patterson, resident engineer, Salt Creek field. The house is a couple of miles north of Salt Creek Home Camp.

Employees at Muddy Install Radio

The Midwest employees in the Big Muddy Field demonstrated again their true spirit when the hat was passed to raise money to buy a new Radio. There are 135 employees on the pay roll and they raised $320 to purchase the outfit. Concerts are enjoyed almost nightly in the "Blue Room" at the boarding house. Bert Nelms is chief operator and some very successful results have been accomplished. A general invitation has been extended to Midwest employees to stop in any evening and enjoy one of the concerts played in Chicago, Los Angeles or any of the intervening locations broadcasting.

Election for Benefit Directors

The regular annual election for directors for the Midwest Employes Benefit Association is scheduled for the middle of this month. Primary elections are to be held on December 18, and from the nominees, directors will be elected at the election to be held December 22. The entire board of the Association is elected each December. The present members of the board are B. F. McCann of Denver; Albert Ormston of Elk Basin; Carl Renz of the Salt Creek Gas Plant; John Grant of the Salt Creek Pipeline Department; M. E. Diamond of Big Muddy and Harry Bossart of the Salt Creek Home Camp. The members are not ineligible for reelection.

Glenrock Community Club

The third annual banquet of The Glenrock Community Club was held in the dining room of the Higgins Hotel on Thursday evening Nov. 23rd. The retiring president of the Club spoke of the local improvements and developments that had been attained during the past year. The new officers for the coming year were announced and the newly appointed president Mr. F. O. Carson hoped that this year of his office would show a further building up of a community which had been ably assisted by the work done by the Club in the past.

There were quite a number present from Parkerton as well as a few prominent visitors from Casper including ex-governor Brooks, Mr. Andrus of the Standard Refinery, Mr. Leary of the Burlington Railroad all of whom spoke of the possibilities that were in store in consequence of the expansion now taking place in the Mutual and Standard Refineries. Words of praise were accorded to Mrs. Higgins for the manner in which she displayed her usual artistic taste. The floral decorations of the dining room as well as table decorations gave it the appearance of a flower garden. An excellent meal was served and everybody expressed themselves as having a good time.

William Bobp Dead

We much regret having to announce the death of Wm. Bobp of Big Muddy who has been connected with the company for more than three years. During this time the deceased has acted for the greater part as production foreman. The end came very sudden as only three days had elapsed from the time he was taken sick to the time announcement was received from the Casper Hospital that he had passed away. The doctors pronounced the cause of death as due to bleeding of the arteries. The remains were taken to the Bowman Undertaking Parlors prior to shipment to Toledo, Illinois, to which place the widow accompanied the remains so that burial might take place with other members of the family who have died. Our sympathies are extended to the widow and family in their sorrow at this time. We understand that the widow will receive $2,000 in Company insurance. To the best of our knowledge this is the first life insurance policy paid in the Big Muddy Field.

General view of Iba Camp on Section 13, Salt Creek Field.

Baxter Basin Field

By Pete Wassung—Warehouseman

Twelve miles south of the town of Rock Springs, where a little over a month ago there was nothing but sage brush and cactus, there now stands a regular city,—the home camp of the Baxter Basin field, where the Midwest is now operating three new wells. The structure of this new field is nearly as large as that of Salt Creek and geologists are so enthusiastic over its possibilities that several companies are also putting down test wells. The Ohio-Producers & Refiners—The Associated of California and the Montacal Oil Company are drilling at present, and other companies are dickering to secure acreage.

Until recently the operations of the Midwest were confined to one well, known as the Baxter Basin Test Well on NE¼ Sec. 11-17-104. This well was begun under H. D. Moore in October 1921 and a year later, under J. J. Forman, the present tool pusher of the field developed a 30,000,000 foot flow of gas from one of the Frontier sands. It was the original plan to take this well on to completion, but due to the new drilling program decided upon it was shut in at 2427 feet as a fuel supply for the new operations, until one of the other wells should reach the sand. It will then be carried down to the Dakota, which should be reached at approximately 2900 feet.

About the middle of October J. W. Stewart, District Supt., for the Midwest, received orders to start operations of four new locations in Baxter Basin, and things began to happen in rapidfire order. The purchasing department in Casper sat up nights ordering the material for the new rigs. J. A. Holmes was transferred from the Neiber Dome Test as superintendent for the new field, and made the four hundred miles between jobs in less than two days. J. R. Paden brought down some of Salt Creeks finest carpenters, and began the construction of a model camp on the location selected by E. G. Sinclair and his corps of engineers, who also located the wells and laid out the water and gas lines.

A day or two later rig material and rig irons began to arrive by truck from Rawlins where F. Knickerbocker had two supply companies and a lumber yard loading out material at top speed. Supplies were also shipped by freight and express from Casper and other points, and Lou Robinson of storage yard fame was in his element as soon as the cars began to roll into Rock Springs. Under his supervision local trucks got the material on the locations in record time, and when Kittleson's rig builders arrived everything was ready for the fray.

Fred and his men made the nails fly, and not many days later a crew was rigging up on their first derrick. Well No. 11 on the NE¼ of Section 2-17-104. This well was spudded in on October 31st, barely two weeks after the first man was on the ground—this in spite of a regular blizzard during the latter part of the month.

The next two weeks were bad. Snow, wind and cold weather played havoc with the roads and made work of any kind difficult, but more rigs were built, more lines were laid, and well No. 6X on the NW¼ Sec. 30-18-103 spudded in November 17th, in spite of the fact that this rig had to be skidded eighty feet east and eighty feet south after being built,—a real job. A change of location on another well put it on the crest of a hog-back just large enough to hold a rig, and it took teams, trucks, a tractor and much juggling to move that material into place. Up it went though, and Well No. 1X on NE¼ Sec. 36-18-104 spudded in on November 25th.

Meantime Fred Fray's rigbuilders had a battle with the snows on Quaking Asp Mountain that ought to go down in history. They started out in a young snowstorm with Holmes as guide, and after a whole day of shoving and shoveling arrived at the location on Sec. 10-16-104, on the back side of the mountain which lies in the center of the field. That night it **really** snowed, trapping two truckloads of material on the top of the mountain where the drivers dumped it off and fought their way back to Rock Springs. The storm

lasted two days, and not even a team could get through the drifts to get this material on location when it was over. Consequently, when the rig was as nearly complete as they could make it without the missing timbers, Fred and his men had to give up the struggle and shovel and shove their Fords out again with teams hitched on ahead.

We still have lots of snow on the mountain and the temperature drops to zero every night, but the first thirty days are the hardest, and they are over. Things are running smoothly and we are hitting the ball at a good clip on our three wells, and getting ready for the big push next spring.

See you later.

DENVER OFFICE NEWS

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Merry Christmas

The Spirit of the Holidays! And Merry Christmas it is. It means much, but like everything else, one gets out of the Christmas Spirit as much as they put into it. In fact, that is a true maxim in every undertaking.

"Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare."

This quotation from Lowell admonishes us to do some inward thinking. In what spirit are we giving? Is it always with the best thoughts? Are we expeeting returns? Or are we willingly giving our best without thought of reward? These questions and many others of like nature arise. We should all give the best that is in us to the tasks set before us day by day, and the reward will follow—if it is only the knowing that we have done the task well.

A gift does not have to be tangible. A greeting, a pleasant thought, a cheery word will always help if given in the spirit of sharing with one another your joy. So it is at this season of the year that the members of the Midwest Family situated in the General Offices in Denver extend to all the other members of the Family the season's greetings of a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

"Not what you want but What you get."

"What you going to ask Santa Claus for?"

"Some gold fish, an engine and a train of cars, and a gun, and a sled, and a pair of rubber boots, and a bicycle, and a tool chest, and —"

"What do you think you'll get on that Christmas tree?"

"A bag of candy and some peanuts."

Krause Takes a Header

Cat Creek met Big Muddy on the evening of November 22nd. That really did not cause much excitement to the average layman. But Otto Krause who captains the Cat Creek boys is a sport. He was sure of taking three straight games. So sure, in fact, that he was almost reckless. You remember Von Tilzer's old melody "I'll lend you anything I got—except my wife, And I'll make you a present of her."

Well, to say the least Otto was a sport. He made a wager. His proposition was that if Big Muddy won one game, he would give them his watch—a seventeen jewel Waltham which would bring ten bucks in any hock-shop. If they won two games, he would give them his Ford Coupe. And to cap the climax, if Big Muddy should take three games from Cat Creek, Otto would give them his wife.

Away they went. Crash after crash, spare after spare, and strike after strike. When the smoke had cleared away, Cat Creek had taken the first game, and Otto's wife was safe.

Blewee! Blewee! Crash and Bang! The second game went to Cat Creek, and Otto's Ford Coupe was still in his possession.

And now for the final game. Big Muddy wanted that watch as much as a cannibal wants white meat. Krause fully suspected their wants. He was scheming—at least it so appeared. The game progressed to the third frame with Big Muddy giving the Cat Creek boys a run for their money and Krause's watch.

Finally, it was Otto's time to roll. He selected his ball with care, set himself, right-eyed down the alley primed for action, and he was off. But something happened. G-r-r-uur Crash! Away went the ball, but right behind it went Otto face downward in a perfect nose dive fully ten or fifteen feet over the foul line.

He arose and returned only to face five accusing Big Muddytes, who demanded a complete examination of his watch. It was found to be intact, and a cheer arose from Curran's men as they still had an incentive to work for. However, the gods were against them and although Krause's little plot to demolish his watch had

failed his team won the game, and his time piece remained in his possession together with his Coupe and wife.

Bowling League Notes

Henry Vervalin, Secretary of Denver Office Bowling League

Splits, spares, and strikes are coming in fine rotation now. The bowling league is progressing nicely. The boys are enthusiastic. Almost two rounds have been completed as we are writing this article. Ferris Dome has gradually come to the fore and is leading by two games. Cat Creek has been strengthened by the addition of L. G. Truby, and has worked its way into third place only three games behind the leaders. Art. Hughes' stellar work has done much to keep his team—Alkali Butte—in the race, although they have been forced from the lead by Ferris Dome. Elk Basin is fourth, but have succeeded in rolling the highest team game to date. Derby Dome and Big Muddy are fighting it out for the cellar position, but these two teams should find themselves soon, and will make it hot for the opposition.

A meeting of all the league members was held on Friday evening, November 24th, to discuss spotting or handicapping, and reorganization. Several of the boys took an active part in the discussion. The chief spokesmen were H. A. Jones and M. E. McAlpine both members of the two lowest teams in the race. They successfully opposed handicapping which was unanimously defeated. Reorganization was also defeated by a 14 to 10 vote. The one regret of the results of the meeting was that not enough of the boys said what they thought. It is hoped that in future meetings more opinions may be expressed.

The following are the standings at the close of the ninth round November 22nd:

Team Standing

First High Team Series

Cat Creek 2353

Second High Team Series

Elk Basin 2255

First High Team Game

Elk Basin 822

Second High Team Game

Cat Creek 791

Team	Captain	W.	L.	%	Total Pins	Av.
Ferris Dome	W. S. Nicoll	19	8	703	18273	676
Alkali Butte	A. J. Hughes	17	10	629	17522	648
Cat Creek	O. C. Krause	16	11	592	17955	665
Elk Basin	A. L. Clark	15	12	555	18077	669
Derby Dome	R. G. Cocanower	8	19	296	16899	625
Big Muddy	Floyd Curran	6	21	222	16940	627

1	A. J. Hughes 168-9	16	F. E. Marriott 133-5
2	R. E. Hamilton 154-6	17	O. B. Mauldin 130-9
3	L. G. Truby 146-7	18	W. A. Elliott 126-3
4	R. G. Cocanower 144-8	19	J. H. Izett 125-8
5	Victor McOsker 143-0	20	C. E. Boyd 125-3
6	Arthur Johnson 142-7	21	H. A. Jones 123-0
7	A. L. Clark 142-4	22	C. J. Barkdull 122-7
8	W. S. Nicoll 141-7	23	S. S. Stebenne 122-6
9	O. C. Krause 141-0	24	Bob Halfpenny 120-7
10	R. P. McNicholas 140-4	25	J. E. Robinson 118-1
11	F. D. Anderson 139-5	26	M. E. Vervalin 111-8
12	T. D. Mooberry 138-8	27	H. A. Schwartzlose 110-8
13	C. L. Kaup 136-7	28	C. A. Grant 110-3
14	M. E. McAlpine 136-5	29	Floyd Curran 110-1
15	W. L. Greiner 134-8	30	R. O. Dietler 105-4

First High Individual Series

A. J. Hughes 578

Second High Individual Series

A. E. Johnson 536

First High Individual Game

A. J. Hughes 223

Second High Individual Game

W. S. Nicoll 209

Heard and Seen

One of the men in the Cost Accounting Department happened to be passing the Comptometer Room, and this is what he heard: "Move over, move over. Wait a minute now move over. You went too far, start again. Move over, move over, move over." You can hardly blame the gentleman in question for wondering what it all meant. He stopped, listened and then looked in to see if his ears deceived him. They didn't. He saw a young man sitting at one of the desks and one of the comptometer girls standing beside him. Of course he thought that she wanted to sit down and was telling him in a nice (?) way to give her part of the chair, but in reality she was teaching him to divide on the machine and was merely telling him to move over to the next position on the key-board.

We are glad to know it was nothing more than that, as we have since learned that the young lady is married. The young man was sent to Casper to take a position in the Refinery Warehouse.

Dan Murphy was back in the Accounting room a few days assisting in the Invoice Department. We like to have you with us Murphy, come again.

Denver Geological Department

During the recent convention of the American Association of Petroleum Geologists in Denver on October 26th, almost the entire personnel of the Geological and Exploration departments was in Denver, and the Company saw fit to use this occasion to provide a dinner party for the members of these departments and their wives, thus fostering good fellowship and better acquaintanceship. It was the first time in two years that so many from the two departments could be together, and we all voted the party a most enjoyable one. We take this opportunity to thank the company and its officers for the party and enabling all the men to be in Denver to attend the Convention.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Shaw are about to take possession of their new home at 3165 Zenobia street, which they had "built to order" during the summer and fall. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Aurand are also building "to order" at 1346 Bellaire street, but may not have their cozy home ready to hang stockings on the mantle for this Christmas. We hear that Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Redburn are also looking for a "place to call our own." While speaking of Redburn, it must be said that the smiles he wore recently are "smiles that have a certain meaning," for on November 2nd he became the proud father of a son known as "Max."

Chief C. H. Wegemann zealously continues to make friends with the Navajo, Pueblo and other Indians and collect rare blankets and other curios.

Mr. L. O. Whyman has resigned from the Geological Staff at Billings to accept a position with the Empire Gas and Fuel Company of Oklahoma. Mr. D. E. Lounsbery, now of the Denver Division, will probably be transferred to the Billings Division.

Recently Mr. E. G. Sinclair of the Casper office called at the Denver office on his way to California.

When geologists leave the Midwest family they certainly scatter. Former employes have been heard from as follows:—C. B. Osborne and family will spend the next three months in Los Angeles. J. M. Sickler is working in California for the Union Oil Company. T. B. Romine is with the Standard of California, having his headquarters at Abilene, Texas. Robert Higgins completed his residence and made final proof on his homestead in southern Colorado and is now ready and anxious to do some more engineering work on the Moffat Tunnel.

It is expected that weather conditions and home ties will cause the field parties to return from the southwest country about December 15th in order to become familiar with the city again before Christmas. After Christmas we can look for a crowded office and a race to see whose maps and reports are finished first and who found the most and best structures.

From all signs and rumors, we may look for something more exciting to happen to several of our young unattached, but not whole heart and fancy free, geologists. We wish you luck, boys, and assure you that there is no time like the present. "They wonder why" Morley always goes to Casper.

We trust for the next issue to have "Arthur Brisbane" write something snappy, but for this time we are wishing you and yours a Merry, Merry Christmas and the Happiest New Year of all.

Just Another Member

On November tenth the boys all smoked Chancellors due to the arrival at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer S. Stebenne of Master Spencer S. Stebenne, Jr., on the afternoon of November 9th. Mrs. Stebenne was formerly Miss Mildred McMurray and was employed in the Stock Division before her marriage to "Spin." The proud daddy is a member of the Sales Accounting Division. Congratulations are extended to the parents from the Midwest Family.

Denver Men Take Flyer

An incident which happened on Saturday afternoon October 28th, threw quite a scare into the Denver Office. Illius, Hickernell, Marsh, Ewers and Kahn made up a party who started out on the last fishing trip possible under the laws of Colorado this year. They were making the trip to Deckers in Kahn's new Velie, and had successfully passed through Jarr Canyon when they hit a rut in the road which threw the car over the side of the embankment. The auto rolled over once and a half times throwing 'Gene Illius at least ten feet to the clear, and pinning the balance of the party beneath the

Accounts Receivable Division: Mr. Archberger & Mr. Krause

Cost Accounting Division

car. Ewers suffered a broken collar bone. Illius was severely shaken up and received some minor injuries. Kahn was bumped a bit, while Hickernell and Marsh escaped with only a few scratches. All the boys are thankful that it was not any worse. Their fellow employes were mighty glad to see them back on the job when they all returned.

Current Events

Danny Murphy served as relief man in the General Accounting Division during the absence of Harry Kessler who was on sick leave for several weeks. Danny is now back with the Sales Accounting Division.

Harry Kessler and Teddy Mooberry have exchanged places in the General Accounting Division.

Mr. A. L. Merritt who has been connected with the company for several years left us on November 25th. He has accepted a position of Auditor and Assistant-Secretary with the Central Pipe Line Company with office at Casper. The best wishes of the Midwest Family go with him in his new undertaking.

J. E. Robinson spent a very pleasant vacation during October when he took a trip to Buffalo, New York.

Mr. Hatch who was with the Oil Settlement Division for a few months has joined the Brooks Audit Company.

Friends of Ed. Freeman will be glad to learn that Ed. is the proud daddy of a baby girl. Congratulations, Ed.

Christmas Bells and Wedding Bells

Mr. and Mrs. Ohnemus

Once more the candy has been passed around, and once more wedding bells have rung. It has just been announced that our fair comptometer operator (we mean one of them) has decided that Al. Ohnemus is the very finest man on earth. They fully believe that they can agree better together than separate, so they "went and got married." We wish them loads of happiness. Al. was formerly employed in the Sales Accounting Division, and is now with the Denver Gas & Electric Light Company.

Newlyweds

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Peterson

The Denver Office Employes' gift to Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Peterson.

Purchasing Division Pick-Ups

Miss Collett came very near having a serious accident the other morning when she slipped on the tile floor of a restaurant. She wrenched herself severely, but luckily was not seriously injured.

Nicoll Receives Golf Trophy

At the annual banquet of the Municipal Golf Club, "Billy" Nicoll was presented with a beautiful blanket which was donated by Hedgcock & Jones as the prize for the Widows Trophy which was held last summer. Billy won it after a hard fight. It is needless to say that Mrs. Nicoll was well pleased with her husband's reward, and Billy is assured of having little difficulty in getting in enough golf during the coming year.

How these Golf Bugs have to figure, Oh Boy!

Mr. Ladd, of Casper—who answers to the name of "Hy" Ladd just as well—was a visitor in Denver during the second week in November. "Hy" being one of the best linemen ever turned out on an East Denver football team, was in hopes of getting in a little football while here. (We mean seeing it.) We trust he did even if he had to brave the blizzard of Armistice Day to do so.

Chubby Marriott recently motored to Canon City and took some pictures from the Sky Line Drive. He promised us some for the Review, but as yet they are among the missing.

Stenographic Department

A Few Notes on the Christmas Season

By L. R.

We all cling to old traditions and holiday customs. The natural tendency of time to do away with ancient customs is too much promoted by the utilitarian spirit of the day.

One writer has said, "'Tis good to be merry and wise," but the wisdom that excludes mirth, and holds the time devoted to it as so much wasted time, is very questionable in itself, and does not add to happiness.

We are now upon the season which calls for the exercise of a generous hospitality, one that will give the poor their too few precious glimpses of a plenty, which, as the world is managed, their toil cannot buy.

We read that in certain parts of England there exists a notion that the oxen are to be found kneeling in their stalls at midnight as if in adoration of the Nativity, and that bees are said to express their veneration by "singing" as it is called, in their hives at midnight upon Christmas eve.

The "Convivial Bowl" which was so often drained during the Christmas season, is in this country a memory perhaps, or more correctly speaking, sub-rosa, depending upon the Eleventh Commandment, "Thou shalt not get caught."

Then we have the traditional mistletoe bough, and there is no doubt that this has been a great aid to Cupid in his wanderings over the earth, and its influence still hovers over us for our encouragement.

So in spite of the fact that modern refinement has made havoc among many of the hearty old holiday customs, the Christmas season still, in its newer dress, breathes out a spirit of good will and good cheer.

S-A-A-B-D D-O-I-N-G-S

Crawford May has been laid up for several weeks with an exceedingly sore foot. He is missed.

Among the missing on the morning of November 27th were two mustaches belonging to one Olaf Maulding and one William Elliott.

Jake Bohmann is setting the styles in hair cuts a la Valentino.

Tom May is a busy man nowadays. He is manager of St. Catherine's basketball team, and also president of the H. N. S. Basketball league.

COST ACCOUNTING CLIPPINGS

Whether 11-11-22 was a jinx number for Archie Clark remains to be seen. However, it was in the blinding snow storm of Armistice Day that Archie in attempting to climb the Logan street hill with his Dodge got severely side-swiped. The old boat has now been put in running order, and Archie is prepared to try it out at climbing telegraph poles.

HERE LIES
"TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT
NEWS"
KILLED BY
KING FOOTBALL

Pedley Travels

Mr. T. A. Pedley, our Secretary and Assistant-Treasurer, together with his wife have recently returned from a month's vacation spent in the East. They have now left for California where they expect to spend a few weeks in the land of sunshine and orange blossoms.

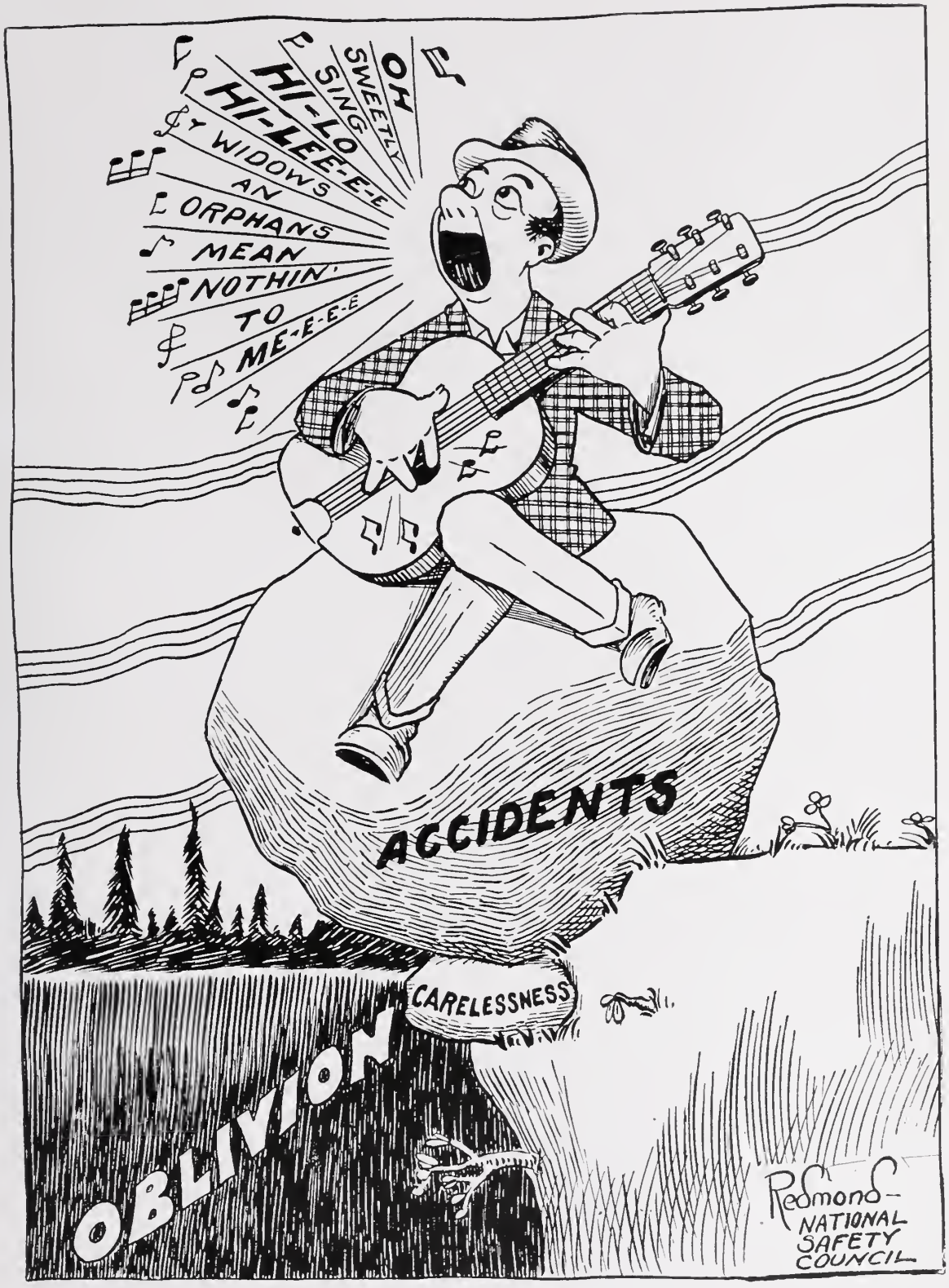
Miss Bremmerman has just returned from a month's vacation. She was ably relieved at the switchboard by Mrs. Headrick during her absence.

Mr. H. G. Naylor has just returned from Chicago where he has been on an extended business trip. When he got back, he found a new office awaiting him, as the Traffic Department has been doing some moving and rearranging on the ninth floor to make room for Mr. Dines' new offices.

June Bride—"I would like to buy an easy chair for my husband."

Salesman—"Morris?"

June Bride—"No, Clarence."


OH SWEETLY SING HI-LO HI-LEE-E-E
WIDOWS AN ORPHANS MEAN NOTHIN' TO ME-E-E-E
ACCIDENTS
CARELESSNESS
OBLIVION
Redmond-
NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL

OFFICE AND FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Casper Storage Yard

For a Happy Christmas we might suggest the following presents for Drivers and Trucks!

Heavy Miller—New Style universals.
Packy McFarland—Oil-less motor.
Flat Sturgeon—Cuspidor for cab.
Jess Scott—Padded Cab.
Ross Scribner—Westinghouse Air Springs.
August Thedin—Self-Starter.
Big Stewart—Heater for cab.
Whitey Hoffman—Electric lights and cigar lighter.
Jack Wynn—Anything that will run.
P. B. Kelly—Forty inch wheels.
McCormack—a two wheel drive.
Nichols—A motor with a little pep.
St. Louis—High Speed transmission.
Cushman—Enough rubber for four wheels.
Andy—Extra truck when 97 is in the shop.
Jess Lewis—New brake drums and lining.
Hox Mathews—Non-rattle piston pins.
Chas. Kear—Tonnage each day.
Donahue—Ford truck.
Little Stewart—New radiator cap for Clyde.
Tommy Clayton—A book on "The Life of the Queen of Sheba."

Suggestions for the rest of the family:

Harry Moss—One drop light.
Bob O'Bryan—A limitless bank account.
Bob McBurney—One private secretary.
Tom Virgne—Some soft loads for some truck-drivers.
Bill Haines—One House to meet Standard Specifications.

Miller and Donahue who have been on the sick list have reported for their trucks.

Raphele Preston Kelly has returned from his homestead in Jackson Hole country.

Bob McBurney and Baldy Bowman are completing a partnership building and loan proposition.

Tom Clayton and Jack Corbridge will enter Business College this month.

Big "Stew" reports a keen time during his recent Denver visit. Egbert said it came high but was almost worth it.

Whitey Hoffman's idea of a big hearted man, is Gus Thedin who offered to trade his Chicago for G-100.

Anyone in doubt about a Duplex's performance may spend a week some night with Scribner who will set him right.

LeRoy Mathews has quit all his bad habits but bathing. S'funny how a few words from z minister can change a mans life.

Horace Nichols is becoming awfully mooney of late. He also gets manicured regularly. Wonder if he is in Love. Huh, Wonder.

Packey McFarland is off of all Want Ads in general, especially the kind that says "Home loving man. Pal, means etc."

So she said to me "John if you will turn over a new leaf and be more thoughtful of me and return the affection I have shown towards you —why then about Christmas time we will cast our lots and"—but let Flat Sturgeon tell you.

We wonder why St. Louis borrows George Francis Hoffmans car every week end.

Jess Scott claims if he wants a night's sleep he won't go to Packy's room.

Did anyone see the big game Slim Butler shot this season?

G-47 is a keen truck to everyone 'cept Cush.

Those rabbit feeds the drivers had at the Caterpillar recently sure went fine, thanks to McQuirk. Little Stewart hardly got his share for while he talked the others ate.

Jack Wynn said if G-60 ever takes him to Salt Creek and back in less than 18 hours, he is going to buy her a set of Gold plated hub caps.

If anyone has the foolish idea that J. R. D. can't fight just try to sell him a Buick.

"Duke" St. Louis declares that shot-gunning is not very profitable.

"Hox" Mathews is convinced that freight trains are mightier than a truck.

If there is a question of doubt in anyone's mind as to the speed in Kelly's legs, let him holler at Kelly on a dark street. "Just a minute. I want to have a talk with you." A doubting Thomas will be convinced.

Bob McBurney does not object to the cold in his throat, in regards to the soreness; but it hinders his talking ability. Ain't it pain?

Bob O'Bryan and T. S. Clayton have plans for taking a journey to Cheyenne. Their intentions are to join the Consistory.

If anyone knows anything about Moffat or Routt County, Colorado, kindly pass the information along to Mr. Moss.

Mr. Bowman intends to visit the land of eternal sunshine. We wish him a pleasant visit.

Mr. R. D. Rabun has been transferred to Osage field. We extend our congratulations and best wishes.

Greetings from Muddy

Big Muddy feels that it is opportune at this time to extend seasonal greetings for Christmas and the New Year.

The oil industry, like other industries has had its alternating periods of prosperity as well as dullness, while we in Muddy have been going steadily along drilling a few wells all the time and holding production at normal average.

During the year that is drawing to a close we are pleased to announce that accidents and sickness have been comparatively small, though we were unfortunate in having to record the death of Wm. Bobp who had been working for the Company for over three years. We extend our best wishes to all Midwesterners who are serving the Company in the different fields and offices throughout the state.

The old and much discussed question of school board division came before the District Boundary Board at Douglas a short time back. Many problems presented themselves to the members of Parkerton District No. 4 now defunct the result of the ruling by Judge Brown. We are in the hope that present grievances may be adjusted by an equal representation on the board by both Parkerton and Glenrock people, which arrangement was freely discussed as a solution for obtaining equal rights to both schools.

We notice on page 27 of the last issue of the Review that a bowling league has been formed by the Denver office members. Though we have no bowling team in Muddy we are nevertheless interested observers in the team that is named after our field. The present standing of the team bearing the name of Big Muddy is at the bottom of the list while Alkali Butte remains at the top and if this is a fair example of the playing qualities among the various teams, a number of Muddyites suggest a reversal of name by displacing Alkali Butte for Big Muddy.

Jay Cochrane and Paul Roe both of whom have been drilling in this field for some time past have left recently for Arminto where the Company is drilling a well in the Notches Field.

Our sympathies are extended at this time to Mr. and Mrs. H. McArthur in the loss of their child who has been ailing for some little time past.

A short while back the Parkerton School put on an entertainment at the gymnasium. The second and third grades were the principal actors this time and rendered a good account of themselves. Songs, recitations and playlets were indulged in. A musical drill entitled Ten Brave Little Indians was deserving of much credit amongst the youngsters.

The second part of the program was set aside to the staging of Robin Hood the outlaw of early days in English History. This might have been put on in a more impressive manner considering the larger boys and girls who took part. These entertainments mean much to the district and we hope to see more come along in quick succession as the season advances.

The Christmas season, essentially a time which appeals to the heart of every child will not pass without the usual Christmas tree. This year we expect to have an extra good one, on account of being fortunate in having the gymnasium which provides more floor space than the school building. A good program will be arranged, songs, recitations and exercises by the children of all grades, a good supply of gifts consisting of nuts, fruit and candy which instills happiness in every child.

A radio club has been formed by the Midwest employees at big Muddy and a Westinghouse receiving set has been contracted for. Radio excitement has extended itself to everyone here and much pleasure as well as education is expected to be derived from the instrument. Collections were taken up, and all responded willingly.

W. T. Gifford and Bert Green two old time drillers of Muddy have now left us to go to Baxter Basin where they are drilling wells for the Company. Wilbur Breece also accompanied them as a tool dresser.

Salt Creek Gas Plant

Since the office suffered its latest change in personnel, Bud makes his Casper trips in record time. Having accepted the responsibility of checking up on the "Plant Flare," with Miss Snyder as his assistant, accounts for this sudden outburst of speed.

Frank Stauffer maintains that of all sad words that ever were, the saddest are these three—"I lost her."

A Poet once said—"In spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of"—well ask Bat or Cleo, for the present siege of wonderful weather seems to have made them authorities on the subject.

It is rumored the Superintendent and Construction Foreman have decided to pack a rule with them to future dances, so they may convince one another their steps are the proper length.

Chris displayed marked interest in the Motor Club Good Roads Ticket and gave it his full support. Should the result of the movement only net a paved road between the Plant and Salt Creek we're sure Chris has at least one good reason to consider it a success.

With Dancing School a thing of the past, Misses Christianson and Stone believe it in order to start a school in Ford Driving with them as pupils—not teachers.

Matt Selstad is looking for the sleight of hand performer who so skilfully removed his flashlight from his hand without Matt noticing it. Said it wouldn't have bothered him if he'd been asleep.

Altho "Caesar" Young reports he got nothing on his deer hunting trip some of the natives are inclined to believe he got the "Buck." Buck up Caesar.

Since Miss Hughes left, Knudsen has been packing an expression that almost baffles us but we wouldn't be surprised to catch him whistling "Oh what a change in my life there has been."

Baker Cantey says he's made his last trip to his home in Riverton via "Hoopee." His last trip on October 28th during a miserable snow-

storm affected the cure and caused him to park his trusty Ford and return via rail.

At the regular meeting of the High test club on Nov. 6th, Mr. Mills of the Bureau of Mines made a very interesting talk on the activities of the Bureau here in the Field as well as its work at large.

While making repairs on No. 3 Cooper Engine in No. 3 Plant, Nov. 3rd, M. T. Rodda suffered a badly crushed middle finger on his right hand. Altho it caused Mart no small amount of grief to begin with, it is now doing nicely.

Mr. L. H. Bell, Engineer of the C. & G. Cooper Co., of Mount Vernon, Ohio, who had been with us since October 30th, making an inspection of the Cooper Plant, left us on November 7th.

Winter construction seemingly at a standstill has caused the Gas Plant to suffer rather a heavy reduction in its construction crew.

Mrs. Betty Garrison a member of our office force since late in July, left us October 27th. Miss Kathaleen Snyder of Denver, succeeds her.

Bill Carman, one of the Plant's old timers who sallied forth in his Jewish Packard late in October, reports he made Wilmington, Delaware, in ninety-four hours actual driving time. Philadelphia is his next stopping point, he then heads for Catskill, N. Y., his home.

Mrs. J. Gladman entertained the ladies of the Current Events Club on Thursday afternoon, November 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Yost are the proud parents of a son, born Nov. 1st.

Late in October John Bjork, our office janitor returned from Casper and reported that he had taken unto himself a wife. We all wish you luck and happiness John but go easy on such surprises in the future—they're hard on weak hearts.

The Ladies Current Events Club cast one on the men folks last month when they gave their big Halloween Party and Dance at the Club House. Dancing started the program. This was followed by a number of interesting games in which everybody took part. After the Orchestra, chosen as judges, announced Miss Hughes, in the costume of a South Sea Islander and Geo. Niethamer in the garb of colored waiter, as prizewinners, unmasking took place. Refreshments followed and the evening program ended in the same manner it commenced, with dancing.

With Miss Elsie Hughes of the Arkeon Dancing Academy as teacher, two evening dancing classes were started at the Gas Plant early in October. Each class included 20 pupils, meeting every other night commencing October 5th and terminating November 7th. A large afternoon class including many of the Camp ladies and shift men was started at the same time as those just mentioned. The opportunity of learning to trip the light fantastic was accepted with marked enthusiasm that did not ebb during the life of the course. As sort of a grand finale, Miss Hughes gave a dance for her pupils and their friends, Wednesday evening, Nov. 8th. The hall was comfortably filled, the music exceptionally good and the floor in excellent condition. This invincible combination caused everyone to admit they had a good time. Plans are being made to hold one dance weekly, probably on Wednesday nights, during the balance of the winter.

Teapot Station News

For the benefit of those who have been reading the Review consistently and have missed the occasional outburst of journalistic ability that comes from these quarters, we would beg them to have no fear for our seeming inactivity.

The truth of the matter is that we feel the lack of some master minds who can put our thoughts and deeds in presentable form for the Review. Regardless of this deficiency, we have prevailed upon some of our members to submit their worst, not because of its literary value, but for the purpose of letting the rest of the Family know we are alive and still consider ourselves an important cog in the machinery of the organization.

At the outset, let us say to those who may become involved in this article, that we waive all responsibility on the ground that we believe that the humor of the incidents herein related should be enjoyed by the majority as well as the minority. However, it might be well to state that we don't approve of mud-slinging or "anti-Andy Gump" tactics.

Now that our pumping season is well under way and the snow begins to fly, we light our pipes and muse over the many happenings of the past few months. Considering our apparent isolation from the rest of the world, we get along splendidly, the camp attitude being that of a large family instead of one of individualism.

Credit is due I. L. Stewart for the efficient and harmonious running of the station. He is a hard worker and one of the boys, and is always on the lookout for the welfare of the station in general. Some of the others who might be considered hard workers are the Messrs. Kincaid and Flynn. Both were in the money when it came to telling 'coon stories, but Kincaid began delineating on the craftiness of the razor back hog, so "Doc." had to drop out, but fighting to the last, for he came back and said he had held the sack in a snipe hunt in Cincinnati at one time.

We are beginning the season with a few new men about the station. Jim Rise is taking up the duties of a fireman along with Harry Holmes. Jim is a hard worker and we are glad to see him on a shift job. Harry needs no introduction especially to those truck drivers on the Salt Creek road who were ever on the lookout for the Terrible Swede.

We also have a new engineer, one George J. McDonald. He got off to a good start this year, having taken up his duties at the close of the last season. George is well known in these parts especially by the ladies, and for the benefit of those few who are not acquainted we say that he is good looking and the champion "cake eater" of the station.

During the past fishing season several of

the boys including Chas. Pheasant, Hugh Young, Bill Tucker and Fred Soper, had occasion to try their luck, and so far as catching fish was concerned, it was better than we expected. Since that time, however, Hugh and Soper don't seem to get along so well. Fred can't appreciate the ability of a man to lie in bed and chew tobacco at the same time. Hugh claims it is a fast dying art among the Irish. I imagine something analogous to the Swede and his snores.

There are several new cars in camp, among them a new Dodge owned by Nelson and a Ford by "Lefty" Thatcher. It seems that the married folks are the only ones who can acquire a car. I don't know whether this should be an incentive to us single fellows or not.

Here of late we have noticed that Chas. Baxter is pretty quiet. He always was more or less that way, sometimes going by the name of Rev. Baxter, but now there seems to be something of a weighty nature that is preying on his mind. So far he hasn't come out with any information as to the nature of his worries but we can guess, for his present condition has existed only since his return from his vacation, which he spent in and around Denver. Maybe Fred Soper could help us out as he is a Denverite and keeps pretty well posted as to Charlie's activities both here and abroad.

Bill Moody, better known as Gypo, still controls the commissary and is doing nicely in view of the fact that he is working hard for the "Solitaire" championship.

We have with us again John Peroutka, our ever efficient chef, and we are enjoying things like mother used to make, once more.

Frank Leonard our new truck driver is working under difficulties, namely, mud and bad weather.

Never mind, Frank. Wait until the sun shines up here and you will say this country has Kentucky backed off the map in every way but one.

For those who have never been to Teapot we extend a hearty welcome and guarantee to treat you right. Bring along your sisters and daughters for we have some pretty lonesome but nevertheless promising young men about. When you come look up Soper for if you don't it will break his heart.

Casper Field Garage

When you see a letter you've typed off just as fast as possible to let a friend know you hadn't gone back on him, and that you appreciated his good work, printed where your friends will read it, with your misspelled name signed thereto, and you glance thru to see how many grammatical errors you've made, and find out that you did O. K. except for a few errors in punctuation, and that the printer didn't put Respectively Yours in the complimentary closing as you were afraid you might have done, "OH, AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING!" (Yes, Mr. Briggs, we apologize, and think we have 'em coming, too.)

We have Mathew, Matthews, Luke and John at the field garage; will someone kindly tell Mark to saddle the Calf so Mr. Sullivan can get on?

You've all heard about the Irish and the Dutch. God bless them both. But the Scotch, *';x†XZ**?! We trust they don't use micrometers where Scottie goes for if they do, "poor Scottie;" if it costs $5.00 to use four to fives what'll it cost to use 45 to fifties.

Nathan, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Davis, had a birthday last week at which time he became the proud owner of an Airedale pup of noble birth, as well as numerous other useful presents. The dog is a smart one, knowing his master, his master's voice and his meal time, besides numerous other things taught dogs by old man experience.

E. W. Davis has purchased a Dodge Business Sedan. Good looking car; Parker & Allen say it rides a lot better than a Ford, too. Mr. Davis can sit inside and look out now with all the comforts of a front parlor.

"Wild Cat Stock for sale Cheap."—See William Powell.

Mrs. Whittenburg: "Clyde, what'smatter with you, you don't want to do nothin but lay around the last two weeks, and your eyes look awful."

Mr. Whittenburg: "Well, I've a good reason for laying around, these last few weeks every man driving a company car has had business in the country for the company, and they all go the same way, (the muddy one, and when they get back I strain my eyes looking for the car 'mongst the mud, and always there's from one to one dozen cross links gone from every chain. You know, wifie, I believe most of 'em like duck too, for I find feathers 'mongst the mud, course a few of 'em might be chicken feathers, especially the wire ones."

Office Girls—"Oh My! Mr. Powell, you sure have a pretty motometer with an American flag 'neverything. Where 'dagetit?"

Mr. Powell—"Why yes, it is prutty. Got it in 'Olland when I was over there in September."

Battle Sonnet of the Whoopie

"Oh Whoopie would you but unfold
The secrets that are yet untold,
Of Mountain Maid and Office Flower
Who've ridden 'neath your little bower.
Friend Ted would mash you on the bean
And feed you well on gasoline;
And take the road to parts unknown
Where many men before have flown.
But HOLD! Whoopie, we may be wrong;
You might sing a different song,
And say his clutch is not so lamed,
And that with the girls he may be famed.
That Chicken rest well 'neath his wing,
And cuddle up and often sing
Advance, O Pin, Thou Hast No Sting.

How Did You Save Your First $100?

How has the Habit of Thrift Helped You?

Write a short story of your experience and mail it to the Midwest Review, Casper, and for the best three stories, the Review will pay

A First Prize of $5.00 Cash
A Second Prize of 3.00 Cash
A Third Prize of 2.00 Cash

The January Issue of the Midwest Review will be a "*Thrift Number*", and it may be that your experience may help someone else in the much-to-be-desired habit of Saving.

Your story *must not exceed 500 words in length*, and must be in the hands of the Review Editor *not later than January 5, 1923*.

Get busy now and get the story in quick.

A Christmas Thought

By Gregory S. Powell

Henry VanDyck wrote the story of, "The Other Wise Man," telling of how a fourth seer came out of the mystery and wealth of the east with three wonderful lustrous jewels, of fabulous worth. He too, was seeking the Christ Child, Son of a power so great and omnipotent that even the heavens would resound. But lost on the journey, he was buffeted, barred and delayed. With all money gone, only the three jewels remained. And then three successive human touches demanded sympathy and help and the first jewel went, then the second and finally the last gleamed in his hand, when full of doubt, he pondered, torn between the needy call of a human brother and a desire to save one offering to the Son of The God of All. Sympathy won and the last jewel went to help a brother in distress and then, a Light, a Vision and the Blazoned Words across the Heavens that will live and live thru the ages as the greatest message of Christianity:

> " In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least
> of these, my brethren, Ye have done it unto me."

Priceless words, wonderful in their scope and meaning. And Christmas with its joy-bells, its happy greetings and holiday spirit, carrying the refrain of past Christmases.

Dear Ones and Friends, it's joyous laughter of children, it's mystery, it's promise, it's crackling merriment and good fellowship, falls short in your heart if it fails to spur and quicken sympathy and understanding for your fellowman. Father, Mother, Dear Ones, yes, but let's think of the other fellow too. Catch the real Christmas spirit and put some heart sympathy out in your everyday contacts and relationships.

The Christmas Season of 1922 will be a real replica of that first real Christmas to each heart that can truly say with Abou Ben Adam, "Put me down as one who loves his Fellowmen."

"In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren," and brothers of the Midwest family, they are all about us, may we not begin?

AND there were in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

AND lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone around about them; and they were sore afraid.

AND the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

FOR unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.